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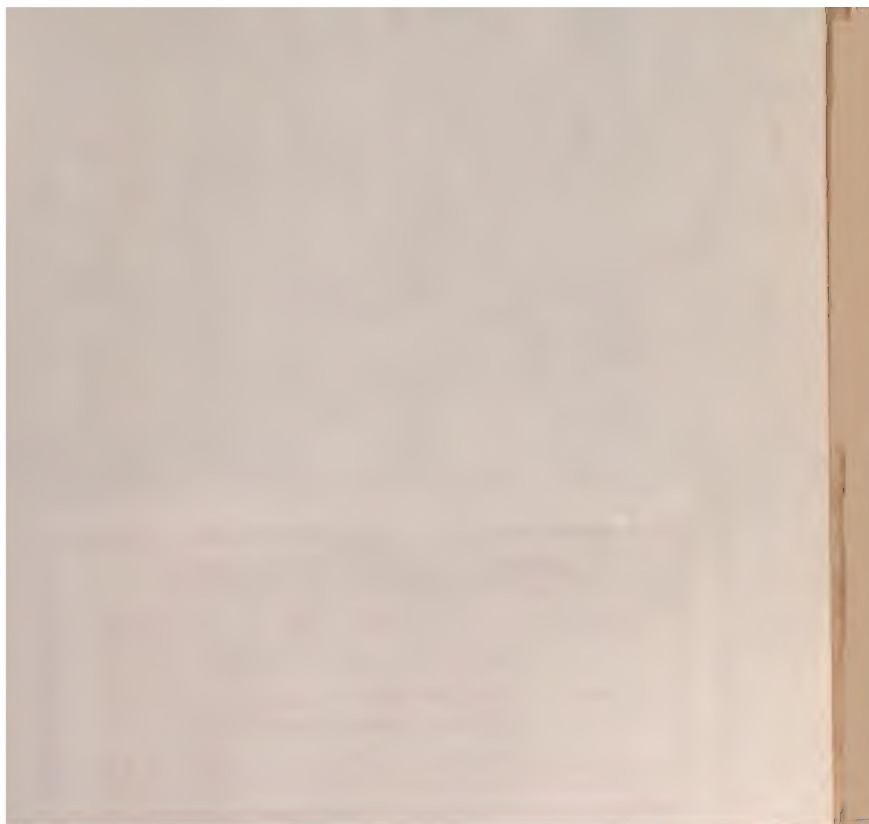
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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

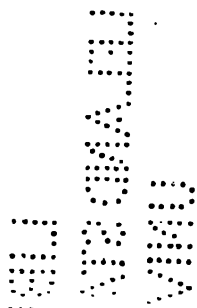
OCTOBER 1817, & MAY 1818.

VOL. XVIII.

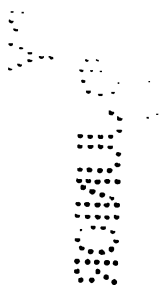
LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1818.



10028.



London: Printed by C. Roworth
Bell-yard, Temple-bar.

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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1817.

ART. I. *Some Account of the Lives and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, and Guillen de Castro.* By Henry Richard Lord Holland. 2 vols. London. 1817.

NO name among the Spanish poets is so generally known out of its own country as that of Lope de Vega, but it is only the name; and perhaps no author whose reputation is so widely extended has been so little read. The good fortune, however, of this 'phoenix of Spain' has not wholly forsaken him, and he has been as happy now in a biographer, as he was during his life in obtaining the patronage of the great, and the favour of the public.

This celebrated man was born at Madrid on the 25th of November, 1562: both his parents were persons of good family in that city, and the father, according to the son's testimony, was deserving of praise as a poet: it may, indeed, frequently be noticed, that an aptitude for metre is hereditary, like that for drawing, or the more analogous art of music. At five years of age young Lope is said to have composed verses, and exchanged them with his school-fellows for prints and sweetmeats:—school-boys in Spain must be very different from those in other parts of the world, if such wares were saleable among them. It is said also, that at this early age he could read Latin; and that at eleven he was master of the Latin idiom, with rhetoric, eloquence, and poetry:—but however complete his classical education may have been thought, the Latin verses which he ventured to publish in after-life would not have passed muster in the fourth form at Westminster. He was taught also to dance, to sing, and to fence. When he was about fourteen he ran away from school, being actuated, according to his friend and eulogist, Montalvan, by a restless desire of seeing the world—another biographer, with more propriety, hints at this as one of the vagaries and scrapes of his youth. One of his school-fellows accompanied him in his elopement; they bought a mule at Segovia, and got as far as Astorga before they perceived that the state of their finances made it prudent for them to return home. This measure, which in itself was not very palatable, was accelerated by an unpleasant adventure at Segovia on their way back. Having offered some trinkets for sale, the tradesman to whom they applied took them before a magistrate upon a suspicion that they had stolen them, and the magistrate, with a moderation which, from the

praise bestowed on it, appears not to have been usual at that time, sent them home under the care of a constable.

After this we find Lope de Vega mentioned as an orphan, without any friend to whom he might look for support, or any means of supporting himself. He obtained, however, the patronage of the inquisitor general D. Geronymo Manrique, bishop of Seville, and composed sundry eclogues to his honour;—under this patronage probably it was that he was enabled to study philosophy, such as was taught at Alcalá, and to graduate at that university. The Duke of Alva then took him into his service, as secretary:—whether this was the old duke or his successor, is said by Nicolao Antonio to be uncertain; it was most probably the former, for the duke's death did not take place till the year 1583, and as Lope remained only four years at Alcalá, he must have quitted it two or three years before that event. His *Arcadia* is said to have been written at the desire of this patron, and hence also an argument may be drawn that it was the father and not the son, in whose service he was engaged, for the work which was then written appears not to have been licensed and published till 1598, the death of the patron being the apparent cause of this delay. Alva's name is written for everlasting infamy in the history of the Low Countries: he was one whose stern and inexorable nature made him capable of cruelties to which he was instigated by a mistaken sense of duty, and an implicit faith in an abominable superstition. Thus it is that while in other parts of Europe he is named always as a monster of faithlessness and inhumanity, in his own country he is remembered only for his great qualities, his signal services, and his redeeming virtues.* Lope de Vega regarded him with unfeigned admiration, and speaks of him accordingly in terms of the highest eulogium, where there is no

* Lope de Vega places his pauegyric in the mouth of the magician Dardanlo, one of the personages in the *Arcadia*. The magician is exhibiting certain statues in his cavern, and relating prophetically whom they represent. 'This last,' he says, 'whose grey head is adorned by the ever verdant leaves of the ungrateful Daphne, merited by so many victories, is the immortal soldier Don Fernando de Toledo, Duke of Alva, so justly worthy of that Fame which you behold lifting herself to Heaven from the plumes of the helmet, with the trump of gold, through which for ever she will proclaim his exploits and spread his name from Spanish Tagus to the African Mutazend, and from the Neapolitan Sabeto to the French Garonne. This will be Pompilius in religion, Radamanthus in severity, Belisarius in his guerdon, Anaxagoras in epistancy, Epaminondas in magnanimity, Themistocles in the love of his country, Periander in wedlock, Pomponius in veracity, Alexander Severus in justice, Attilius (Regulus) in fidelity, Cato in modesty, and finally Timotheus in the felicity which attended all his wars.'—This is a good specimen of the style in which the *Arcadia* is written. The inscription under the statue is curious,—its play upon words renders it untranslatable.

*De tal Sol nacio mi llama
Y de tal Alva sali,
Y a mi Rey tam bien servi
Que fuc la embidia mi fama,*

*Sin ver jamas rostro al mieda
Hize con mi esfuerso solo
Somar con Austria su Polo,
Y los dos con mi Toledo.*

reason

reason to doubt the sincerity of his praise. At this time, and perhaps enabled by this patronage, he married Doña Isabel Diaz de Urbina, a woman of quality. Their domestic happiness was soon interrupted;—roused by certain sarcasms against his writings, Lope revenged himself upon his critic by a stinging satire. No men have ever shown themselves sorer under such castigation than those who have in a similar manner deserved it;—the critic challenged the satirist, and found him as much master of the sword as he was of the pen; he was left dangerously wounded, and Lope in consequence was fain to fly from Madrid. Valencia was the place of his retreat; there he was compelled to remain some years separated from his wife; and when after so painful a separation and so anxious a state of long protracted hope he had at last rejoined her at Madrid, she died in the course of a few months.

The death of this lady was celebrated in an eclogue remarkable as being the joint composition of Pedro de Medina Medinilla and Lope himself, each speaking in his own character, though under an assumed name—one as the widowed husband, the other as his sympathizing friend. To complete the singularity of such a composition, it is a close imitation of other Spanish poets, and in many parts a cento of expressions and whole lines adapted from their works. Strange and artificial as this mode of composing must appear upon such a subject, the poem nevertheless is written with a power and passion which atone not only for this but for its hyperbolical language, its violent metaphors, and its pastoral form.

‘If,’ says the noble biographer, ‘there be any truth in the supposition that poets have a greater portion of sensibility in their frames than other men, it is fortunate that they are furnished by the nature of their occupations with the means of withdrawing themselves from its effects. The act of composition, especially of verse, abstracts the mind most powerfully from external objects. The poet therefore has always a refuge within reach; by inventing fictitious distresses, he may be blunting the poignancy of real grief; while he is raising the affections of his readers, he may be allaying the violence of his own, and thus find an emblem of his own susceptibility of impression in that poetical spear which is represented as curing with one end the wounds it had inflicted with the other. Whether this fanciful theory be true or not, it is certain that poets have continued their pursuits with ardour under the pressure of calamity.’

Such are Lord Holland's remarks upon this part of Lope de Vega's history; and it is indeed certain that minds are elastic in proportion as they are active; and that the more buoyant the spirit the better is it able to bear the buffetings which it must meet with upon this rude sea of life. But when he proceeds to instance Ovid as an illustration of this theory, because banishment ‘riveted him

4 Lord Holland's *Life and Writings of Lope de Vega*. OCT.

to the habits of composition, and taught him to seek for consolation where he had hitherto only found amusement, his choice is not fortunate; the case is rather that of a feeble mind vainly indulging and thereby prolonging its sorrows, than of a strong one which struggles against them and surmounts them. Had Ovid employed the years of his exile in studying and faithfully describing the manners of the people among whom he was cast, he would have been far more happily as well as more usefully employed, than in pouring forth his querulous regret. One treatise upon this important subject, though it had not been longer than that of Tacitus concerning the Germans, would have been worth whole volumes of *Tristia*.

Lope de Vega's was a manlier spirit. Lord Holland, following the Spanish biographer, represents him as flying from his sorrows, seeking for a situation in which external objects might, as far as possible, distract him from himself, and for this purpose entering as a volunteer in the Armada. It is remarkable that his lordship, who refers almost immediately afterwards to the *Egloga a Claudio*, should not have perceived that Lope gives a very different account of his own motives. There it appears that he became a soldier, not in consequence of grief for the loss of his wife, but because of the rigour of his mistress: Phillis had banished him; for this reason he wished to change climate and element; and marching to Lisbon with a musket on his shoulder, he tore up for cartridges the verses which he had written in her praise.*

The success of the Armada against England was expected with the most exultant anticipation by the Spaniards. Of the many instances which might be given of this confident hope, two may suffice. The first is from an Ode by Luis de Gongora.

Raise thy renowned hand,
O Spain, from French Pyrene, to the land
Where the Moor Atlas lifts his mountain height,
And at the martial trumpet's lofty sound
Bid thou thy valiant offspring cluster round
Beneath thy old victorious banners, bright
In hardest adamant, a fearful sight,—
Such that the lands of languid power,
The nations leagued against thy faith, dismay'd

* Joven me viste, y vísteme soldado,
Quando vio los armiños de Sidonia
La selva Calcedonia
Por Jupiter ayrado,
Y las riberas de la gran Bretaña.
Los arboles portátiles de España.
Allí de Filis desterrado intento
(De sola tu verdad acompañado)
Mudar a mi cuidado

De cielo y de elemento,
Y el cisne Anor, efeto de su espuma
Corto las aguas sin mojar la pluma.
Mas luego a Marie en mi defensa nombro,
Y paso entre la gente Castellana
La playa Lusitana,
El arcabuz al hombro,
Volando en tacos del cañon violento
Los papeles de Filis por el viento.

At the strong radiance of their beamy arms,
 At the fierce splendour of the falchion blade,
 With looks averted, in alarms,
 Shall turn at once their eyes and backs for flight,
 Like clouds before the deity of day;
 Or even like yielding wax dissolve away
 Before the luminous and golden fire
 That from their graven helmets forth shall fly;
 As blind of faith, so blinded then in eye.
 By pious zeal and noble wrath possess,
 With restless woods hast thou
 Peopled the humid Neptune's billowy breast;
 And all who in thy kingdoms would advance
 Bold against Britain the avenging lance,
 Collected in their numbers now
 So multiplied a multitude hast sent,
 That for their barks the wat'ry element
 Scarcely hath scope, and scanty are the gales
 Of heaven, to fill their sails.

Therefore be sure that, on thy vengeance day,
 Ocean shall die his waves, now green and grey,
 All scarlet with the English pirates' gore,
 And rich with ruins of the fray
 Waft their wreck'd navies o'er,
 And tattered banners, thy triumphal boast,
 And dash her slaughtered sons upon thy coast,
 Illustrating thy ports and trophied shore.*

The other instance is in a child's poem, or more properly a poem written in the character of a child; a species of playful composition which was at that time popular among the Spaniards. A little girl is speaking to her play-fellow, and she tells him

* A la Armada que el Rey Felipe Segundo, nuestro Señor, embio contra Inglaterra.

Levanta España tu famosa Diestra
 Desde el Frances Pirene, al Moro Atlante,
 Y al ronco son de Trompas belicosas,
 Haz embuelta en durissimo Diamante
 De tus valientes hijos feroz muestra,
 Debaxo de tus Señas Vitoriosas,
 Tal, que las flacamente poderosas
 Tierras, Naciones contra su Fè armadas,
 Al claro resplandor de sus Espadas,
 Y à la de tus Arneses fiera lumbre,
 Con mortal pesadumbre
 Ojos, y Espaldas buelvan,
 Y como al Sol las Nieblas se resuelvan,
 O qual la blanda Cera desatados,
 A los dorados luminosos Fuegos
 De los Yelmos gravados,
 Queden como de Fè, de Vista ciegos.
 Tu, que con Zelo pio, y noble Saña,

El Seno undoso al humido Neptuno,
 De Selvas inquietas has poblado,
 Y quantos en tus Reynos uno à uno
 Empuñan Lanza contra la Bretaña,
 Sin perdonar al tiempo, has embiado
 En numero de todo tan sobrado,
 Que a tanto leño el humido Elemento,
 Y a tanta Vela es poco todo el Viento.
 Fia que en Sangre del Ingles Pirata
 Teñira de Escarlata
 Su Color verde y cano,
 El rico de ruinas Oceano,
 Y aun jue de leños con rigor traídas,
 Ilustrará tus Playas y tus Puertos
 De Vanderas rompidas,
 De Naves destrozadas, de Hombres muertos.

* * * * *

Obras de Gongora, p. 180. Brussels, 1659.

My brother Don John
 To England is gone,
 To kill the Drake,
 And the queen to take,
 And the heretics all to destroy;
 And he will give me,
 When he comes back,
 A Lutheran boy
 With a chain round his neck;
 And Grandmamma
 From his share shall have
 A Lutheran maid
 To be her slave.*

These were not the only poems of that age in which the authors ventured upon prophecy with more boldness than discretion. A remarkable example is found among the works of the Portuguese poet Diogo Bernardes. In a sonnet addressed to the standard which Sebastian had raised for his expedition to Africa, and which bore the crucifix, he affirmed that under such a standard and such a king Africa must be subdued, even though her own Antæus or her Hannibal should arise from the dead for her defence. Bernardes accompanied the expedition for which he presaged so glorious a termination. The poem which he probably wrote next, and which, in the collection of his works, stands next to this memorable sonnet, is an Elegy written in captivity among the Moors; in these elegiac stanzas he reproaches the lost Sebastian for his overweening confidence, and tells him that he must render account before the throne of God for all the effusion of blood and all the misery which his rashness had occasioned. Lope de Vega addressed the Armada in hyperbolic, but not in prophetic language: he bade it go forth and burn the world; wind would not be wanting to the sails, nor fire to the artillery,—for his breast, he said, would supply the one and his sorrows the other, such was his ardour and such were his sighs.

The Spaniards and Portuguese are fond of naming ships after their saints, and even after the mysteries of religion,—one of the many practices in which superstition leads to irreverence. Twelve of the largest vessels in the Armada were named after the twelve Apostles, and it was in the galleon St. John, where his brother held a commission, that Lope embarked. In the same spirit which had thus misapplied the names of the Apostles, the word was given

* Mi hermano Bartolo
 Se va a Inglaterra,
 A matar el Draque,
 Y a prender la Reyna,
 Y a los Luteranos
 De la Bandomessa:

Tiene de traerme
 A mí de la guerra,
 Un Luteranico
 Con una cadena,
 Y una Luterana
 A Señora aguela.

Romancero General. Mediu del Campo, 1602, ff. 35.
 out

out for every day in the week : for Sunday it was the name of our Saviour, for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the Holy Ghost, the holy Trinity and Santiago, and for the three remaining days, the Angels, All Saints, and Our Lady. These outward and visible signs of devotion were in character with an armament concerning which its commander had affirmed in General Orders that ' first and before all things, it was to be understood by all persons embarked in it, that the principal foundation and cause which had moved the king to set forth this expedition was to serve God, and to return unto his church a great many contrite souls, who were then oppressed by the heretics, enemies to the holy Catholic faith.' For this reason it was commanded that all persons who came on board should first be duly shriven and receive the sacrament, with competent contrition for their sins ; that no person should blaspheme or rage against God or our Lady, or any of the Saints, without suffering condign punishment for the offence ; that no gambling should be allowed, and all quarrels, angers, defiances, and injuries, of whatever standing or character, be suspended between individuals so long as the expedition lasted. Lope de Vega entered fully into the spirit of these regulations, and regarded the expedition as a true Catholic and Apostolic crusade. He stood in need of such a feeling to console him for the accumulated miseries which he endured during its disastrous course. His brother died in his arms, whether from a wound, or from the fatigues and hardships to which he was exposed, is not stated. He himself was more fortunate, and perhaps considered the portion of his life which was spent in this voyage as not the least profitable part of it, every day having been one continued penance, which would be duly debited in the account of his good works. Camden has finely described the appearance of this formidable armament when the English first obtained sight of it : ' They discovered the Spanish fleet with lofty turrets like castles, in front like a half-moon, the wings thereof spreading out about the length of seven miles, sailing very slowly with full sails, the winds being as it were wearied with carrying them, and the ocean groaning under their weight.' It was not for a Spaniard, after the failure of the Invincible Armada, to dwell in like manner upon its imposing magnitude and force. Lope de Vega gives only an animated picture of its outset, and then says of himself, who would have thought that this chin, which had scarcely a hair upon it, should have been sometimes found in the morning so shagged with snow—that it might have been mistaken for a comet !

During the voyage, he tells us that he bade adieu to logic as well as love, suffering Aristotle to sleep, with matter and forms and causes and accidents. But he continued constant to poetry, and amid all the danger and confusion in which he lived, composed a

• Lord Holland's *Life and Writings of Lope de Vega*. OCT.

long poem of twenty cantos, entitled, *La Hermosura de Angelica*—of this and of his other works it will be more convenient to speak after the sketch of his personal history is completed. Returning to Madrid, he obtained an appointment first as secretary to the Marques de Malpica, afterwards to the Conde de Lemos, and soon married for his second wife Doña Juana de Guardio, who was of noble family, and exceedingly beautiful. He speaks of this marriage as a happy one: yet among his sonnets there are two which may excite a suspicion that his heart was placed on another object. Let the reader judge for himself.

Seven long and tedious years did Jacob serve,
And short had been the term if it had found
Its end desired. To Leah he was bound,
And must by service of seven more deserve
His Rachel. Thus will strangers lightly swerve
From their pledged word. Yet Time might well repay
Hope's growing debt, and Patience might be crown'd,
And the slow season of expectance past
True Love with ample recompense at last
Requite the sorrows of this hard delay.
Alas for me, to whose unhappy doom
No such blest end appears! Ill fate is his
Who hopes for Rachel in the world to come,
And chain'd to Leah drags his life in this.*

When snows before the genial breath of spring
Dissolve, and our great Mother reassumes
Her robe of green; the meadow breathes perfumes,
Loud sings the thrush, the bees are on the wing,
The fresh grass grows, the young lambs feed at will.
But not to thee, my heart, doth Nature bring
The joy that this sweet season should instil.
Thou broodest alway on thy cherish'd ill.
Absence is no sore grief,—it is a glass
Wherein true love from falsehood may be known;
Well may the pain be borne which hath an end;
But woe to him whose ill-placed hopes attend
Another's life, and who till that shall pass
In hopeless expectation wastes his own.†

Upon

* Sirvió Jacob los siete largos años,
Breves, si al fin qual la esperanza fuera;
A Lia goza, y a Rachel espera
Otros siete despues, llorando engaños,
Assi guardan palabra los estraños.
Pero en efecto vive, y considera,
Que la podra gozar antes que muera,

Y que tuvieron terminos sus daños;
Triste de mi, sin limite que mida
Lo que un engaño al sufrimiento cuesta,
Y sin remedio que el agravio pida.
Ay de aquel alma a padecer dispuesta
Que espera su Rachel en la otra vida,
Y tiene a Lia para siempre en esta.

Segunda Parte de las Rimas de Lope de Vega. Barcelona, 1604. Soneto V.

† Quando la Madre antigua reverdese,
Bello pastor y a quanto vive aplaze,

Quando en agua la nieve se deshaze,
Por en Sol que en el Aries resplandee,

La

Upon the first of these poems it may be observed that Leah and Rachel were, in that age, used almost as trivially for examples by poets as by theologians. Camoens, in particular, has a remarkable sonnet upon the subject, which is cited by Lorenzo Gracian as an instance of what he calls, *una exagerada ponderacion*. But Camoens took up the story as a subject for a serious epigram in form of a sonnet, which class of composition was then greatly in vogue among the Spanish poets. Lope de Vega, on the contrary, gives it a direct personal allusion to himself; and if he writes from his real feelings, as he certainly does in his own person, the inference to be deduced from the first of these poems, is, that he did not love the woman whom he had married, and from the second, that he had formed a miserable attachment to the wife of another man. This last inference will be much strengthened if there be any reason for supposing that he has shadowed out his own character in the *Dorotea*,—one of the most singular, and unless such a supposition be admitted, the most unaccountable of all his works.

If, however, he thus went astray, a good heart and good principles brought him back from these aberrations. His wife obtained the love which she deserved; and it is worthy of notice that when he tells us this, he alludes again to Leah and Jacob.

Who could have thought that I should find a wife
When from that war I reached my native shore,
Sweet for the love which ruled her life,
Dear for the sorrows which she bore?
Such love which could endure through cold and hot,
Could only have been mine, or Jacob's lot.*

By this lady he had two children, a son and daughter: the daughter, Feliciana de Vega, lived to inherit his property: Carlos, the son, died at eight years of age, and the mother did not long survive him. Lope did not upon this, as upon his former widowhood, express his feelings in pastoral lamentations: this was a deeper as well as a double grief; the one loss was irreparable, and he was no longer at an age when the other could easily be repaired. In Catholic countries the church provides a fitting station for all persons who would enter its service, whatever may be their circumstances of age or rank. It has offices in which the fanatic may be harmlessly, if not usefully

La yerva muere, la nacida crece,
Canta el silguero, el corderillo pace,
Tu pecho aquíen su pena satisface
Del general contento se entristece.
No es mucho mal la ausencia, que es espejo

De la cierta verdad, o la fingida;
Si espera fin, ninguna pena es pena.
Ay del que tiene por su mal consejo
El remedio imposible de su vida
En la esperanza de la muerte agena.

Segunda Parte de las Rimas de Lope de Vega. Barcelona, 1604. Soneto XI.

* Y quien pudiera imaginar que hallára
Boviendo de la guerra dulce esposa?
Dulce por amorosa

Y por trabajos cara.
Que amor a tanto sol, a tanto frío,
O fuera de Jacob, o fuera mío.

employed,

employed, occupation for the enthusiast, and a place of rest for the weary spirit and the broken heart. Men, therefore, engage in it oftentimes at mature age, and with undistracted minds, seeking consolation under irremediable sorrows in the conscientious discharge of religious duties. Lope de Vega, when his domestic happiness was broken up, entered the church with enough of this feeling to render him an excellent and exemplary priest; but not with so much as to renounce his literary career, or even abate the ardour with which he pursued it. He was admitted into the congregation of priests, natives of Madrid; so eminent a man was considered as doing honour to the society which he had chosen, and he was very speedily elected the first chaplain, in compliment to his endowments, and in testimony of the exactness with which he discharged his priestly offices. Upon the publication of his *Corona Tragica*, a poem upon the death of Mary, queen of Scots, which he dedicated to Urban VIII., that pontiff wrote him a complimentary letter, made him Promotor Fiscal of the Reverend Apostolic Chamber, sent him the habit of St. John, and conferred upon him the degree of Doctor in Theology. His biographers have not stated in what year he took orders,—it was probably when he was about forty years of age; he lived to be seventy three,—but towards the close of his life, his mind as well as body seems to have given way; abandoning himself to the Manichean superstitions of the corrupted church of Rome, he refused to eat meat when his declining health rendered it necessary, because he thought it expedient for the health of the body to mortify the soul,—and he practised self-flagellation with such severity, that it is supposed to have hastened his death: after a cruel discipline of this kind, on Friday the 22d of August, 1635, he fell ill, and expired on the Monday following.

His death produced what in the phraseology of the present day is called, a *great sensation*,—it caused, says one of the Spanish biographers, an universal commotion in the court and in the whole kingdom. Many ministers, knights and prelates were present when he expired; among others the duke of Sesa, who had been the most munificent of his patrons, whom he appointed his executor, and who was at the expense of his funeral, a mode by which the great in that country were fond of displaying their regard for men of letters. It was a public funeral, and it was not performed till the third day after his death, that there might be time for rendering it more splendid, and securing a more honourable attendance. The grandees and nobles who were about the court were all invited as mourners; a novenary or service of nine days was performed for him, at which the musicians of the royal chapel assisted: after which there were exequies on three successive days, at which three bishops officiated in full pontificals, and on each day a funeral sermon

mon was preached by one of the most famous preachers of the age. Such honours were paid to the memory of Lope de Vega, the most prolific and, during his life, the most popular of all poets, ancient or modern.

The reader will not wonder that the Spaniards should talk of the *monstrosity* of Lope's genius, when he hears that more than eighteen hundred plays and four hundred sacramental dramas of his composition were said to have been acted and printed. This statement has been generally followed without suspicion. Lord Holland perceives that it is greatly exaggerated, and this indeed may easily be shown, from the statement itself, and from what the author himself has told us,—to say nothing of the physical impossibility which it involves. More than eighteen hundred plays and four hundred autos sacramentales are said to be comprized in twenty-six printed volumes, which would be more than fourscore plays in a volume,—for the autos sacramentales are not inferior to the ordinary dramas in length;—now the bulkiest volume of Spanish plays in our collection, which is not a very scanty one, does not contain more than twenty: this far exceeds the average contents of such volumes; but assuming this as the average, three fourths must be deducted from the number ascribed to him. The computation will thus come very near the number which he himself gives us in his *Arte de Hacer Comedias* published in 1609, where he says that he had then written four hundred and eighty-three,—he was at that time forty-six years of age, and in orders; and it cannot be doubted that the far greater part of his dramatic compositions must have been written while he was a layman, and had to provide for himself and his family by the produce of his pen. In conformity with this, the list given by Lord Holland of those which are supposed to be extant, amounts to four hundred and ninety-seven. Should it be objected, that in the *Egloga a Claudio*, which was published after his death, Lope de Vega says he had composed fifteen hundred dramatic fables, the reply is, that he includes his *Loas* and *Entremeses*, which are interludes and pieces of a single scene, and of which there may probably be enough extant to make up the sum. Of the plays which were printed it is not reasonable to suppose that many can have been lost;—and the supposition that more than three-fourths should have perished in this manner is palpably absurd.

The number of verses which he composed has been not less exaggerated. He himself has said that he wrote five sheets every day of his life; upon this datum a calculation has been made that the number of sheets amounted to 133,225, and the number of verses which they contained, after a due deduction for that small portion of his works which is written in prose, to 21,318,000. When we
come

come to 'sift the verity' of this calculation, the first absurdity which stares us in the face is that it is made for seventy three complete years;—that is, from the day of his birth to three months after the day of his death. The computation of verses has probably been made at the rate of two hundred per sheet, or one thousand per day. *Stans pede in uno* he might have written many of his verses at this rate,—just as Signor Luigi Silvestri, who is now exhibiting as an improvisatore in Italy, could talk them;—but all his verses are not in 'the right butter-woman's trot to market,' and to suppose that he continued upon the 'false gallop' every day, is forgetting that 'dinners and suppers and sleeping hours' must be excepted; and that a large deduction must be made for the avocations, the distractions, the enjoyments, and the troubles of this world. Bringing it, however, to something like proof, we will take the number of his plays at five hundred, and the length of each at what appears upon examination a fair average of 3000 lines; this gives a product of one million and a half: double it upon the very unlikely supposition that an equal number of his pieces have been lost, it will then be three millions; all his other verses do not nearly amount to half a million more; and though Lope himself says that what he had printed was but the smaller part of what remained to print, there is no reason to surmise that any thing was suppressed after his death that was in a state for the press; and as we know how little he was accustomed to correct his writings, it may fairly be inferred that whatever was found would have been considered by his executors, as it had been by himself, in a finished state.

The sum of Lope de Vega's works is thus reduced to about one-sixth of the usual statement; and upon this computation it will be found that some of his contemporaries were as prolific as himself. The Portuguese Fr. Francisco de S. Agostinho Macedo left behind him an hundred and six printed works, and thirty-one in manuscript; he estimated the number of his verses at a million and a half, and the greater part of his compositions were in prose. Vicente Mariner, a friend of Lope, left behind him three hundred and sixty quires of paper full of his own compositions, in a writing so exceedingly small, and so exceedingly bad, that no person but himself could read it. Lord Holland has given a fac simile of Lope's hand-writing, and though it cannot be compared to that of a living dramatist, one of whose plays in the original manuscript is said to be a sufficient load for a porter, it is evident that one of Mariner's pages would contain as much as a sheet of his friend's, which would, as nearly as possible, balance the sum total. But upon this subject an epigram of Quarles may be applied, written upon a more serious theme.

'In all our prayers the Almighty does regard
 The judgement of the *balance*, not the *yard*;
 He loves not words, but matter: 'tis his pleasure
 To buy his wares by *weight* and not by measure.'

In the balance, the works of Mariner and Macedo have been both found wanting, and the breath of time has scattered them like chaff. Those of their more fortunate contemporary will presently be weighed for the reader's satisfaction; and with regard to the quantity it may be observed, that a complete edition of his writings would not much, if at all, exceed those of Voltaire, who, in labour of composition, for he sent nothing into the world carelessly, must have greatly exceeded Lope. And the labours of all these men shrink into insignificance when compared to those of some of the schoolmen and of the Fathers.

Other writers of the same age obtained a wider celebrity; Don Quixote, during the life of its ill-requited author, was naturalized in countries where the name of Lope de Vega was not known, and *Don Bartas* was translated into the language of every reading people. But no writer ever enjoyed such a full share of popularity.

'Cardinal Barberini,' says the noble biographer, 'followed him with veneration in the streets; the king would stop to gaze at such a prodigy; the people crowded round him wherever he appeared; the learned and the studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this phoenix of their country, this "monster of literature;" and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind; and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities.'—vol. i. pp. 85, 86.

His poetry is said to have been as advantageous to his fortune as to his fame. Montalvan estimates the profits which he derived from his dramatic works at not less than eighty thousand ducats, and it is affirmed that he received presents from individuals to the amount of ten thousand five hundred more. Yet he is charged with complaining 'most unreasonably' of neglect, ill-usage, and poverty. 'Who,' says Lord Holland, 'could read without surprize his letter to his son, dissuading him from the study of poetry as unprofitable, and, in confirmation of his precepts, lamenting his own calamities, in a strain more suited to the circumstances of Camoens and Cervantes than to the idol of the public and favourite of princes?' The complaint of neglect was certainly preposterous; but may there not be reason for suspecting that the account of his gains has been as greatly exaggerated as that of his writings? and is not his own authority upon this point more to be relied upon
 than

than that of an eulogist who seems to consider the quantity of his works and the amount of his profits as the criterion of his merit? Of how little importance now is the question either to Lope de Vega, or to the world! The permanent rank which impartial time has assigned him in literature is a more interesting topic of inquiry, and may best be estimated from a review of some of his works:— we say *some*, because it may be safely asserted that no living person has read them all; and perhaps the number which we have gone through may be carried to the account of supererogatory labour and mis-spent time.

Lord Holland has been led to dwell upon the *Arcadia* longer, he says, perhaps, than its merits appear to justify, because it furnishes striking instances of the defects and of the beauties of Lope's style, and because the author himself seems to have been singularly partial to it. He is said to have written it at the instance of the Duke of Alva, which seems to imply that the subject was prescribed. Pastoral romance had been made fashionable by Sannazaro, and still more so (in Spain) by George de Montemayor; when Alva, therefore, took Lope under his patronage, he might probably have advised him to try his strength in competition with these successful authors. The work of Sannazaro has been considered as his model, and Spanish critics pronounce the imitation to be decidedly superior to the original; but it is difficult to conceive how they should imagine it to be an imitation, there being no other resemblance than the identity of name, and the intermixture of poetry with prose. The *Arcadia* of Sannazaro is purely pastoral, and has as little fable as one of the eclogues of Virgil; it consists, indeed, of several eclogues, connected with no great art by interludes of prose, in which two or three stories are told of love and lamentation, almost all devoid of incident, and none of them leading to any end: we have sheep and goats, lambs and kidlings, carved bowls and oaten pipes, crooks and garlands, the loves and the doves, dark pines, tall cypresses and shadowy chesnuts, cool groves and mossy caves, and murmuring streams, as soothing and as soporific as the mellifluous language in which they are described. The author introduces himself by his own name, and by that of Sincero which he had adopted, and he concludes the work by travelling from *Arcadia* through the caverns of the Nymph under ground and under the sea, till he emerges in his own country and finds some shepherds of his acquaintance singing there in the same manner as the shepherds whom he had left in Greece.

It is related of Vauquelin des Yvetaux, that having lost his employ at court, resigned his abbey of la Trappe, and retired to enjoy an epicurean life according to his heart's desire, he became somewhat deranged in mind as well as in morals, and his insanity took

took a pastoral turn: so by the aid of strong fancy, converting his garden in the Fauxbourg Saint Germain into one of the vallies of Arcadia, he dressed himself like a shepherd of romance, and with a straw hat lined with rose-coloured satin, a scrip by his side, and a crook in his hand, he drove his imaginary flocks up and down the regular walks and allies of the garden, protecting them from the wolf, while his mistress, Mlle. Dupuis, who had been a street musician, paraded by his side in the same costume, and played the harp to the pastoral verses which he sang.—A French courtier and debauchee would seem one of the last persons to be possessed by the spirit of Arcadian romance. Had there not, however, been some powerful charm in pastoral composition, it could not have maintained its popularity from the time of Theocritus downward; and it is easy to discover wherein this charm consists. Whatever advantage there may be in the society and the accommodation which large towns afford, the taste for a town life is formed by habit and calculation, not by nature: children who are born in cities pant for the country as the hart for the water-brooks; and the eagerness with which all who can gratify this natural desire fly in the summer to green fields, the fresh air and the open sky, evinces that even in maturer life the instinct is not extinguished. In those regions where pastoral composition originated, this instinct is not stronger than in our own less genial climate, but it exists perhaps more continually; for where shelter is far more frequently required from the sun than from bleak winds or rain, there is no season wherein natural scenery ceases to be delightful for recollection or for hope. The creaking of the *nora* or water wheel by which the gardens of Spain are irrigated, and which in itself is not more agreeable than the creaking of any other wheel, is enumerated by the people among the delights of the country, because its sound is associated in their minds with water and freshness and verdure. How willingly then would such a people resign themselves to waking dreams of groves, meadows, fountains and running brooks;—and it is little more than a dream that pastorals in general excite, so even is their strain, and so little the demand which they make upon the intellectual faculties.

The Spaniards received this mode of composition from Italy, and immediately set upon it their own characteristic stamp. George of Montemayor introduced a greater variety of poems, more reasoning, more passion, a more connected story, and the aid of magic: in choice of diction he was not inferior to Sannazaro, and in method and materials the advantage was on his side. Lope de Vega was a younger as well as a more aspiring writer when he wrote his *Arcadia*,—it has therefore the faults of youth, a stilted style, an amplification of thought, and an elaborate display of the common-

common-places of a school-boy's learning; but in the style there is often felicity as well as force, and in the amplification a redundant ingenuity is manifested. Human feelings also are delineated with truth as well as power and passion; and although the meagreness of its fable might make it appear insipid and tedious to a hasty, an idle, or a presumptuous critic, he who should be in a state of mind and knowledge to appreciate it fairly, let him open the volume where he might, would feel himself engaged with no ordinary writer, and would not readily lay it down from weariness.

Lord Holland observes that 'the abstract of a work of this nature (for it must be considered as a poem) forms a very unfair criterion of its merit.' 'To a certain extent this is true; the execution both in poetry and painting being of such importance that, if this fails, it matters little what may have been the design. It is true also that no criterion of a work can be so unfair as an ignorant or malicious abstract of its contents,—a secret so well understood that it is one of the commonest practices of impudent malignity. But even in pictures the conception is that part and that alone which can be communicated by words, which displays the mind of the painter and which can be made immortal, when all that is mechanical and material has perished: in this it was that Timanthes excelled Raffaello, and therefore he will outlive him. So in works of fine literature,—although it be certain that an abstract can no more represent the beauties of composition, than the description of a picture can convey a sensation of its colouring and effect, yet a fair summary enables the reader to understand in what spirit it is conceived, and to judge at least of the ground plan.

The fable of Lope de Vega's *Arcadia* is meagre, as we have already hinted; it may however be abstracted in a few lines, which will not be misemployed if there should appear reason for supposing that it is connected with a curious fact in Spanish literature. Anfriso, a young shepherd of such noble extraction that he believes Jupiter to have been his grandfather, loves and is beloved by Belisarda; but the parents of the damsel are in treaty for marrying her to Salicio, who was 'as rich as he was ignorant, as presumptuous as he was rich, as bold as he was unpolished, and as fortunate as he was unworthy.' The artful suggestion of some of his rivals induces Anfriso's parents to send him with his flocks to a distant pasture,—Belisarda's father is called by business in the same direction, and takes his daughter with him; the lovers renew their meetings, and scandalous tongues are so busy upon the subject that she at length beseeches him to absent himself a while, for the sake of both. Accordingly he sets out for Italy, not as a shepherd, but as a traveller. Here he loses his way at night among the mountains, and comes to the cavern of a certain magician by name Dardanio,

Dardanio, who bids him ask any thing which he desires, and promises to gratify him in it, however impossible it may be. It might have been supposed that his first thought would have been to ask Belisarda for a wife;—this, however, would have spoiled the story, and poor Anfriso was not more fortunate in his use of this fair opportunity, than the woman in the well known tale of the Three Wishes. He only desired to see the object of his love. Dardanio accordingly raised a spirit, who took them up in a whirlwind, carried them so high that they came near the Gemini, and after giving them a bird's-eye view of Europe, Africa, and Asia, set them down safely upon Mount Cyllene. Here the magician transforms himself into a lean pony, and takes Anfriso, in the form of a decrepid old woodman, upon his back; thus disguised they approached Belisarda, who, somewhat oddly, is generally described as driving ducks instead of sheep. They come near enough to see her in conversation with a certain Olympio, one of her numerous admirers, but not to hear what passes;—the shepherd does not pretend to entertain any hope of winning her affections, but entreats her so earnestly to give him a black ribband in exchange for a carved spoon,—that in evil hour she consents; Anfriso, seeing this and hearing nothing, would fain have put her to death for her seeming perfidy; but Dardanio, who for a sage and a friend had acted alike unwisely in both characters, carries him back in the whirlwind as fast as they came, and then disappears, leaving him in his error and in the misery which it occasions, to wander where he will. After travelling till he comes to the sea shore, he there finds some one with letters from his parents; these letters induce him to return home, and there, by the advice of a friend, he pays court to Anarda, in order to revenge himself upon Belisarda, by making her jealous. Unconscious of having deserved such treatment, Belisarda resents it in the same spirit, and affects to favour Olympio in Anfriso's sight. They succeed in acting their parts perfectly, and in making each other miserable; and in this state of mind Belisarda desperately marries Salicio. Soon afterwards she meets Anfriso, and an explanation takes place when it is too late. Anfriso, who had at first become well nigh as furious as Orlando, is persuaded by some of his friends to apply for relief to the Sage Polimesta, who can cure him of his love. To her accordingly he goes, and she tells him that in such cases remedy is not impossible where it is truly desired;—he must strip himself of whatever he had worn till that time, and put on fresh garments, and be bathed in various waters, and with various perfumes rid himself of the odours of his old imaginations. When this was done, his cure was to be completed by a visit to the temple

of the Liberal Arts, where in virtuous employment he would learn to forget Belisarda. Here the author takes up one of the tritest allegories of the sixteenth century. The fair damsel, Lady Grammar, receives him in her saloon and recites to him a poem on the art over which she presides; Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, and Geometry do the same; the latter lady has a fair daughter named Perspective. Music entertains him with a song to her viol, Astrology with a sonnet, and Poetry sings her own praises to the harp. The end of all this is, that he is now fully prepared to mount the hill and arrive at the Temple of *Desengaño*, an allegorical personage who is a great favourite among the peninsular poets and preachers, but for whom our language affords no name.

Among the commendatory verses prefixed to the *Arcadia* is a sonnet written in the character of Anfriso, addressed to Lope de Vega, calling him in the sonnet by the name which he had given himself in the romance, and acknowledging that the book contains the history of his own love. The first two lines imply that he was a powerful man who had taken Lope under his protection.

*Belardo que a mi tierra ayays venido,
Y a ser uno tambien de mis pastores.*

In the romance itself Anfriso is called noble; and a sonnet upon the death of his mother distinctly marks him for one of the Alva family. The painter Francisco Pacheco, in the eulogy which accompanies his portrait of Lope de Vega, says, that in the *Arcadia* the author 'had succeeded in what he designed, which was to record a real story according to the pleasure of the parties.'—Now the *Diana* of George of Montemayor is written precisely upon the same subject as the *Arcadia*,—it is the story of a lover *desengañado*, reconciling himself to the loss of his mistress, and drinking forgetfulness of his passion from the fountain of the Sage Felicia. The French translator of this work says it was believed in Spain to contain the private history of the Duke of Alva, in whose service George of Montemayor had lived. These are curious circumstances, and the assertion that the *Arcadia* was written by the Duke of Alva's desire, and the certain fact that Lope de Vega was at one time in his service, strongly support the inference to which they lead. That Alva, the bloody and inexorable Alva, should in his old age delight in having the loves of his youth recorded in pastoral strains, and choose to be described as a love-lorn shepherd, tending flocks and singing madrigals, seems more out of nature than any thing in Arcadian romance. More fitly was he represented by the statue which he set up at Antwerp, an armed and brazen image, trampling upon heresy and rebellion; in other words—upon religion and liberty! Yet it is difficult to
resist

resist the evidence which has here been collected ; and perhaps the inconsistency is not in truth so great as it appears. Strength of feeling will generally be found to co-exist with strength of character ; or rather it is by the perfect subjection and controul of strong feelings, that a strong character is formed and manifested. Alva was born in inauspicious times, and the circumstances of his rank and country were such that he was called upon to bear in them a most conspicuous and cruel part : but he had qualities which, under other circumstances, might have given him a place, not only with statesmen and generals, but among the most heroic names of history. No common frame of mind, and no ordinary foresight were evinced in his remark, that Don Quixote would be the ruin of Spain. It is likely that such a man might remember the conquest over his own affections in early life as the most difficult victory he had ever obtained ; and it is not impossible that one too conversant with inquisitions, scaffolds, saccages, and scenes of blood, when he had leisure for literature should delight in the representation of scenes, and manners, and pursuits the most opposite to those in which he was conscientiously but unhappily engaged. And here a memorable fact in the history of this personage may be mentioned. During the last few weeks of his life Alva received no other sustenance than from the breast of a woman, Alva who had made so many a woman childless, and under whose remorseless orders so many babes and mothers had been involved in undistinguishing destruction ! A more deplorable picture of human infirmity cannot be conceived, nor a more impressive one to those who are acquainted with the character of the Low Country wars.

The censure which Lord Holland passes upon the conduct of the Arcadia is not altogether accurate—there is no foundation for his remark that the shepherds occasionally talk theology ; neither are the discussions upon the liberal sciences and the epitaphs of the Spanish generals placed in their mouths, as his language would imply. But the opinion which he expresses of the work is discriminating and just, and in the spirit of a liberal and ingenuous mind, better pleased when it can bestow praise than when it must award censure. The following verses, which his lordship has given as no unfavourable specimen of the poetical part of the book, exhibit a fair one of his own extraordinary skill in translation.

1.

' In the green season of my flowering years,
I liv'd, O Love ! a captive in thy chains ;
Sang of delusive hopes and idle fears,
And wept thy follies in my wisest strains :
Sad sport of time when under thy controul,
So wild was grown my wit, so blind my soul.

D 2

' But

2.

' But from the yoke which once my courage tam'd
I, undeceived, at length have slipp'd my head,
And in that sun whose rays my soul inflam'd,
What scraps I rescued at my ease I spread.
So shall I altars to *Indifference** raise,
And chaunt without alarm returning freedom's praise.

3.

' So on their chains the ransom'd captives dwell ;
So carols one who cured relates his wound ;
So slaves of masters, troops of battle tell,
As I my cheerful liberty resound.
Freed, sea and burning fire, from thy controul,
Prison, wound, war, and tyrant of my soul.

4.

' Remain then, faithless friend, thy arts to try
On such as court alternate joy and pain ;
For me, I dare her very eyes defy,
I scorn the amorous snare, the pleasing chain,
That held enthral'd my cheated heart so long,
And charm'd my erring soul unconscious of its wrong.†

The next of Lope's works in order of time appears to have been *La Hermosura de Angelica*. What the house of Oedipus and the tale of Troy divine were to the Greeks, the Round Table and the Paladins of France were for many centuries to European literature. The French romancers preferred the British story, and the Italians the French one, whence it happened that, owing to the different characters of the two languages, the greater part of the Round Table romances are in prose, while the *Twelve Peers* have more frequently been celebrated in verse. Boiardo opened a new vein

* ' There is no word in our language for *desengaño*.'

† ' La verde primavera
De mis floridos años
Pasé cautivo, amor, en tus prisiones,
Y en la cadena fiera
Cantando mis engaños,
Doré con mi razón tus sinrazones ;
Amargas confusiones
Del tiempo, que ha tenido
Ciega mi alma, y loco mi sentido !

' Mas ya que el fiero yugo
Que mi cerviz domaba,
Desata el *desengaño* con tu afrenta,
Y al mismo sol enjugo,
Que un tiempo me abrasaba,
La ropa que saqué de la tormenta,
Con voz libre y escuta
Al *desengaño* santo
Consagro altares, y alabanzas canto.

' Quanto contento encierra
Contar su herida el sano,
Y en la patria su cárcel el cautivo,
Entre la paz la guerra,
Y el libre del tyrano ;
Tanto en cantar mi libertad recibo.
O mar ! O fuego vivo !
Que fuiste al alma mia
Herida, cárcel, guerra, y tyrania.

' Quedate, fulso amigo,
Para engañar aquellos
Que siempre estan contentos y quejosos ;
Que desde aqui maldigo
Los mismos ojos bellos,
Y aquellos lazos dulces y amorosos
Que un tiempo tan hermosos
Tuvieron, aunque injusto,
Asida el alma y engañado el gusto.'

in this prolific mine; and the success of Ariosto in pursuing it, instead of deterring others, as it ought to have done, from following a poet whom in his own way it was not possible to surpass, made the rhymers of Italy fall to work with redoubled alacrity,—some score of continuations in Italian might be enumerated, and this was only one of the channels into which this great stream of romance was now divided. The Italians had as little interest in Charlemagne as the French in Arthur; but there was a portion of his history which regarded Spain, and which the Spaniards could not but remember with pride. Roncesvalles

‘ *La dove il corno sonò tanto forte
Dopo la dolorosa rotta,*’—PULCI.

that fatal field

‘ Where Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia’,—

afforded a theme upon which the Spanish poets delighted to dwell, even as much as upon their victories over the Moors. How popular the ballads and metrical romances upon this subject were in the golden age of Spain, appears from Don Quixote; and among the poems of greater extent, not fewer than six continuations of the Orlando were produced. One of those is the *España Defendida*, of Christoval Suarez de Figueroa, better known as one of the latest Spanish writers upon American history, but of little merit either as a poet or historian. The work of D. Jeronimo de Urrea is known to collectors merely for its exceeding rarity—being, in truth, as worthless as it is rare. That of Augustin Alonso is still rarer; and has escaped the notice even of Nicolas Antonio. Cervantes has extolled the *Lagrimas de Angelica* of Luis Barahona de Soto;—Cervantes never was base enough to censure a book because it was written by an enemy, but he has oftentimes committed the more venial injustice of praising one because it was written by a friend. We have never had an opportunity of examining whether his approbation is as ill bestowed here, as it is upon the other works which he commends at the same time, and in the same manner. Lord Holland says this poem has always been esteemed one of the best in the Spanish language. The Bernardo of Bernardo de Balbuena has been more fortunate; after having remained, like the others which have been mentioned, unnoticed and almost unknown, from the time of its publication in 1624, it was re-edited in 1808, by Quintana, well known as one of the best living poets of his country, and better to be remembered hereafter as the author of the most eloquent papers which appeared during the glorious struggle of his countrymen against the French. Balbuena's poem is strongly marked by the characteristic faults of his age and country, but he

well knew what an heroic poem ought to be; and has described* with great force and spirit the qualities with which a writer who undertakes so arduous a task ought to be endowed: among other points, he insists upon the necessity of forming a careful and coherent plan. This part of a poet's business, Lope de Vega seems never to have taken into consideration. He wrote his *Angelica*, not indeed like Sir Richard Blackmore, 'to the rumbling of his chariot wheels,' but to the rattling of cordage and the flapping of sails, the roaring of the winds, and the voice of the stormy sea:—it was begun and finished on board the Armada, the general and himself, he says, completing their enterprizes at the same time;—he might have added, with equal ill success,—for Lope throughout the work seems as little to have seen the way before him, as the general, when the tempests and the victorious English drove his scattered fleet into the German ocean.

It would be wasting time to analyze a poem like this, where the parts have as little beauty in themselves, as connexion with each other; and the whole is without regularity, order, purport or interest of any kind. The Beauty of *Angelica* gives name to it, because a certain king of Seville, who dies for grief when his wife has died of the same passion upon marrying him, bequeaths his kingdom to that person, whether man or woman, who should be pronounced by seven royal judges superior to every other candidate in personal charms. The stir which such a legacy excites in the female world, is described with much liveliness; and the grave arguments of the judges are not ill represented.

One grave old judge affirmed it was their place,
 The unerring laws of beauty to define,
 And if the form accorded with the face,
 As sculptors try their work by rule and line;
 And as from right proportion natural grace
 Is the result, he therefore must opine
 Concerning Thisbe's claim, that they should see
 If all were in due scale and just degree.
 Another sage one thought the counsel sound,
 For beauty is the symmetry of parts,
 And in this symmetry when all are bound
 There is the magnet which attracts all hearts;
 The separate charm which then in each is found,
 Harmonious union to the whole imparts,
 And Beauty therefore bears, when these agree,
 The names of concord and of harmony.

* * * *

* Vol. I. Book III. p. 161.

O dotards, through your spectacles who pry,
And ask the measure of a lovely face;
Measure the influence of a woman's eye,
And ye may then I ween compute the space
That intervenes between the earth and sky.*

Among other candidates was a queen of Media, by name Nereyda, so ugly, that if it were ever true what slanderers have said, that women, like crocodiles, were bred by putrefaction in the slime of the Nile, it could only be true of her. Her appearance enables the poet, by a happy transition, to introduce his heroine.

Phantom of Lethe, wherefore art thou seen,
An inky spot upon this tablet white,
And all unwelcome as the birds obscene,
Who to the feast of Phineus took their flight?
Thinkest thou the foulest shall be named for queen,
Or has thy mirror thus deceived thy sight?
From Cytherea's temple haste away,
Nor with thy presence mar her holyday!
Yet thou art welcome here, as is the cloud
That gathers in the East before the day,
And with its tempering mantle serves to shroud
The orb of fire, which slowly wins its way;
So art thou welcome here, where else the crowd
Too suddenly had felt the dazzling ray,
When that Cathayan day-star on the sight
Arose in all the lustre of her light.†

The description of Angelica, which immediately ensues, is justly censured by Lord Holland, as being long, cold, minute and common-place:—‘but there is more discrimination,’ he adds, ‘in the character of Medoro's beauty, than is usual in Lope's poetry.’—

* Tal viejo dize que mirar importa
Si yqual el cuerpo con el rostro sen,
Qual suele escultor que el leño corta;
Y por medidas justas le tentea,
Que en la materia alarga, quita, acorta,
Para que salga lo que fue la ydea,
Que la beldad de Tisbe sin medida
Con arte quieren que se juzgue, y mida.
Otro le aprueba, y dize que consiste
En una union de miembros la hermosura,
Y que si yqual aqueste al otro assiste
Entonces es perfecta la figura;
Y que de esta unidad se adorna y viste
Del cuerpo la acabada compostura;
Y que por eso la beldad tenia
El nombre de concordia y armonia.

O caducos jueces con anteojos
Quereis medir un rostro, un tierno pecho,

Medid el ayre de unos bellos ojos
Y me direys del cielo al suelo el trecho.*
Canto III. ff. 30.

† A donde vas fantasma del Letheo,
Mancha de oscura tinta en blanco raso?
Harpia entre las mesas de Fineo,
Arague entre las musas del Parnaso?
Piensas que el premio se concede al feo?
Hante engañado o el espejo a cuso?
Sal del templo de Venus, y no acuerdes
Que se apaguen en ti sus hacias verdes.
Mas bien sera que vayas como niebla
Para que venga el sol con dulce salva,
Por cuya sombra y frigida tiniebla
Qual suele por la noche rompa el alva.
Que ya de resplandores cerea y puebla,
Y de tus nubes nos defienda y salva
La estrella de la Reyna del Cathaya
Que deshara tu sombra con su rayo.

The passage which is thus commended, is very happily rendered by his lordship—

‘ And with her he, at whose success and joy
The jealous world such ills had suffer’d, came,
Now king, whom late as slave did kings employ,
The young Medoro, happy envied name !
Scarce twenty years had seen the lovely boy,
As ringlet locks and yellow down proclaim ;
Fair was his height ; and grave to gazers seem’d
Those eyes which where they turned with love and
softness beam’d.

Tender was he, and of a gentler kind,
A softer frame than haply knighthood needs ;
To pity apt, to music much inclin’d,
In language haughty, somewhat meek in deeds ;
Dainty in dress, and of accomplish’d mind,
A wit that kindles, and a tongue that leads ;
Gay, noble, kind, and generous to the sight,
On foot a gallant youth, on horse an airy knight.†

Among the oddities of this poem, Lord Holland extracts an inscription under a golden statue of Philip III. as being

‘ probably the only eight Latin lines of titles and names which are to be found in modern metre, and in a poem written in modern language :

Phillippo Tertio, Cæsari invictissimo,
Omnium maximo regum triumphatori,
Orbis utriusque et maris felicissimo,
Catholici secundi successori,
Totius Hispaniæ principi dignissimo,
Ecclesiæ Christi et fidei defensori,
Fama, præcingens tempora alma lauro,
Hoc simulacrum dedicat ex auro.’

Though this poem was written in 1588, it was not published till 1602,—an unaccountable instance of delay, considering how rapidly the author wrote, and how much he published. He had wanted time to correct it, he says, in his dedication: some additions it had manifestly received, as appears from the political references which it contains, but correction seems to have been always the least of Lope’s labours. The licenser of the Barcelona edition, Fray Jayme Rebullosa, wishes it might please God that the writer

† ‘ Entró con ella aquel que tantos daños
Causó en el mundo por su dicha y gozo,
Aquel esclavo, rey de mil estranos,
Aquel dichoso y envidiado mozo ;
Era Medoro un mozo de veinte años,
Ensartijado el pelo, y rubio el bozo,
De mediana estatura, y de ojos graves,
Graves mirados, y en mirar suavea,

Tierno en extremo, y algo afeminado,
Mas de lo que merece un caballero,
Gran llorador, y musico extremado,
Humilde en obras, y en palabras fiero ;
Guardado en ambar, siempre regalado,
Sutil, discreto, vario, lisongero,
Noble, apacible, alegre, generoso,
A pie gallardo, y á caballo ayroso.’

would

would employ his extraordinary ability, happy genius, great learning, and continual study, in celebrating the beauty of the Angelicas of Heaven, meaning the Eleven Thousand Virgins whose skulls are to be seen at this day in satin caps at Cologne, and any other of the sisterhood of monastic saints.

At the same time with the *Hermosura de Angelica*, and in the same volume, Lope de Vega published an heroic poem, in ten books, upon Sir Francis Drake. Its title is *La Dragontea*, the reader being duly apprized, at the end of a list of names of places, persons, and things mentioned in the poem, that as often as he may find the word *Dragon* he has to understand by it the person of Francis Drake. The year before the destruction of the Armada, Drake had scoured the coast from Cadiz to Cape St. Vincent, and from thence to Cascaes; he had burnt, sunk, or carried off, at least ten thousand tons of their greater shipping, besides fifty or sixty smaller vessels, and that in the sight and under the protection of their forts, and almost under the eyes of their Great Admiral. 'I remember,' says Lord Bacon, 'Drake, in the vaunting style of a soldier, would call this enterprize the singeing of the king of Spain's beard.' Two causes, Lope de Vega said, induced him to write his *Dragontea*; one was that the people might be undeceived in their opinion of this enemy, the truth being, that every grain of gold which he had taken had cost him much blood; the other, that oblivion might not cover the important victory which had at last been gained over him: he was desirous also that the king should see the valour of the Spaniards, and the miserable end to which the enemies of the church came. There is a preface to the poem in a similar strain, by D. Francisco de Borja, better known afterwards as Principe de Esquilache. It may be asked, he says, seeing the English had had such good success against the Spanish Indies and the fleets of Spain, Why a Spaniard should compose a poem upon this subject? The answer is, the English never had obtained any such advantage, except it was owing to the inclemency of the sea, or to great superiority of force. In the present instance, when they came fairly to action, a hundred Spaniards had routed a thousand English, and killed three hundred of them: as many more had been slain at Puerto Rico and in the Canaries; their two commanders had perished, and of a fleet of fifty four sail which left England, five only had returned: all this was to the honour of Spain, and was faithfully related in this poem, following the account transmitted by the Royal Audience of Panama, and attested by competent witnesses. The Duke of Ossuna also prefixed a sonnet to the poem, addressed to the Prince, and saying that India, weary of presenting silver and gold to one who deserved greater things, sent him now the horns of that haughty Bull

Bull who had persecuted her with such fury, filled with flowers by the Muses.

The names in this poem are given with as much precision as the facts; Cavendish is called Candir; Hawkins, Achines; and Sir Thomas Baskerville is metamorphosed into Don Thomas Vasuile. It opens in a bold spirit of Catholic fiction. Christianity appears before the throne of God, and complains against Queen Elizabeth and Sir Francis Drake. In her harangue she makes a pun upon the name of Sir Thomas More, calling him,

‘*Aquel martir Thomas, Christiano y Moro.*’

And she adjures the Almighty by the Virgin Mary, and by the mystery of the Sacrament, not to let the Dragon of this new Medea exalt himself against the Woman. Her prayer is heard; meantime Drake sees in a vision that personage whom the Scripture describes with a crown upon her head, and the golden cup of her abominations in her hand; she does not tell him that the King of Spain is lawful master of the two worlds, nor of the great victories of Don Juan de Austria and the Alvas; but she tells him that while he is sleeping Spain sleeps, reminds him of his circumnavigation, and of his giving the master of the register-ship a receipt in his books for one million six hundred thousand ducats, which he had taken in her; and she exhorts him to undertake a second expedition in hope of equal success. In the progress of the expedition, Lope tells us, that some ships were lost, and the people who were on board went to hell by water; and that eighteen Englishmen, who were taken in another, were constrained to confess what they knew of their leader's plans, by having their skin and their nerves made to touch their bones, the thought of which operation makes him jocosely remark, that they had a great hatred to confession! *—The heart of the writer must here have been as much corrupted as his taste. Camden relates in his history, that when the squadron anchored before Puerto Rico, ‘the enemy played upon them with their ordnance from the forts, and at supper-time, Sir Nicholas Clifford, Knight, and Brute Brown were mortally wounded with a shot.’ The name of this last person would have been subjected to scurvy jests in abundance, if Lope had known it: he dwells upon the incident itself with much satisfaction; the salt, he says, was overturned for a sign of bad luck, sixteen persons who were seated at the board supt with death that night; the table, the dishes, the servants, the master and all going to hell together. At the end of the poem this veracious poet asserts, that Drake did not die of disease, but was poisoned by his own people, because he took all the

* Dies y ocho Ingleses que tomo pregunta,
Y el cuero y nervios con el huesos junta.

Al tormento confiesan los que tienen,
Tan gran odio (señor) al confesarse.

booty to himself, and fed them with salt fish, rancid cheese, worm-eaten biscuit, and vinegar, while he was regaling upon poultry, veal, and spiced wines. This Dragon had now to pass, not the straits of Magalhaens, but the straits of death, which would bring him to a place drier and hotter than India. The people at Panama, he adds, were so rejoiced at the news of his death, that they appointed two days of public rejoicing; this may be believed on their own authority, and whether it be more honourable to them or to the enemy over whose decease they thus exulted,—is a point upon which a Spaniard in the present age would differ in opinion with Lope de Vega.

The poem concludes with a thanksgiving to the Lord of heaven and earth for having with the Lamb made war upon the Great Dragon and the Harlot, for having placed a hook in the Dragon's mouth, tied up his tongue, and given his head a prey to the fishes. For this, he says, Gregory the Pope blessed the Lord, and Philip blessed him, and he, the poet, proclaims his sense of this mercy to all mankind. He says also of the aforesaid Dragon, alias Sir Francis Drake, that the English themselves affirmed he had made a written compact with the devil, selling his soul to him at a certain time. If this be so indeed, he says, it is a portentous thing, and when his Muse relates it, the hair of her head stands on end. But in this manner his own countrymen extolled him; it was no calumny invented by the Spaniards; and when a man had renounced his God, who can doubt that he would apply to the devil for assistance? That Drake dealt with the devil, and carried about with him a familiar spirit in a ring, was what he heard from some of his shipmates in the Armada, who had themselves heard it when they were prisoners in London. In all this Lope de Vega simply relates what he was credulous enough, and Catholic enough, to believe; and it is very probable that his shipmates really heard such things asserted in London, as they affirmed, for Sir Francis Drake has to this day, among the vulgar, the credit of being an enchanter. A wild tradition concerning him is still current in Somersetshire. When he departed for his great voyage round the world, according to this tradition, he told his wife that if he did not return within ten years, she might marry again. During ten years Madam Drake was as true as Penelope, but when that term was expired, she accepted the offer of a suitor. On their way to church, a huge round stone fell through the air, close by her, upon the train of her gown, and immediately she turned back, for she said it came from her husband. It was not long before he returned; and, imitating Guy, Earl of Warwick, asked alms of her at his own door in disguise of a beggar; but a smile escaped him while
he

he was telling a feigned tale, upon which she recognised him, and let him in joyfully. The stone still remains where it fell; it is used as a weight upon the harrow of the farm, and if it be removed from the estate, it is always brought back, no person knows how. Another tradition says, that he supplied Plymouth with water by art magic; he rode thither from Dartmoor, and a stream of water followed his horse's heels. In this manner the skill in hydraulics, which on that occasion he actually displayed, is represented; and by a less pardonable perversion he is said to have delivered England from the Spanish Armada, not by his courage and seamanship, but by taking a piece of wood and cutting it in pieces over the side of his own vessel, when every chip became a man of war as it fell into the sea. How gladly would 'Lope have believed this also if he had happened to hear it, and how satisfactorily would it have served to account for the disgrace and disaster which befell the *Invincible Fleet*! But thus has this great navigator shared the fate of Virgil, Friar Bacon, and Pope Sylvester, in being converted into a magician!

In addition to that national hatred which Drake had well deserved of the Spaniards, Lope de Vega perhaps bore towards him a personal ill-will, as one main cause of the sufferings which he had undergone in the Armada, and which, as Lord Holland observes, he seems never totally to have forgotten. 'The tyranny, the cruelty, and, above all, the heresy of Queen Elizabeth, are the perpetual objects of his poetical invective.' On a former * occasion, we have shown in what manner this Queen was represented to the Catholic world by Catholic writers. Lope no doubt believed that she had substituted her own name in the Liturgy in place of the Virgin's, and that under her laws the daughters of Catholic families were condemned to public prostitution. In this light Gongora regarded her when he thus addressed England:

O once the Catholic and powerful Isle
 When better years were thine,
 Blest both by Mars, and by Minerva's smile,
 Faith's temple then, now Heresy's foul shrine;
 O once illustrious for thine Arthur's name,
 Thine Edwards and thy Henries dear to fame,
 The happy mother of a glorious line,
 In valour rich, and rich in piety!
 How art thou doomed to everlasting shame
 For her accursed sake,
 Who for the sceptre and the sword might take
 Fittier the spindle in her bastard hand

* Vol. VI. p. 336. On the Spanish and Portuguese Inquisitions.

She-wolf libidinous and fierce for blood,
 Thou strumpet-offspring of the adulterous bed,
 Soon may indignant heaven hurl down
 Its fiery wrath, and blast thy impious head !*

Little were these writers able to appreciate the character of Elizabeth, or understand with what just gratitude her reign would be remembered in England.

In a ridiculous sort of sonnet which has been ascribed to Góngora and to Cervantes, Lope is advised to cancel his *Dragonte*, burn his *Angelica*, and not finish his *Jerusalem*, for *Jerusalem* was already miserable enough. This was resented by one of Lope's friends in a dirty reply; and Lope himself, in the motto to his *Jerusalem*, implies that an unfavourable prepossession had gone forth against this which he probably conceived to be the most important of his works. *Legant prius et postea despiciant, ne videantur non ex iudicio sed ex odii præsumptione ignorata damnare.* The author calls the work a *Tragic Epopeya*, and styles himself in the title-page, as an honourable designation, *Familiar of the Holy Office of the Inquisition*. Advantage was taken of his absence when the book was printed to insert his portrait and eulogy from a book of portraits composed in Seville by Francisco Pacheco, accompanied however with an advertisement that it is not the portrait which Francisco Pacheco made,—a notice very needful to the artist's reputation. His collection is said by Nicholas Antonio to have been bequeathed to the Conde de Olivares, and to exist, if it were still in existence, among the wreck of that minister's library. We know not whether it be from this, or from what other original, that the fine countenance in Lord Holland's work has been engraved; its character is very different from that in the *Parnasso Español*, which bears more resemblance to the wretched performance prefixed to the *Jerusalem*.

A living Portuguese poet, who has drawn upon himself a torrent of indignation for exposing the absurdities of the *Lusiad*, and detecting the numberless imitations of which it is composed, speaks in one of his critical prefaces, of the frozen and hyperborean *Jerusalem* of Lope de Vega. That it is a failure is generally acknowledged, though Marini, in his funeral eulogium upon the poet,

* * O yá Isla Catholica y Potente,
 Templo de Fe, y à Templo de Heregia,
 Campo de Marte, Escuela de Minerva,
 Digna de que las Sienes, que algun día
 Orna Corona Real de Oro luziente
 Cuna Guirnalda vil, de esteril Yerva,
 Madre dichosa, y obediante Sierva.
 De Arturos, de Eduardos y de Enricos,
 Ricos de Fortaleza, y de Fe ricos,

Aora condenada à Infamia eterna
 Por la que te gobierna,
 Con la mano ocupada
 Del Huzo en vez del Cetro y de la Espada,
 Muger de muchos, y de muchos Nuera,
 O Reyna torpe ! Reyna flo, mas Loba
 Libidinosa, y fiera,
 Fiamma del Ciel en le tue Treze piova.

p. 182.

audaciously

audaciously prefers it to the work of Tasso: but the Portuguese critic could not have characterized it by any epithets more inappropriate. There is warmth enough in the composition; in this, indeed, Lope has seldom been deficient,—his fault is that he never gives himself time to cool, but when his thoughts fly off like sparks from the anvil is contented because they shine. Joze Agostinho de Macedo is not so well read in Castilian as he is in Italian literature, or he would not have complained of what he calls the invincible infecundity of the Spaniards in epic poetry; they have been as prolific as their neighbours in works of mediocrity. This writer probably despised the *Jerusalem* too much to read it. Few persons perhaps in the present generation have perused it: its length, for it contains about five and twenty thousand lines, may well have deterred them; even Lord Holland dismisses it with a mere assertion that the poet has failed in his ambitious attempt. A failure indeed it is, and a total one; the plan, when compared to that of the *Angelica*, is as ‘confusion worse confounded;’ it has neither beginning, middle, nor end; neither method, nor purpose, nor proportion, and many of the parts might be extirpated, or, what is more extraordinary, might change places, without any injury to the whole. But there is more vigour of thought in it, and more felicity of expression than in any other of his long poems. The subject is that crusade of which Richard Cœur de Lion was the hero; but as the Castillians bore a part in it, they, of course, are preferred to the place of honour by their countryman.

In the first book there is an incident like a very remarkable one in the *Castle of Otranto*: the picture of Norandine stalks from its pannel, and addresses Saladin:—the resemblance may be merely accidental, but if Horace Walpole had looked at the beginning of the poem, it is the first thing which he would have found there. In the third book the apostate Count of Tripoli, a man infamous in the history of the crusades, is killed by a night-mare. This passage may be quoted to exemplify the occasional oddity of Lope's manner.

Two kind of dreams there be; of softest down
 The gentle one is framed, the sterner kind
 Of lead, beneath whose painful weight the breast
 Labours and struggles, fearfully oppress.
 What wouldst thou? trembling the apostate cries,
 And as he spake essays to lift his head;
 Vainly he makes the effort, vainly tries
 To escape from that incumbent load of lead.
 Fixed by the oppressive weight he cannot rise,
 The throttling spectre pins him to the bed,
 Hardly the wretch inhales a loud-drawn breath
 And opens his eyes to see the face of death.

In vain he seeks to wrestle with the weight
Which will not loose its miserable prey;
Helpless and hopeless now he yields to fate,
Nor hath he tongue to speak, nor heart to pray;
Down falls the quivering jaw; in this estate,
Through the wide open mouth Death makes his way;
Life meets him, and as each the way would win,
They know not which is out, nor which is in.*

The fourth book opens with a flight of fancy not less extraordinary. Jerusalem stands up before the throne of God, and relates, in eight and twenty stanzas, the history of the Jews from the time when the Lord brought them out of Egypt, and 'gave ears to the stone walls of Jericho,' down to their present captivity under Saladin. The effect which this appeal produced in heaven is described by the poet in a manner which he supposed to be sublime, and which, beyond a doubt, accorded with his notions of religious poetry: it could not be given in English without giving just offence to the wiser and holier feelings of a protestant people.

In this poem, as well as in the Angelica, Lope has introduced some Latin rhymes, and here also they are in the form of an inscription.

* Hoc jacet in sarcophago Rex ille
Penultimus Gothorum in Hispania,
Infelix Rodericus: viator, sile,
Ne forte pereat tota Lusitania:
Provocatus Cupidinis missile
'Telo, tam magna affectus fuit insania,
Quam tota Hiberia vinculis astricta
Testatur mœsta, lachrimatur victa.
Esecrabilem Comitem Julianum
Abhorreant omnes, nomine et remoto
Patrio, appellent Erostratum Hispanum,
Non tantum nostri sed in orbe toto:
Dum current cœli sidera, vesanum
Vociferent, testante Mauro et Gotho,
Cesset Florindæ nomen insuave,
Cava, viator, est, a Cavá cave.

* Dos sueños ay, el blando está compuesto

De plamas de aves; y el cruel vestido
De plomo, con que oprime, quando viene
El pecho congejado que le tiene.

Que quieras? dice, y tiembla, y se levanta
Contra el pesado cuerpo que le oprime
El Apostata Conde, mas no espanta
La sombra que en el auye, el peso imprime:

Ya le pone el mano a la garganta,
Ya su vital anhelito reprime:

Ya sacando la lengua al trance fuerte
Los ojos abre para ver la muerte.

Asse del pavellon, tira y no puede
Con los abiertos brazos remediarse;
Hablar quiere, no ay lengua, el peso excede,

Ni el puede buyr, ni el sueño aligerarse:
Pues como tanta boca abierta quede
La muerte quiere per la boca entrarse,
Detienela la vida, y al encuentro
Aun no saben los dos qual esta dentro.'

Æ 64.

Better

Better Latin rhymes were written by Dona Bernerda Ferreira, a noble Portuguese lady, contemporary with Lope: the best serious specimen of Latin in modern metre is Sir Francis Kinaston's *Amores Troili et Creseida*, a translation of the first two books of Chaucer's poem; but it was reserved for famous Barnaby to employ the barbarous ornament of rhyme so as to give thereby point and character to good latinity.

At the end of the poem Lope complains bitterly of his fortune, and the language of his complaint is such that it seems more reasonable to suspect his biographers have concealed some circumstances of his life, than to condemn him for indulging in querulous and groundless discontent. He speaks of himself not only as ruined and neglected, and struggling with domestic embarrassments, but as a banished man, and in that circumstance alone resembling* Ovid. It may be too late, perhaps, to hope for any other illustration of Lope's private history than can be discovered in his works: and certainly the inquiry would be prosecuted with much less probability of success in any other country than his own,—but it is evident that very little pains have as yet been bestowed by his countrymen upon the life of this remarkable man.

The sonnet in which Lope was exhorted not to proceed with his Jerusalem seems to have been imputed to Cervantes by Lope or his admirers, rather from jealousy and vague suspicion, than on any satisfactory grounds. Cervantes was too great and therefore too equitable a man, to depreciate a successful rival; and he acknowledged Lope's merits though he perceived his faults, and was conscious of his own immeasurable superiority. To those indeed who love and honour the memory of Cervantes, the fact that a complimentary sonnet of his is prefixed to the *Dragontea* will be a decisive proof that he could never afterwards have satirized that poem. He has also complimented Lope de Vega, in brief but strong terms, in his *Viage del Parnaso*. But the Portuguese satirist, Diogo de Sousa, who has likewise written a Journey to Parnassus, under the fictitious name of Diogo Camacho, treats Lope in a very different manner. The poet describes himself as having arrived at Madrid on his way from Lisbon.

* Yo siempre de la embidia perseguido,
Estrangero en mi patria, y desterrado,
A Ovidio solo en esto parecido,
Aunque por las estrañas siempre hon-
rado:
De sola mi verdad favorecido,
Y del mortal poder desengañado,
Dejo estas líneas barbas y viles
A los pinzeles que vendran sutiles.
Que mal puede bolar en larga suma
Si à cuydados domésticos atiende

De todo bien desamparada pluma,
Yo me disculpo y el poder me entiende:
No porque tanto de bolar presuma,
Pero por ver lo que la piedra ofende,
Mas que puede esperar de su montaña
Ingenio que camina por España?
De pocos ha de ser mi voz oyda,
Pasen los tiempos, y será estimada,
Que tienen poco credito en la vida
Del dueño, o ya la pluma, o ya la es-
pada.—ff. 536.

Two days in that great city did I tarry,
 Delaying my departure in regard
 That I might to the God Apollo carry
 A line of notice from the darling Bard
 Lope, whom as his life he seem'd to prize.
 I found him in the lowest damp retreat
 Of all the wide and fertile vale which lies
 Between Punhete and Pyrene's feet.
 A dish of season'd compliments I brought,
 Kneaded with salt and butter was the paste,
 And more to please his palate as I thought,
 Sweetened with honey to the Poet's taste:
 Presenting this, I ventured to require
 A letter to Apollo for his favour,
 And, if he deign'd to grant my bold desire,
 Another for the Rhymers of strong savour.
 If you should visit Sparta, he replied,
 A city of Arcadia which I know,
 (Having been there myself,) I will provide
 Some friendly introductions ere you go.
 Yet a long time had now elapsed, he said,
 Since aught of Lord Anfriso he could hear,
 Nor knew he if he were alive or dead.
 I answered, Sir, I shall not travel there;
 Nor will I enter in the Holy Land
 Except with caution and in safe disguise;
 Because the school-boys there, I understand,
 Inveigh against your Reverence with loud cries:
 For they complain that what Torquato did
 Hath been unhappily undone by you.
 Thereat the indignant Lope at my head
 With furious force his weighty inkstand threw.
 I saw his sudden purpose, and in fear
 Turning my back began all speed to fly:
 The heavy weapon reached me in the rear,
 And rearward I returned a long loud sigh.
 Humbly I then essayed to supplicate
 The offended author's favour as before:
 But even while I spake, the Bard irate
 Drew back, and in my face he shut the door.*

Lope

* Dois dias dilatey minha partida,
 Para levar a Febo hum só bilhete
 De Lope, que he sua alma, e sua vida.
 Achey-o no mais humido retrete
 Que tem a fértil e comprida veyga
 Dos montes Perineos até Punhete.
 Apresentey-lhe huma redonda teyga
 Chea de recheados cumprimentos
 Amassados com mel, sal e manteiga.
 VOL. XVIII. NO. XXXV.

Declarey-lhe meus altos pensamentos,
 E para Apollo lhe pedi huma carta,
 E outra para os Vates fedorentos.
 Disse me; Padre meu, se vay a Esparta,
 Cidade de Arcadia, onde eu estive,
 Eu lha mandarey dar, antes que parta.
 Posto que ha muytos dias, que nam tive
 Novas de Anfriso, que era o senhor della,
 Nam sey se he morto já, ou se inda vive.
 Eu

Lope de Vega did not succeed better in narrative poetry when he pitched it in a lower key; the attempt was made in his *Isidro de Madrid*, a poem in ten cantos, consisting of about six thousand lines. Scholars and historians are well acquainted with the name of St. Isidore; the personage whom Lope celebrated was a peasant born in that village which has since grown to be the capital of Spain, about the time when the body of St. Isidore was translated from Seville to Leon, and therefore christened after him. The legend is a modest one; and for any thing which appears in it, Isidro, if there ever were such a person, may have led a decent, clean and comfortable life. The miracles wrought by him, or for him, were of the most convenient kind—while he was at mass or at prayers the oxen ploughed by themselves, and sometimes a supernatural team assisted them, with angels as ploughmen: when he carried his master's corn to the mill, he would feed the birds as he went and give liberal handfulls to the poor; nevertheless, however small the quantity which was put in the hopper, it produced always as much meal as if there had been no expenditure on the way. His kettle had the convenient virtue of producing as much food as he chose to bestow in alms; and he could with the same ease oblige Iban de Vargas his master by raising a child from the dead for him, or a horse. His wife, Maria de la Cabeza, was in every way a fit helpmate for such a husband; she was equally pious, equally charitable, and could, when it was required, equally work miracles. The devil, who on the whole gave Isidro very little trouble, afflicted him with a fit of jealousy, of which Maria effectually cured him by making use of her cloak for a boat, and crossing the Xarama upon it when that river was swollen by rain. During his life no Saint could be more gentle and obliging: after his death he became a severe creditor, and stood upon the point of honour with all the punctiliousness of a newly made grandee. A lady vowed to contribute a certain sum toward the expenses of his canonization, if the marriage of her sister should be effected according to her desire; the marriage took place, the payment was forgotten, and Isidro sent his wife with a swarthy and stern alguazil leading a black dog in a chain, to arrest her in a dream. A cavalier made a similar vow, if by the Saint's favour he might obtain the lady whom he loved; and he promised to make the offering on his wedding-day;

En lhe disse; Senhor, nam hey de entrar
nella,

Nem menos entrarey em Palestina,
Sem em emascarado, e com cautella,
Porque dizem os meninos da doutrina
Que quanto Frey Torcato fez primeyro,
Foy por vossa mercê posto em ruina.
Deitou Frey Lope mao do seu tizeyro,

E com elle me fez hum horrendo tiro;
Virey lhe as costas, deo-me no trazeyro;
Lancey por elle entam hum gram suspiro,
E para Lope bravo e agastado,
Humilde e brando me revolvo e viro.
Fechou-me a porta, fuy me envergonhada,

A Fénix Renascida, Vol. v. p. 13, 14.

—on the wedding day he was too happy to remember his debt:—before the wedding guests had departed, he was called away from the table by an old man whom he had no power to resist,—it was Isidro himself, who led him to the church in which the offering ought to have been made, and, telling the terrified and confounded bridegroom to remember, and discharge his debts, withdrew into his tomb, and left him to pass the night there as pleasantly as he could.

Saints and miraculous images come into fashion in catholic countries for a season, like mineral springs and quack medicines, and Isidro happened to be in full vogue when Lope flourished. Philip III. had been dangerously ill with a fever at Casarrubios, a small town about thirty miles from the capital; the people of Madrid being as devout as they were loyal, sent the body of Isidro in procession to visit him; the king recovered; the physicians were allowed as little merit as in all likelihood they deserved, and Isidro had the whole credit of the cure. Such a cure at once established his reputation; it did not become his Catholic Majesty to be ungrateful; Isidro had done much for him, and happily it was still in his power to do something for Isidro; for though he was not the fountain of ecclesiastical honour, no person had better interest at the fountain head, or could solicit a Saintship for a favourite with surer prospect of success. Measures accordingly were taken for Isidro's apotheosis, and while the process was going on at the court of Rome, Lope, whose piety was completely in the mode, celebrated his history in a long poem. It is written in the *Copla Real*, a measure composed of *quintillas*, or stanzas of five lines. The following passage will at once exemplify the metre, and explain the poet's reason for preferring it.

‘ Si os pusiere por objeto
De tantos algun discreto
Que sois humildes y llanos.
Dezid que son Castellanos
Los versos como el sujeto.
Todo paxaro en su nido
Natural canto mantiene,
En que a ser perfeto viene,
Porque en el canto aprendido
Mil imperfecciones tiene.’

fl. 2.

If some critic too perverse
Should among thy faults rehearse
What he calls thy creeping strain,
Say the subject is of Spain,
Spanish therefore is the verse.

c 2

Every

Every bird that free as day
 Sports his native woods among
 Warbles well its native song;
 Is it taught another lay?
 Then it falters and goes wrong.

In conformity with this opinion, which however was merely taken up for the occasion, he justifies his choice in the preface, and gives the preference to the vernacular metres over those which Boscan and Garcilaso, at Navagero's instigation, had introduced from the Italian. He would have done well in acting upon this opinion, if while he adopted one of the old Castilian metres he could at the same time have imitated the condensation of thought and terseness of expression which characterize the famous *coplas* of Manrique, or if he could even have rivalled the skill which is displayed in the *Gloses* upon that exquisite poem,—a poem so inimitable in its execution, that it is as impossible to translate it as to paint the fragrance of a rose, or the sound and the motion of a waterfall. But in whatever metre Lope de Vega wrote, the characteristic vices of his style predominated. It was impossible to cure him of what D. Francisco Manoel calls his looseness.—Whatever might be the subject, away he went after every will-of-the-wisp which started up in his fancy, and these digressions from the straight story are so capricious and so frequent, that it is an act of grace when he returns to the business of his narration, and you see no reason why he should ever get to the end. They called him the Potosi of rhymes; his wealth of words indeed was inexhaustible, and this betrayed him into a thoughtless and fatal prodigality.

Lope observes with great delight that he, as well as Isidro, was a native of Madrid; wherever had been his birth-place, he says, he should have adored the saint with equal love; but he rejoiced more in having been born in Isidro's native place, though poor and trampled under foot, than he should have done had he been in any other place the heir of rank, honours, and prosperity. The early life and occupation of Isidro are prettily described: He is said to have learnt the language of birds; Lope we may be sure supposed this to be a miraculous gift; but there is a living artist of the first rank in English art, who having passed much of his time in boyhood alone, in lonely situations, and having ears as discriminative and as observant as his eyes, has acquired this knowledge, and in consequence almost as great a command of birds as a skilful apiarist possesses over bees; from the song of the parents he learns where the nest is situated, whether it contains eggs, or if the brood be hatched; and he knows the number of the young birds, and their age, before he sees them. This strange philosophy as Lope calls it, Isidro acquired by loving all created beings, and seeing

ing in all things their divine Author. The fields, the running waters, and the flowers were his books of divinity; oftentimes while he was absorbed in these studies the hours passed unperceived, and he returned home at evening 'with his scrip full and his stomach empty;'—and he walked beside his cattle instead of riding them, because, he said, the labour of the day had been enough for them. But the poem on the whole is even more loose and rambling than the *Angelica* or the *Jerusalem*;—the saint is favoured with a long theological discourse by an angel, in which, as one of our old authors says, *edification becomes tedification*,—and he makes a journey in a dream through the Holy Land, which the unmerciful poet describes step by step.

When the beatification of Isidro was effected, great rejoicings were made at Madrid, and among other festivities a *justa poetica*, or poetical tournament was celebrated. Prizes were proposed in nine contests,—according to the number of the Muses. The first was for a *cancion*, or lyrical poem, which was to be in imitation of a favourite poem of Garcilaso; the subject was a procession which the people of Madrid made with the body of Isidro to the church of our Lady of Atocha in order to procure rain after a three years' drought, the object being of course immediately and effectually obtained. The muse Calliope offered as a reward for the best piece on this theme, a silver fountain of the value of four hundred reals; for the second, an image of the saint illuminated and adorned with gold, of the value of twenty crowns; and for the third, a piece of plate worth an hundred and fifty reals. For a sonnet upon the miracle of the angels ploughing for Isidro while he was at mass, Clio offered as her three prizes, a jar of dead silver worth five-and-twenty ducats, an *escritoire* of ebony and ivory worth sixteen, and a pair of pearl-colour silk stockings, with white garters and open-work of gold. The muse Erato required four *decimas* upon the miracle of the fountain which Isidro produced when his master was thirsty; the prizes were, two silver candlesticks worth thirty ducats; a gold emblem of the Trinity, valued at a hundred and fifty reals; and six ells of satin, three black and three lion-coloured,—a colour which it would be in vain to inquire for in these days by that name. The fourth subject was the procession of the saint's body to Casarrubios, when he was called in to the king; this was Thalia's subject; it was to be celebrated in four octave stanzas, and the prizes were, a golden cord worth thirty ducats; a golden book (probably for a comfit-box) worth sixteen; and six ells of pearl-coloured taffeta. For the fifth, Melpomene proposed four lines to be glosed, a golden *Agnus Dei* weighing thirty ducats; a chain, *de resplandor de precio*, which would go twice round the neck and was worth twenty ducats; and a belt of gold embroidery, valued at a hundred and fifty reals.

The prizes in the sixth contest were for painted hieroglyphics, emblematic of any of Isidro's miracles or excellencies. Terpsichore was the lady patroness of this department, though she might with more propriety have inspected a trial in dancing; the rewards were, a golden girdle, worth three hundred reals; a silver apple of two hundred; and an article of dress, which we are not sufficiently skilful in the vocabulary of the wardrobe to understand, further than that it appertained to the doublet, and that the material was black silk, *un corte de jubon de tirela negra de cien reales*. The seventh subject was a ballad in which four natives of Madrid were to be celebrated, Pope Damasus, Pope Melchiades, Isidro, and his reigning Majesty, Philip III. the prescribed length was forty verses, and the prizes, a belt of gold enamel worth twenty crowns; a cup of silver gilt worth a hundred and fifty reals; and six ells of green satin:—a winning poet, in his green satin, his embroidered girdle, his pearl-colour stockings, and his white garters with gold open-work, must have been as fine as the fore-horse in a team. This was Euterpe's prize. Polyhymnia proposed the eighth; a little boat of silver gilt worth twenty crowns; a trinket (*brinco*) of silver gilt and enamelled, worth a hundred and fifty reals; and a writing stand of ebony and ivory, valued at an hundred. The last prizes were, three purses perfumed with amber, and containing the one fifteen crowns, the second ten, and the third six; proposed by Urania for glosing the following lines:—

‘ *Es bien Isidro que holgando
Esteya en el campo vos,
Y los Angeles de Dios
Esten por vos trabaxando ?*

‘ While you take your ease in the field
Is it seemly Isidro, I ask,
That the Angels of God
Should be doing your task ?

These were to be burlesque verses, but in that strain of modest and decorous merriment which the subject, the place, and the day required.

The place was the parochial church of St. Andres, where Isidro had attended mass every day during the latter years of his life, and into which he had been translated forty years after his death when he did not choose to lie any longer in the church-yard. The church was hung with the richest tapestries from the royal palaces. The altars were drest with ornaments of dead silver offered by the merchants of Madrid; and in the middle of the *capella mayor*, or great chapel, was the body of the beatified Isidro in a silver shrine, placed upon the plough on which it had been carried in procession the day of his beatification; the shrine was given by the silversmiths of the city,

and

and vied in value and in workmanship with the most splendid pieces of its kind. In the church-yard, and near that part of it where Isidro had been interred till he became too great a personage to lie out of doors, a temporary building was constructed, connected with the church. Here were the benches and table of the judges, arranged as in a tribunal, and furnished in the richest manner; opposite the judges were a seat and table for the person who read the verses; and on one side the prizes were suspended by pearl-colour strings over a cloth of crimson velvet fringed with gold. A festival so characteristic of the age and country deserves to be thus minutely described. When the audience had assembled, consisting, as we are told, of 'lords, religioners, lawyers, humanists, ladies, and common people; forming altogether as cheerful a spectacle as a spring garden with its variety of flowers,' Lope de Vega took the speaker's chair, and after a prelude of music, began the sports of the day by reading a string of ridiculous advertisements, soliciting alms for the poets in the hospital, who were very numerous and in extreme necessity,—for a poet, who had lost the use of his hands by biting his nails, for a poetess who could not attend mass for want of a mantle, and other such easy jests upon the trite subjects of poetry and poverty: when this is compared with the privileges, ordinances, and notices sent by Apollo to the Spanish poets, in Cervantes's *Viage del Parnaso*, the comparison is very much to Lope's disadvantage. He then recited about eight hundred lines of his own in honour of Isidro by way of prelude; after which he read the regulations of the contest, and finally exercised his indefatigable lungs in reading all the poems which were given in; these he published in one volume with the title of *Justa Poetica*, and it forms part of the collection of his *Miscellaneous Works*.

Among the persons who wrote for these prizes were Francisco Lopez de Zarate, D. Juan de Jauregui, the Conde de Villamediana, Vicente Espinel, D. Antonio de Mendoza, Alonso de Ledesma, Anastasio Pantaleon, Miguel Sylveira, Montalvan the dramatist, and others whose names are still well known. The last poem in every contest was read as the production of Master Burguillos; according to one of the regulations no person could receive a prize if he had written under a feigned name; all the pieces of this personage were burlesque, and as he did not appear to claim the prize for any of them, it is expressly stated in this publication that, according to the general opinion, it was a character introduced by Lope himself. The festival was concluded by a vituperative poem in his name, composed upon occasion of an extraordinary prize being awarded to him for having written upon all the nine contests,—this prize was a draft for two hundred crowns upon the banks of Flanders—which are like the banks of Newfoundland; and in his indignation

indignation at such treatment he imprecates some extraordinary maledictions upon Lope, if he has been aiding and abetting in the jest. He wishes that he may never reach the top of Parnassus either by a trot or gallop; that in his intercourse with the muses they may be to him like the temptations of St. Anthony; and that instead of having all precious and fashionable things named after him, every thing vile and abominable may be called Lope; such as the worst doses of physic and the vilest implements of the apothecary, diseases and deformities, bad wine, useless relatives, dead dogs and cats, long leagues, the prison, the itch, and the French disease.

This appears to be the first occasion in which the name of Burguillos was brought forward. It was afterwards frequently used on similar occasions, and, in 1634, Lope published a volume under the title of *Rimas Humanas y Divinas del Licenciado Tome de Burguillos*. From the manner in which this character is spoken of by Lope in the *Justa Poetica*, every one would infer that it is a fictitious personage devised by Lope himself for the obvious purpose of giving utterance to lighter and more ludicrous strains than were consistent with his profession and character; and this is confirmed by what Joseph de Valdivielso and Quevedo (both poets themselves and competent judges) say in their official approbation of the *Rimas*. It is stated still more explicitly in the commendatory verses of D. Garcia de Salcedo Coronel; the verses, it is there said, are written with a feather of the phenix of Spain—the false name may deceive but not the true light, for no artifice can hide that sun for which the whole Castilian world is but a scanty orient; and he puns at the conclusion upon the name of *Vega*, (which signifies a plain,) according to the custom of Lope's encomiasts. It cannot be supposed that Lope would have printed these verses if such a person as Tome de Burguillos really had existed; the portrait of the poet therefore which he has prefixed to the collection, and the statement that he had been his school-fellow, and was well known in the Jousts, though he took care not to be seen because he was shabbily drest, are manifestly deceptions of that kind which deceive nobody and in which no deceit is intended. Nevertheless D. Ramon Fernandez, who has reprinted these poems as the eleventh volume of his collection of the Spanish poets, affirms that Burguillos was a real personage, and says that he had written a long dissertation in proof of his existence. This dissertation, we believe, has not been published. D. Ramon Fernandez reprints in his preface, Lope's account of the imaginary author as if it were serious, but he has not reprinted the approbations and the complimentary verses which so plainly affiliate the poems upon Lope himself. Our opinion concurs with that of Lord Holland,
that

that 'there seems to be no ground for depriving Lope of compositions which his contemporaries, as well as subsequent writers, have all concurred in attributing to him.'

The pieces which Lope de Vega published under this *nom de guerre* consist of nearly two hundred sonnets, a mock heroic called *La Gatomaquia*, and a few miscellaneous poems. The sonnets are chiefly satirical, and the satire is mostly directed against what is called the *culto*, or ornate style, which Gongora had at this time rendered fashionable; sometimes however it is more general. The following specimens will show the character of Lope's raillery:—it is very far from exaggerating the folly which it ridicules. The first is entitled an eclogue, neither in imitation of Theocritus, Pomponius, Nemesianus, Boccaccio, nor Calphurnius.

Beneath a rugged rock on whose bald side
The scorching summer let no herbage grow,
Albeit against the sun its lofty pride
Served as a helmet to the vale below,
Sate Damon with his flask and his rebec,
(The flask that he might better bear his part)
And there, his rival in the tuneful art,
Sate Thirsis, with his cedar violin.
Eliso was the judge, whose hand should deck
With poplar wreath the conqueror's honoured brow.
Attentive Zephyr stole the Echoes now,
And up stood Thirsis ready to begin.
Melampus bark'd; the wolf! Antander cried—
And till another day the song was laid aside.*

The second is more immediately aimed at Gongora's exaggerating and unexaggerable style.

To a Comb, the poet not knowing whether it was of box or of ivory.

Sail thro' the red waves of the sea of love,
O bark of Barcelona, and between
The billows of those ringlets proudly move,
And now be hidden there, and now be seen!
What golden surges Love, who lurks beneath,
Weaves with the windings of that splendid hair!
Be grateful for thy bliss and leave him there
In joyance, unmolested by thy teeth.
O tusk of elephant, or limb of box,
Gently unravel thou her tangled locks,

* Elogio sin imitacion de Theocrito, Pomponio, Nemesiano, Boccacio ni Calphurnio.
Al pie del jaspe da un feroz penasco,
Pelado por la fuerza del estio,
Dosed de un verde campo, tan sombrío
Que contra Febo le sirvió de casco;
Damon con su rabel, y al lado el frasco,
Para cantar mejor en desafío,
Y Tírsi, claro honor de nuestro río,
Cen un violin de cedro de Damasco;
Juez Eliso, que de un verde pobo
A falta de laurel premio texia,
Zéfiro hizo de los ecos robo,
Mas quando Tírsi comenzar queria,
Ladro Melampo, y dixo Antandro, al lobo!
Y el canto se quedó para otro día.

Gently the windings of those curls unfold,
Like the sun's rays in parallels arrange them,
And thro' the labyrinth shape thy paths of gold,
Ere yet to silver envious Time shall change them.*

The third ridicules those descriptions which are sometimes introduced when neither the poet nor the reader can tell why or wherefore.

Down to a valley from the mountain's height
Precipitate the melted ices flow,
There, between shores where fragile fern-tufts grow,
And elms and woodland vines, a sylvan sight,
The chrystal waters sleep; the nymphs delight
Disporting there to bathe their breasts of snow;—
Sweet ships of love, who plough a narrower main
Than the tall barks that leave the shores of Spain.
A valley, like a vassal, lies below,
Which to supply with sap the floral brood,
Draws from its icy breast at every vein,
Insatiate still, the hoary mountain's blood:
And on this mount, and by this lake so fair,
There happened to me—nothing, I declare.†

Of all Lope's works, Lord Holland tells us his burlesque pieces are those which are most generally admired by his countrymen. The *Gatomaquia*, he adds, is esteemed the best, and often cited as a model of versification. In this point indeed the author is never deficient: but in structure this mock heroic is as faulty as his epic attempts, and we do not recollect any poem of the kind of which the conception is so silly. It is a war between two cats for love of a third: one of them rides in full dress upon a monkey to visit her, and each raises an army to fight for her.

For an account of the *Corona Tragica* we must refer the reader to the work before us, where he will find a masterly translation of one of the best passages in Lope de Vega's writings. Our limits will only permit us to notice, and that briefly, one other of his

* * A un peyne que no sabia el Poeta si era de box, o de marfil.
Súlea del mar de Amor las rubias ondas,
Para que a tanta dicha correspondas.
Barco de Barcelona, y por los bellos
Desenvuelve los rizos con decoro
Lazos navega altivo aunque por ellos
Los paralelos de mi sol desata,
Tal vez te muestras, y tal vez te escondas.
Box, o coluilla de elefante Moro,
Ya no flechas Amor, doradas ondas
Y en tanto que esparcidos los dilata
Taxe de sus esplendidos cabellos;
Forma por la madexa sendas de oro
Tu con los dientes no le quites dellas,
Antes que el tiempo las convierta en plata.

† Describe un monte, sin que, ni para que.
Caen de un monte á un valle entre pizarras
Que las que salen de Españolas barras.
Guarnecidas de fragiles elechos
Tiene este monte por vasallo á un prado,
A su margen carunbanos deshechos
Que para tantas flores le importuna
Que cercan olmos y silvestres parras;
Sangre las venas de su pecho clado.
Nadan en su cristal Ninfas bienarras
Y en este monte y liquida laguna.
Compiendo con el cándidos pechos,
Para decir verdad, como hombre honrado,
Dulces naves de amor, en mas estrechos
Jamás me sucedió cosa ninguna.

longer

longer compositions, the Dorothea. This is not a pastoral, as it might be supposed to be from the manner in which Lord Holland mentions it;—it is what the author calls an *Accion en prosa*, a story told in dialogue, having nothing of the regularity even of a Spanish drama, and far exceeding all dramatic bounds in length: there exist several specimens of such works both in Spanish and Portuguese. In the Eclogue to Claudio, Lope calls this his last and his favourite work:

‘*Postuma de mis Musas, Dorothea,
Y por dicha, de mi la mas querida,
Ultima de mi vida.*’—

Fernando, the hero of the piece, is a young poet richer in genius than in fortune, very much in love with Dorothea, who is equally in love with him, though it appears, much to the surprize of the reader, in the course of the story, that she has a husband living abroad. Fernando is at the same time the favourite of a rich and handsome widow named Marfisa; he draws upon her bounty; and a hypocritical procuress contrives to introduce Don Bela, a wealthy creole, to Dorothea, and by dint of costly presents to obtain for him a gracious reception. Both parties have their fits of jealousy, with apparent reason on both sides. Fernando leaves Madrid, and returns to it. A friend who had studied astrology casts his nativity; the horoscope is to this purport, that Dorothea and her mother will persecute him till he is banished from the realm; a little before this banishment he will marry, much to the displeasure of his relations, and lose his wife to his own excessive grief seven years afterwards. He will then return to Madrid, where Dorothea, being then a widow, will wish to marry him, but the sense of honour and resentment on his part will resist all the temptation of her caresses and her wealth. He will afterwards be very unfortunate in love, but by the help of prayer will come out of these troubles well, and enter into a different state of life. Marfisa is to marry twice, and be murdered by her last husband for jealousy. The story disposes of two other personages more speedily. Don Bela is killed in a chance quarrel, and the old procuress falls into a well and is drowned. ‘This was the end of Don Bela, Marfisa, and Gerarda. What remains are the troubles of Don Fernando. The poet could not fail in truth, for the story is true.—Look to the example, for which end it hath been written.’ In these words Fame addresses the imaginary spectators at the end. Such is the story of the Dorothea, which has neither plan, interest, nor catastrophe; and why it should have been the author’s favourite is incomprehensible, unless in the person of Fernando he has related some of the adventures of his own early life.

Many pieces of poetry are inserted with little artifice in the Dorothea,

rothea, indeed some of his most admired minor poems are to be found in this work and in the *Arcadia*. But the characteristic merits and faults of this remarkable writer are no where more strikingly exemplified than in his *Rimas Sacras*, where he has written sometimes with the utmost extravagance of fancy and perversion of taste; at other times, with a strength of religious feeling which commands from the reader something more than approbation. By the dedication of this volume to Frey Martin de San Cirilo, it appears that this Carmelite was the person who effected his conversion from the world: he offers it to him as the fruits of that field which his paternity had cultivated. Among the extraordinary compositions in this collection is a sonnet to St. Sebastian, in which God and man are described shooting at him as at a mark, and he dies by the arrows of divine love before those of human cruelty can reach him. There is a sermon of the Archbishop of Toledo's, versified in trinal rhyme by the poet in the course of the day in which he heard it delivered. There is a *Villanesca* (which may perhaps in this place be best translated a Carrol) *al Santissimo Sacramento*: it begins by addressing the wafer as a knight in masquerade, and ends in a sort of epigram, which it is more fitting to transcribe than to translate.

*Mas siendo verdad que un dia
Verbum caro factum est,
Quien dio su palabra en carne
No es mucho que en Pan se de.*

There is a song to St. Francisco, a personage whose history, gloss it as the Romanists may, is one of the most audacious instances of Romish impiety and imposture. A young merchant, says Lope, wishes to be married; two beautiful damsels are proposed to him; Humility is the one, Poverty the other: he marries them both; the articles being made for him by Chastity. Christ comes to give them away, and pledges his five wounds for their dowry; the writings are made by God himself upon his hands and his feet and his side.

*A la boda, a la boda,
Virtudes bellas,
Que se casa Francisco
Y ay grandes fiestas.*

To the marriage then away
All ye Virtues so fair,
'Tis Francisco's wedding day,
And there's merry-making there.

There is a second and more serious poem upon this atrocious legend, in which Christ is represented stamping himself upon Francisco as upon yielding wax, body upon body, and soul upon soul!

soul!* And there is a sonnet upon a relic of St. Lorenzo, recently, as it appears, acquired by the crown of Spain, which may vie with any specimen of this peculiar class of poems. It calls upon the angels to spread a clean table for Christ that he may eat of the victim, the smoke of which is ascending in an aromatic cloud. 'It takes a rose colour upon the gridiron; Love has seasoned it; broil it quickly; turn it on the other side that it may be done; and when the table is ready, O ye angels, say that the meat must be eaten with all speed, because the most Christian king is waiting for a bone'!

Yet in this same volume there are strains of sober piety and elevated devotion, in which a true Christian might devoutly join, and bless the man who has expressed for him so well the aspirations of hope and faith. Such, for instance, are these lines in the Introduction.

Even as a culprit strives to reach
Some Noble's house for privilege,
So from thy wrath to hide my head,
My God, within thy gates I fled:
I knew thy mercy, Lord, how great:
Father, thy love how infinite!
When from thy justice I would flee,
The surest refuge was with thee.†

Such too is the following Sonnet, though it falls feebly at the close.

My mother bore me mortal; the free sky
Gave me its common boon of light and air,
And the first breath I uttered was a cry.
Kings are as helpless at their birth as I.
My limbs, with no defence of down or hair,
Were wrapt in clothes when Earth and Misery
Received me for a guest in Life's huge inn,
Where all my hours and ways were written down.
So I pursue my road: the soul aspires
To immortality, her promised crown;

* Entonces con fuego ardiente
El Serafin encendido,
Haziendose todo un sello,
Con ser su ser infinito,
Imprimirole como estampa
Viendole papel tan limpio,

En el cuerpo a Christo muerto,
Y en el alma a Christo vivo.
Tal suele obediente cera
Mostrar el blason antiguo
Sobre la nema a su dueño
En un instante esculpido.

How little is the mythology of this abominable Church at this time known in England; and how little, in consequence of this ignorance, is its real character understood!

† Qual delinquante que passa
Por casa de grande fuy,
Andava huyendo de ti
Y entreue en tu misma casa,

Luego en esto bien senti
De essa tu bondad inmensa,
Porque no ay mayor defensa
Que contigo, para ti.

The

The body nothing is, nor aught desires,
This is our course; we end as we begin;
Equal we all are born, and when we die,
Nature restores a like equality.*

Such too is this other, with which, being best as well as last, we shall conclude our specimens of Lope de Vega's poetry.

I must lie down and slumber in the dust,
And if to-morrow thou should'st call me, Lord,
Perhaps it were too late—perhaps thy word
Might find no entrance in the ear of death.
O, Sovereign Power, and merciful as just,
The influence of thy present grace afford:
Visit me now, for what am I but breath,
Dust, ashes, smoke that vanisheth away!
Full well I know that at the judgement-day,
I shall again put on these bones of mine;
These eyes shall see my Saviour and my God.
O sure and only joy! O thought divine,
To comfort and sustain me on the road
That leads to poor Mortality's abode.†

Here then we conclude. It would be too wide a field to enter upon Lope's dramatic works, and it is the less needful because it is that part of his writings upon which Lord Holland has dwelt most at length. And we conclude the more willingly with this sonnet, because we could imagine nothing which would leave upon the reader an impression more favourable to the poet,—or more salutary to himself (let us be permitted to add) if he should, in some degree, partake of the feeling with which it has been translated as well as written.

* Hombre mortal mis padres me engendraron.

Ayre común y luz los cielos dieron,
Y mi primera voz lagrimas fueron,
Que así los Reyes en el mundo entraron,
La tierra y la miseria me abrazaron,
Paños, no piel o pluma me embolvieron;
Por huesped de la vida me escribieron,
Y las horas y pasos me contaron.
Así voy prosiguiendo la jornada,
A la inmortalidad el alma asida,
Que el cuerpo es nada, y no pretende
nada,
Un principio y un fin tiene la vida,
Porque de todas es igual la entrada,
Y conforme a la entrada la salida.

† Yo dormire en el polvo, y si mañana
Me buscareis, Señor, será possible
No hallar en el estado conuenible
Para tu forma la materia humana.
Imprime agora, O Fuerza soberana,
Tus efectos en mí, que es imposible
Conservarse mí ser incorruptible,
Viento, humo, polvo, y esperanza vana.
Bien se que he de vestirme el postrer día
Otra vez estos huesos, y que verte
Mis ojos tienen, y esta carne mía.
Esta esperanza vive en mí tan fuerte,
Que con ella, no mas tengo alegría
En las tristes memorias de la muerte.

ART. II. *Historical Sketches of the South of India; in an Attempt to trace the History of Mysoor; from the Origin of the Hindoo Government of that State to the Extinction of the Mahomedan Dynasty in 1799.* By Colonel Mark Wilks. Vols. ii. and iii. London. 1817.

MORE than seven years have now elapsed since the appearance of the first volume of these 'Historical Sketches;' from which, in our Eleventh Number, we traced the progress of that extraordinary character Hyder Ali from his twenty-seventh year, when known only as Hyder Saheb, a profligate, disorderly vagabond, to his elevation to the rank of Hyder Naick, or Hyder the Corporal; thence to that of Futté Hyder Behauder;—to the dignity of Nabob of Sera, and finally to his adoption of the title of Hyder Ali Khan Behauder: we followed him in his career to the complete usurpation of the government of Mysore in 1767, when he took possession of the palace of Seringapatam, keeping as a mere pageant, in close confinement and under the eye of his own agents, the legitimate raja, then a boy of eighteen years of age.

We shall now return to the conclusion of our former Article and, with Colonel Wilks, resume the narrative at the period of Hyder's assumption of the real power of the state. The details into which the author enters are somewhat minute and tedious, and, as far as regards the local disputes, the petty intrigues, the disgraceful traffic on all sides in treaties made only to be broken, have now lost most of their interest. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves chiefly to those transactions in which Hyder and his son Tippoo were personally concerned, the one in labouring to establish, the other in overturning, the Mahomedan dynasty of Mysore.

Hyder had no sooner sat down in Seringapatam, than he learned that a confederacy was carrying on between the Nizam Ali, Mahomed Ali, and the English, in concert with the Mahrattas, for the conquest of Mysore. He was well aware that every confederacy of the Mahrattas, with whatever power, had uniformly two distinct objects—plunder during the confederacy, and exclusive possession after its close. His knowledge of the Mahratta force, and his experience of the talents of Mádoo Row, by whom it was directed, determined him not to risk his own army beyond the protection of the capital, and to have recourse to a new mode of defence and of impeding the enemy's progress. Accordingly, the most peremptory orders were issued to all his officers, civil and military, to break down the embankments of the reservoirs, on the approach of the Mahratta army; to poison the wells with milk-hedge (*euphorbia tiraculli*); to burn all the forage, even to the thatch of the houses;

to bury the grain; to drive off the *wulsa** (the whole population) and the cattle to the woods; and to leave to the Mahrattas neither forage, water, nor food. Such a scheme, Colonel Wilks observes, however efficacious it might prove against a regular army, is futile against the overwhelming mass of a genuine Mahratta invasion; which, instead of moving in regular columns, whose route and intentions may be foreseen and counteracted, covers the whole face of the country, and almost divests of poetic fiction the Mahomedan illustration which compares it to a cloud of locusts. It may distress, but cannot stop them; for as Colonel Wilks justly observes, 'forage exists independently of dry straw; the cavalry, even of an English army, subsists on the roots of grass; the sudden and unwilling exertions of a district can neither destroy nor poison all its reservoirs: the discovery of buried grain has become a practical trade; and, finally, the inhabitants cannot retire where they cannot be pursued and found.' In fact, Hyder was soon convinced of his mistake by the surrender of the fort and district of Sera; and he was wise enough to have immediate recourse to negotiation, and to purchase the retreat of the Mahrattas for thirty-five lacs of rupees.

About the same period Hyder discovered a source of domestic danger, which it was necessary for his safety to get rid of. His old benefactor Nunjerai, whom he had placed at Mysore, had entered into secret negotiations with Mádoo Row and Nizam Ali, to subvert the usurpation of Hyder, and restore the Hindoo government, or rather to revive his own previous usurpation. He, therefore, sent repeated messages to Nunjerai, requiring his presence and counsel at Seringapatam; but the wary old man, before he consented to proceed, exacted the most sacred obligation by which a mussulman can be bound, that his own guards should accompany and remain with him, and that no change should be made, excepting in the place of his abode; and two confidential friends of Hyder were sent to confirm and guarantee his promises by an oath on the Koran: this oath, however, did not secure Nunjerai. On his arrival at Seringapatam his guards were seized; his jagheer resumed; and he was supplied, thenceforwards, as a state-prisoner, with the mere necessaries of life. 'The splendid cover on which this sacred oath had been confirmed, enveloped no more than a simple book of blank paper; and it was thus by a solemn mockery of the religion which they both professed, that Hyder and his casuists reconciled to themselves the double crime of a false oath upon a false Koran.'

* The misery occasioned by this word of horror is explained in Vol. VI. p. 106 of our Review.

In the campaign which almost immediately followed the retreat of the Mahrattas, Hyder had a decided advantage over the military dispositions of the English, which were without plan and without concert; and it closed with a transaction as dishonourable to that government which was the cause of it, as it was disastrous to our brave countrymen in arms. Captain Nixon, with his little party, in endeavouring to force his way to a small post, was attacked by the whole of Hyder's army, consisting of two deep columns of infantry, and a body of about 12,000 horse, which moved with the utmost rapidity to envelope and destroy him. The English detachment perceived the overwhelming torrent, but reserved their fire till the enemy's column was within twenty yards, when the little band of heroes, fifty in number, first gave their fire, then rushed in with the bayonet, broke the column opposed to them, and caused it to fly with the utmost precipitation: the cavalry now came up, and, as might be expected, not an officer or man, European or native, escaped without a wound, with the single exception of Lieutenant Goreham, who was saved by being able to speak the language. Hyder hurried this handful of prisoners before the walls of Erood, into which he sent a summons, translated by Lieutenant Goreham, demanding the surrender of the place, and inviting Captain Orton, who commanded, to come out, and arrange the conditions, on a promise that, if they could not agree on the terms, he should be sent back to defend the place. Colonel Wilks thinks 'the report must be true that this officer had *dined* when he accepted this strange invitation.' Captain Robinson had been appointed the second in command at this place, though he had given his parole the preceding year not to serve during the war. Hyder knew this, and made it an excuse for not observing his promise to Captain Orton, who was prevailed on, probably by torture, to sign an order for the surrender of the place, which Robinson was weak enough to obey. This officer, it seems, was not immediately hanged on a tree, as was reported, but died in prison. 'It is not the justice of the sentence,' says Colonel Wilks, 'but the truth of the fact that is in question.' The fate of Caveriporam was decided by this dereliction of duty and honour. Captain Faisan capitulated on the condition of being sent, with the whole of his garrison, as prisoners on parole, to Trichinopoly; but Hyder's casuistry maintaining the justice of retaliation to the degree which suited his own purpose, sent them, together with the garrison of Erood, to the dungeons of Seringapatam, in return for an individual violation of a parole of honour.

Hyder, having now recovered all his possessions, had the moderation, perhaps it may be called the sound policy, to make peace with the weak and corrupt government of Madras, which left him

at liberty to prosecute the war against the Mahrattas. He was not, however, fully prepared for the contest; and was therefore compelled to retrace his steps with the utmost precipitation. One evening, during the retreat, while overcome by a kind of drunken stupor, he sent repeated messages to Tippoo to take his station in front; but Tippoo was no where to be found. On making his appearance at dawn of day, 'Hyder not only accosted him in a strain of the lowest scurrility; but in a paroxysm of brutal rage, seized a large cane from the hand of one of his attendants, and gave him a most unmerciful beating.' On reaching the head of his division, Tippoo indignantly dashed his sword and turban on the ground, exclaiming, 'My father may fight his own battle; for I swear by Alla and his prophet that I will draw no sword to-day!' and for once he kept his oath.

In his retreat Hyder's army was greatly annoyed by the Mahratta cavalry, which covered the surface of the country in every direction. Approaching the hills of Chercoolee, about eleven miles from Seringapatam, a shot struck a tumbril which exploded, and, communicating with several camel loads of rockets, occasioned a general panic. 'Under its unreflecting impulse,' says our historian, 'every one, as if by common consent, began to press through the crowd to gain the hill; orders were no longer heard; the confusion was irretrievable; and the Mahratta horse charged in, on the three remaining faces of the square. The rest was a scene of unresisted slaughter; and, happily for Hyder, of promiscuous plunder; with which every one was too much occupied to think of straggling fugitives.'

When Tippoo, in the early part of the day, had thrown down his sword and turban, he had also disrobed himself of his outer garment of cloth and gold, tied a coloured handkerchief about his head, and appeared in the character of a travelling mendicant, the son of a fakier, attended by his faithful friend Syed Mahommed; who begged his way, as the servant of the youth, through the mass of the spoilers and the spoiled, and conveyed him in safety to Seringapatam. Hyder, having given him up for lost, had remained at a mosque without the walls, refusing to enter his capital, and exclaiming passionately, 'God gave him, and God hath taken him away!'

Though the panic, as we have said, was general, examples were not wanting of individual bravery in resisting the charge of the Mahratta horse. Lalla Meân, whose daughter Tippoo afterwards married, made a most gallant defence at the head of his corps, and refused to receive quarter. Being desperately wounded he was at length taken; and accelerated his own death by the indignant fury with which he rushed to seize a Mahratta horseman who had taunted him with the wounds which he himself had given him.

'An

* An English gentleman commanded one of the corps, and was most severely wounded, after a desperate resistance: others in the same unhappy situation met with friends, or persons of the same sect, to procure for them the rude aid offered by Indian surgery; the Englishman was destitute of this poor advantage; his wounds were washed with simple warm water, by an attendant boy, three or four times a day; and under this novel system of surgery, they recovered with a rapidity not exceeded under the best hospital treatment.—vol. ii. p. 147.

This 'English gentleman' is the person distinguished by the name of *Walking Stuart*, who, after the lapse of half a century, is still alive, and still, we believe, *walking* daily, in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket and Charing Cross.

Hyder's old friend and associate Fuzzul Oolla Khan, to whom he owed his aggrandizement, is stated to be the only person who conducted himself with judgment and entire self-possession on this unfortunate day. But Fuzzul Oolla was now in disgrace; he had stipulated, in the hour of his prosperity, for the singular distinction of sitting on the same musnud, and having two honorary attendants standing behind him, with fans composed of the downy feathers of the humma. Hyder's new friends, the Nevayets, prevailed on him to send a message to Fuzzul Oolla intimating that he must now discontinue these privileges as incompatible with his master's rank and title of Nabob. Indignant at the message, he replied, 'The morechal (fan) is no more than a handful of useless feathers, but it has been the constant associate of my head, and they shall not be separated; he who takes one shall have both: in the pride of my youth I stipulated for one of the side pillows of the musnud; and I have not disgraced the distinction. Instead of depriving me of that one, it would have been more gracious, as well as more necessary, to prop up my age and infirmities by a second. There is a simple mode of obeying the mandate—I will never again enter a court where benefits are forgotten.'

On his return to Seringapatam, Hyder sent to demand from him eight lacs of pagodas; the requisition was not unexpected, and Fuzzul Oolla ordered his sister, who presided over his family in the fort, to give up, without reservation, every rupee he possessed: during the remainder of his miserable life he subsisted by selling a few articles of camp-equipage, horses and household furniture which were not swept off in the general plunder. 'He died,' says Colonel Wilks, 'in a wretched pâl, or private tent, a patched remnant of his former splendour! An humble tomb, erected by the pious care of his family, marks the precise spot on which he received the order of degradation; and where, according to his solemn injunctions, they received his last breath, and deposited his earthly remains.'—vol. ii. p. 154.

But examples of ingratitude and inhumanity were familiar to Hyder's mind. His conduct towards Mahommed Ali may here be noticed. This officer, when Hyder was besieged in his capital by Trimbuc Row, after the disgraceful flight abovementioned, was sent out with a corps of infantry to attempt the recovery, by surprise, of Periapatam. The corps, consisting of four battalions, was overtaken on the morning after its march, and attacked with great energy by the Mahrattas. Colonel Wilks must tell the rest.

'Mahommed Ali took post in a ruined village, and made a gallant resistance throughout the day; at night his preparations seemed to announce the intention of attempting a retreat; and his numerous wounded, on receiving this intelligence, began to utter the most dreadful lamentations at the fate to which they were destined. In order that the alarm might not, by these means, be communicated to the enemy, he went round to assure them that they should not be abandoned to perish by famine. The fearful mental reservation of this assurance referred to a plan of novel barbarity, exceeded only in later times by an atrocity which has been ascribed to a people calling themselves more civilized. When every thing was ready, he sent round a certain number of persons properly instructed, who, at a concerted signal, murdered all the wounded. In the horrible silence which ensued, he commenced his retreat by an unsuspected path, and, taking a circuitous route, reached Mysoor by day-light.'—vol. ii. p. 150.

We cannot much applaud the delicate manner in which the allusion is made to the murder rather than to the murderer of Jaffa,* who still lives to insult offended humanity by not only avowing but justifying the act; and, what is more strange, lives to find an apologist for his crimes in the very man who first preferred the charge against him. But 'even-handed justice' may yet 'return the ingredients of the poisoned chalice' to the lips of the European, as she did to those of the Asiatic, mur-

* Proofs rise on proofs! While this Article was passing through the press, we received a copy of Mr. Walpole's 'Memoirs of Asiatic Turkey.' We accidentally opened it at p. 128, and were at once struck by the following paragraph: it is found in a letter from the late Professor of Arabic to the Bishop of Durham.

'The whole of these sects' (the various population of Syria) 'seem to have an equal hatred to the Turks and the French; to the former, for their constant oppression; to the latter, for the horrid cruelties committed in their return from Acre. I MYSELF SAW, under the walls of Jaffa, the mangled and half buried remains of 5,000 Turks, and near 500 Christians, whom Buonaparte massacred upon the shore. The putrid smell was scarcely dissipated after the intervention of a year. Kleber refused to have any hand in so shocking a transaction; but miscreants were not wanting to put in execution, with every aggravation of cruelty, as I was told by eye-witnesses, the commands of the First Consul.'

The writer of this (Mr. Archdeacon Carlyle) was a man of the strictest honour and veracity, and spoke the languages of the East with the readiness of a native. We cordially felicitate Sir R. Wilson on this irrefragable addition to the testimony which, with the feelings of a British soldier, he bore to the brutal ferocity of Buonaparte; (see our last Number, p. 517.) and beg leave, at the same time, to commend both this and our former extracts to the serious contemplation of Dr. Clarke.

derer. Mahommed Ali was, with Hyder, a sort of privileged person, who said what he pleased; he was also a great favourite of Tippoo; and when Rustum Ali Beg was ordered to execution for having surrendered Mangalore by a favourable capitulation to General Matthews, interposed, with his usual freedom, to save him; on which Tippoo determined to have him also put to death, with about seventy others, who were accidentally present at what the tyrant was pleased to call an attempt to rescue Rustum Ali. The services of Mahommed Ali, however, pleaded for mercy, and all the officers interposed the most earnest entreaties for the preservation of his life, in which Tippoo publicly declared his acquiescence. He was sent off to Seringapatam with an escort under Sheikh Hummeed, who, on the second day, had the humanity to apprise him of a written order which he had received from Tippoo to dispatch him on the road; 'and the victim, after a short period employed in devotion, quietly acquiesced in the arrangements for strangling him without noise, by means of the common groom's cord for leading a horse.'—vol. ii. p. 484.

The iniquitous invasion of Coorg took place in 1773. The Coorgs, apprized of the approach of the enemy, had assembled on a woody hill which Hyder completely invested with his troops. He immediately proclaimed a reward of five rupees for every head which should be brought before him, and sat down to see the rewards distributed. When about seven hundred had been paid for, a person approached and deposited two heads, both of them of the fairest forms. Hyder, having examined the features, asked the bearer if his heart did not smite him for cutting off such comely heads: and immediately ordered the decapitation to cease. 'It is the only feature in his whole life,' says Colonel Wilks, 'that incurs the direct suspicion of pity.'—vol. ii. p. 158.

In the year 1775, the raja of Mysore died. Hyder, who had always professed to hold it on behalf of the Hindoo house, and amused the people at the annual feast of the Dessera, by exhibiting the pageant seated on his ivory throne in the balcony of state, determined to carry on the farce by the election of a new raja. The lineal male succession being extinct, he collected all the children of the different branches of the family in the Hall of Audience, which was strewn with fruits, sweetmeats and flowers, playthings of various descriptions, arms, books, male and female ornaments, bags of money, &c. and while they were engaged in a general scramble, one child was attracted by a brilliant little dagger, which he took up in his right hand, and soon afterwards a lime in his left. 'That is the raja!' exclaimed Hyder; 'his first care is military protection; his second to realize the produce of his dominions; bring him hither and let me embrace him.' The deluded Hindoos mur-

mured applause; the child was carried to the palace and installed; and became the father of the present raja, who was placed by the English at the head of the Hindoo house of Mysore, on the subversion of the Mahomedan dynasty by the Marquis of Wellesley in 1799.—vol. ii. p. 163.

Hyder having succeeded in dissolving the confederacy of the Mahrattas and Nizam Ali, by purchasing the latter, laid siege to the fortress of Chittledroog, which he had long desired to possess. Jealous of the power and the distinguished bravery of the poligar who held it, and of his formidable troops, he was determined to reject the most submissive offers of this unfortunate chief.

* The siege continued for three months, with more perseverance than military skill on the side of Hyder; and on the part of the besieged, with a mixture of enthusiastic fatalism, and heedless, headlong valour, which is strongly characteristic of the Beder tribe. A temple dedicated to the goddess (Câli) who delights in blood, was erected on the summit of the *Droog*, an appellative derived from an attribute of the goddess; and so long as her rites should be duly performed, they believed that in fact, as well as in name, their fortress would be inaccessible. On every Monday, after performing their devotions to the goddess, the Beders made a religious sortie; this, after a few repetitions, was as regularly known in the camp of the besiegers, as in the fort. A particular sound of the horn always gave intimation that they had finished their preparatory devotions and were about to sally: every thing was known, except the exact point of attack, and notwithstanding all the advantages of preparation, on the side of the besiegers, the Beders never once returned without penetrating into the trenches, and carrying off a certain number of *heads*, to offer at the shrine of *Câli*. After the fall of the place, the heads were found ranged in rows of small pyramids, in regular order, in front of the temple of the goddess, to the amount of about two thousand.—vol. ii. p. 181, 182.

Hyder was compelled to raise the siege by the approach of the Mahratta army, amounting to sixty thousand cavalry, and a proportionate number of infantry, under Hurry Punt. This immense force, by a judicious combination of military skill and bribery, Hyder completely succeeded in dispersing and driving back to the northward of the Kistna. He now sat down a second time before Chittledroog, which the poligar defended with his accustomed gallantry; but the greater part of his brave followers being either killed or wounded in the determined sallies which he continued to make, and a corps of about 5000 Mahomedans in his service being corrupted by Hyder, through the medium of their spiritual instructor, the poligar, finding *Câli* no longer propitious to his vows, ascended his palanquin, proceeded to Hyder's camp, and threw himself on the mercy of the victor. But Hyder was insensible to the 'quality of mercy.' The palace of the unfortunate poligar

was plundered, his family secured and sent to Seringapatam. The native peasantry, chiefly Beders, who during the two sieges had adhered with unconquerable attachment to their chief, after being pillaged of all their tangible property, were swept away to people the island of Seringapatam, to the amount of 20,000 souls. The boys were made converts to Mahomedanism, and formed into a military corps, under the name of *chêla* battalions.—vol. ii. p. 190.

About this time, Hyder narrowly escaped assassination by a party of eighty ferocious Affghans, who had been taken prisoners and disarmed: though their swords were afterwards restored, they still felt the insult, and concerted a plan of revenge. In the dead of night they slew the guards, and rushed towards his tent. Hyder, however, on hearing the alarm, cut through it with his sword and escaped. Some of the assassins were seized and instantly put to death; the remainder had their hands and feet chopped off, and in that shocking state were thrown into the highway, to announce to his new subjects the terror of his name. Some of them were destined to a death, if possible, still more horrible; they were tied by a short cord to the feet of elephants, and dragged round the camp.—vol. ii. p. 194.

The avarice of Hyder kept pace with his inhumanity; perhaps the former acted as a stimulus to the latter. His *dewan*, or minister of finance, a Bramin of the name of Vencatapa, a few days before his death, for the repose of his conscience and the security of his family, sent his dying declaration to Hyder, that the amount of his fortune, honourably made in his service, was 50,000 pagodas, which he entreated his master to receive into the treasury, and leave his family in peace. 'According to English notions,' says Colonel Wilks, 'every spark of honour must be extinct in the breast of a prince, who should despoil the family of a faithful servant of a sum so fairly acquired.' Hyder reasoned differently: he took the money, and considered it as an act of exemplary benevolence on his part, to excuse the innocent family from the usual process of torture. The next *dewan*, also a Bramin, of the name of Chinneia, was tortured, plundered and dismissed. He was succeeded by Assud Ali Khan, the first Mussulman employed by him in a civil office of trust and importance; Ali died under the tortures which were inflicted to extort money which he did not possess: he was considered as an able and an honourable man. The next was also a man of integrity, but not of talent equal to his situation. On his removal, he declared that all he was worth in the world amounted to 10,000 rupees, or 1,250*l.* the exact sum with which he had entered Hyder's service. He was, notwithstanding, thrown into prison, where he soon after died; the ten thousand rupees,

which he had mentioned, were found in his house, and his brutal master took them from his family without the smallest compunction.

In the year 1779, Hyder entertained strong hopes of forming a confederacy, of which the avowed object was the extermination of the British power in India; and when the imbecile measures, the wretched intrigues of the government of Madras are considered, during the reign of the Rumbolds, the Whitehills, and the Paul Benhields, the only matter of surprize is, that the confederacy did not succeed. 'I have tried them already,' said Hyder, 'and I know them well; they have no conduct; and even now, when I have assembled my whole force to enter the country, they have not shewn the least glimmering of ability.' It was on this occasion that Hyder overran the Carnatic with an army of more than 80,000 men, almost realizing those tremendous scenes of desolation which Burke so forcibly, but somewhat too poetically, described, and which continued to be the topic of stupid ridicule at Madras, 'until the conflagration of the surrounding country, and the actual appearance of the bleeding fugitives, roused this most extraordinary conclave from a slumber, which has no example in the history of the world.'—vol. ii. p. 256.

This campaign, disastrous and disgraceful as it was to us, afforded many brilliant examples of genius and gallantry on the part of the subaltern officers in the command of posts; among whom Ensigns Allan and Macauley, Lieutenants Parr and Flint, are mentioned with particular distinction. We cannot resist inserting the eulogium bestowed by Colonel Wilks on the last-mentioned officer:—

'Strange as in these days the proposition may sound, this lieutenant was an officer of very considerable experience; to a scientific knowledge of the theory, he added some practical acquaintance with the business of a siege; and to military talents of no ordinary rank, a mind fertile in resources, and a mild confidence of manner, which, as his troops were wont to say, rendered it impossible to feel alarm in his presence. He found the place (Wandewash) in a ruinous state, furnished with abundance of cannon, but no carriages, and little powder; he repaired the works, constructed carriages, and manufactured powder. He had not one artilleryman; but he prevailed on the silversmiths, who, according to the routine of Hindoo warfare, are the apology for cannoneers, not only to attend regularly, to be instructed in the exercise, but, in the subsequent siege, to perform their duties in a respectable manner. From the 12th of August, 1780, until the 12th of February, 1783, an eventful period, during which the flower of Hyder's army were before the place seventy-eight days of open trenches, and, after being foiled in open force, made repeated attempts to seize it by stratagem, or starve it into surrender, this officer, never once casting off his clothes at the uncertain periods of repose, not only provided the means of internal defence, but raised a little corps of cavalry for exterior enterprise;

prize; and, during a protracted period of famine and diversified misery elsewhere, not only fed his own garrison, but procured important supplies for the use of the main army, for which he was justly deemed to be the centre of all correct intelligence. The model proposed by the experienced, for the imitation of the young and aspiring; the theme of general applause; honourable in private life, as he was distinguished in public conduct; the barren glory has remained to him of preserving the letters on service, written in Sir Eyre Coote's own hand, full of affectionate attachment and admiration. Colonel Flint is living, and in London. Fancy would associate with the retirement of such a man marks of public approbation and dignified competency; but human affairs too often reflect an inverted copy of the pictures of imagination."—vol. ii. pp. 264, 265.

The lamentable destruction of Colonel Baillie's corps, from the total incapacity, as it would now seem, of that officer, is thus summed up:—

"Colonel Baillie, after ordering his fire to cease, went forwards to ask for quarter, by waving his handkerchief; and, supposing acquiescence to be signified, he ordered the Europeans, who to the last moment preserved an undaunted aspect and compact order, to lay down their arms. The enemy, although they at first paused, and received him as a prisoner, after being slightly wounded, perceiving the same unauthorized straggling fire to continue, rushed forwards to an unresisted slaughter. Of eighty-six officers, thirty-six were killed, or died of their wounds, thirty-four were wounded and taken, and sixteen were taken not wounded; the carnage among the soldiers being nearly in the same proportion. Hyder's young soldiers in particular amused themselves with fleshing their swords, and exhibiting their skill on men already most inhumanly mangled; on the sick and wounded in the doolies; and even on women and children; and the lower order of horsemen plundered their victims of the last remnant of their clothing; none escaped this brutal treatment, excepting the few who were saved by the humane interposition of the French officers, and particularly Monsieur Pimorin, of the regular French line, who had joined with a small detachment from Mâhè, a short time previous to its capture in 1779; and Monsieur Lally, who has already been introduced to the reader's notice.* It is scarcely necessary to add, that the whole corps, with all its equipments of every description, was irretrievably and totally lost."—vol. ii. pp. 277, 278.

The barbarism of Hyder's mind, and his strange ignorance of

* Lally, who had first served with Basâut Jung, then with Nizam Ali, was disposed about 1778 to try his fortunes with Hyder, who stipulated, for a certain amount of force, to pay him 5,000 rupees a month. The Frenchman, not being able to bring the precise number, received only, as the first month's pay, 2,000 rupees. He demanded an audience, talked loud, and gasconaded. 'Be quiet,' said Hyder, 'and be grateful for getting so much; you have not fulfilled your stipulation, and I have overpaid you in proportion to your numbers. I do not give an officer 5,000 rupees a month for the beauty of his single nose.'

the practical effects of civilization, are evinced in the following incident :—

‘ Among the prisoners was a son of Colonel Lang, who commanded Vellore, a child rather than a youth, born in India, who was serving as a volunteer. He sent for the boy, and ordered him instantly to write a letter to his father, offering him a splendid establishment, on the condition of surrendering the place, and announcing that his own death would be the result of refusal. The boy at first received the proposition with a cool rejection ; but, on being pressed with direct threats, he burst into tears, and addressing Hyder in his own language, “ If you consider *me*,” said he, “ base enough to write such a letter, on what ground can you think so meanly of *my father* ? It is in your power to present me before the ramparts of Vellore, and cut me into a thousand pieces in my father’s presence ; but it is out of your power to make him a traitor.” The threats were, however, renewed by the attendants in a separate tent, but, being found ineffectual, the child was remanded to the quarters of the other prisoners.’—vol. ii. pp. 280, 281.

Colonel Wilks mentions the cases of two individuals, both well known to him, among the wounded of this unhappy day ; the one of which he may well say was remarkable from mere fact ; the other sufficiently so from characteristic imagination. The first was that of an English artilleryman, of the name of Twig ; he had received a sabre wound in the back of the neck, which separated the muscles destined to support the head, and it fell accordingly on his chest.—‘ On being roused by threats and other wounds, this extraordinary man raised his head to its proper position with the aid of his hands, and, supporting it in this manner, actually performed the march of six miles, and was perfectly cured.’—vol. ii. p. 281.

‘ The other case was that of Mahommed Booden, commandant of Hyder’s artillery.—A cannon shot had grazed the back of the occiput, and numerous exfoliations of the skull, which he describes to have afterwards occurred, seem to evince that the contact was severe. He fell, and was supposed to be killed, but almost instantly arose, put on his turban, and mounted his horse, and was found to have received no other apparent injury than a small contusion surmounted by a tumour. The escape of this man became a subject of general conversation in Hyder’s army ; there could be no doubt of his possessing a charm to avert cannon-balls, and the secret must be invaluable. Tippoo sent for him some days afterwards, and questioned him regarding the charm. He replied, as he always continued to believe, that it was the root of a small plant, which he had purchased from a travelling Hindoo mendicant, to be worn at all times wrapped up in his turban, as an infallible protection to the head. Tippoo desired to see this precious treasure, and, after a deliberate scrutiny, very coolly wrapped it up in his own turban, for the future defence of his own head, regardless of the fate of Mahommed Booden’s, who was perfectly aware, that serious re-
monstrance

monstrance would put his head in greater danger than the cannon-balls of the next battle.'—vol. ii. pp. 281, 282.

Though the war, as we have already observed, was entered on by Hyder under the most favourable auspices, and many important advantages were obtained by him, yet they led to no decisive results in his favour; and, in fact, his situation, from the period of Sir Eyre Coote's appointment to the command of the army, was daily becoming more critical. He was not insensible of the danger; and on one occasion is said to have thus addressed his confidential minister, Poornea:—

'I have committed a great error; I have purchased a draught of Seandee at the price of a lac of pagodas; I shall pay dearly for my arrogance: between me and the English there were perhaps mutual grounds of dissatisfaction, but no sufficient cause for war; and I might have made them my friends in spite of Mahommed Ali, the most treacherous of men. The defeat of many Baillies and Braithwaites will not destroy them. I can ruin their resources by land, but I cannot dry up the sea; and I must be first weary of a war in which I can gain nothing by fighting. I ought to have reflected, that no man of common sense will trust a Mahratta; and that they themselves do not expect to be trusted. I have been amused by idle expectations of a French force from Europe; but, supposing it to arrive, and to be successful here, I must go alone against the Mahrattas, and incur the reproach of the French for distrusting them; for I dare not admit them in force to Mysoor.'—vol. ii. p. 373.

This is no faint portrait of his mind; a more striking one, however, of the perturbed and gloomy nature of his feelings is furnished by Gholaum Ali, one of his most familiar companions:—Gholaum had observed him to start much in his sleep; and, on his waking, took the liberty to ask him of what he had been dreaming?—'My friend,' replied Hyder, 'the state of a *yogee* (religious mendicant) is more delightful than my envied monarchy; awake, they see no conspirators; asleep, they dream of no assassins!'

In the cavalry of Hyder the officers were fond of exhibiting to the English army a chivalrous spirit, which induced them frequently to approach, individually, within speaking distance of the flanking parties, and give a general challenge to single combat. The manner in which they were answered and silenced is not ill described:—

'There was in Sir Eyre Coote's body-guard a young cavalry officer, distinguished for superior military address; on ordinary service always foremost, to the very verge of prudence, but never beyond it; of physical strength, seldom equalled; on foot, a figure for a sculptor; when mounted—

——“ he

“ he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast.”

“ In common with the rest of the army, this officer had smiled at the recital of these absurd challenges; but, while reconnoitring on the flank of the column of march, one of them was personally addressed to himself by a horseman, who, from dress and appearance, seemed to be of some distinction. He accepted the invitation, and the requisite precautions were mutually acceded to: they fought; and he slew his antagonist. After this incident, the challenges were frequently addressed, not, as formerly, to the whole army, but to *Dallas*, whose name became speedily known to them: and, whenever his duty admitted, and his favourite horse was sufficiently fresh, the invitations were accepted, until the Mysoreans became weary of repetition. With a single exception, the result was uniform. On that one occasion, the combatants, after several rounds, feeling a respect for each other, made a significant pause, mutually saluted, and retired. As a fashion among the aspiring young officers, these adventures were not calculated for general adoption; it was found, that, in single combat, the address of a native horseman is seldom equalled by an European.”—vol. ii. pp. 391, 392.

In the course of the year 1782, Hyder's health perceptibly declined; and, in the month of November, symptoms of a disease appeared, known to the Hindoos under the name of the *raj-pôra*, or royal boil, from its being supposed to be peculiar to persons of rank; by the Mahomedans it is called the ‘crab,’ from the fancied resemblance to that animal in the swelling behind the neck, or the upper portion of the back, which is the first indication of this disorder. The united efforts of Hindoo, Mahomedan, and French physicians were of no avail, and he died on the 7th of December. His body was secretly deposited in the tomb of his father at Colar, but was subsequently removed by Tippoo's orders to the superb mausoleum at Seringapatam, which is still endowed and kept up by the English.

The character of Hyder has been pretty well developed by the extracts which we have made from these and the former volumes; but, as we have now perhaps gone over his history for the last time, we shall avail ourselves of Colonel Wilks's information to bring it before our readers under one point of view.

In person he was tall and robust; his neck long, his shoulders broad; his complexion was fair and florid, (as an Indian;) and a prominent and rather aquiline nose and small eyes imparted to his countenance a mixture of sternness and gentleness. He had a mellow and musical voice. His turban, whose various involutions were said to contain one hundred cubits of the most brilliant scarlet,

let, overshadowed his shoulders. The rest of his dress was equally magnificent. Fond of show and parade, he was attended, on great occasions, by a retinue of a thousand spearmen splendidly clothed and armed, preceded by bards, who sang his exploits in the Canarese language.

He was a bold and skilful horseman; as a swordsman he was beld in high esteem, and as a marksman unrivalled: the volunteers engaged in single combat with the royal tiger were confident of being preserved in the last extremity by the fusil of Hyder from the balcony.

He could neither read nor write any language; and, in making the initial of his name, to serve as his signature on public occasions, either from inaptitude to learn, or for the sake of originality, he inverted its form, and, instead of *T*, wrote *Ƨ*; but, besides the Hindostanee, he spoke with great fluency five other languages of the peninsula; and he possessed the extraordinary faculty of listening to the song of a bard, dictating to a moonshee, hearing and answering the report of a spy, and following the recital of a long and complex account of his dewan, or treasurer. Mr. Swartz, who was admitted to his presence, admired the rapid dispatch with which his affairs proceeded; letter after letter was received and read to him, the writers ran, wrote the answer, which he dictated, and Hyder apposed his seal. 'He orders,' says the worthy missionary, 'one man to write a letter and read it to him; then he calls another to read it to him again; if the writer has in the least deviated from his orders, his head pays for it.'

His intercourse with his harem was never permitted to divert him from the most rigid attention to public business: from sunrise till noon he was occupied in the durbar; he then took his first meal, and retired to rest for an hour or two; in the evening he rode out, and then returned to business till near midnight when he made his second meal, drank largely, but secretly, and retired to rest.

He possessed the most disciplined command of his temper: his apparent bursts of anger (according to Colonel Wilks) were systematic, and intended to keep for ever present the terror of his name. 'He is served,' says Mr. Swartz, 'through fear: two hundred people with whips stand always ready to use; not a day passes on which numbers are not flogged. Hyder applies the same cat to all transgressors alike—gentlemen and horsekeepers, tax-gatherers and his own sons. It will hardly be believed,' adds this excellent man, 'what punishments are daily inflicted on the collectors.—One of them was tied up, and two men came with their whips and cut him dreadfully; with sharp nails was his flesh torn asunder, and then scourged afresh; his shrieks rent the air.'

Yet,

Yet, in spite of his well-known inhumanity, and the notorious system of exaction and torture, men of almost every country were attracted to his court by brilliant prospects of advancement and wealth; but a person found to be worth keeping was a prisoner for life; Hyder's was literally the lion's den—no footsteps led from it—he would hear of no standard but his own, and suffered no return. It is the less surprizing therefore that in council he had no adviser, and no confidant. In our examination of the first part of this work, we hazarded a few observations on the striking similarity between the character of Hyder Ali and that of Ali Buonaparte. Every step which we have since advanced has tended to confirm our strictures, and justify the parallel. If there be a shade of difference, the concluding remarks of Colonel Wilks will determine it in favour of the Asiatic barbarian:—

' In common with all sovereigns who have risen from obscurity to a throne, Hyder waded through crimes to his object; but they never exceeded the removal of real impediments, and he never achieved through blood what fraud was capable of effecting. He fixed his stedfast view upon the end, and considered simply the efficiency, and never the moral tendency of the means. If he was cruel and unfeeling, it was for the promotion of his objects, and never for the gratification of anger or revenge. If he was ever liberal, it was because liberality exalted his character and augmented his power; if he was ever merciful, it was in those cases where the reputation of mercy promoted future submission. His European prisoners were in irons, because they were otherwise deemed unmanageable; they were scantily fed, because that was economical; there was little distinction of rank, because that would have been expensive: but, beyond these simply interested views, there was, by his authority, no wanton severity; there was no compassion, but there was no resentment; it was a political expenditure for a political purpose, and there was no passion, good or bad, to disturb the balance of the account. He carried merciless devastation into an enemy's country, and even to his own, but never beyond the reputed utility of the case: he sent the inhabitants into captivity, because it injured the enemy's country and benefited his own. The misery of the individuals was no part of the consideration, and the death of the greater portion still left a residue, to swell a scanty population. With an equal absence of feeling he caused forcible emigrations from one province to another, because he deemed it the best cure for rebellion; and he converted the male children into military slaves, because he expected them to improve the quality of his army. He gave fair, and occasionally brilliant encouragement, to the active and aspiring among his servants, so long as liberality proved an incitement to exertion, and he robbed and tortured them without gratitude or compunction, when no further services were expected: it was an account of profit and loss, and a calculation, whether it were most beneficial to employ or to plunder them.

' Those brilliant and equivocal virtues, which gild the crimes of other conquerors,

conquerors, were utterly unknown to the breast of Hyder. No admiration of bravery in resistance, or of fortitude in the fallen, ever excited sympathy, or softened the cold calculating decision of their fate. No contempt for unmanly submission ever aggravated the treatment of the abject and the mean. Every thing was weighed in the balance of utility, and no grain of human feeling, no breath of virtue or of vice, was permitted to incline the beam.

* There was one solitary example of feelings incident to our nature; affection for an unworthy son, whom he nominated to be his successor, while uniformly, earnestly, and broadly predicting, that this son would lose the empire which he himself had gained.—vol. iii. pp. 457, 458.

This son, aptly named *Tippoo*, or the *Tiger*, was thirty years of age when his father died; he assumed the reins of government with an army of ninety thousand men, a treasury containing three crores of rupees, (about three millions sterling,) in hard money, and an accumulated booty of jewels and other valuables, in Poornea's language, to a countless amount. With this, and the aid of a French force, instead of offering terms to the English which, in the dissensions between the civil and military authorities of Madras, and the tardy and ungracious assistance from Bengal, would probably have been accepted, Tippoo at once began to indulge his favourite dream of driving them out of the peninsula.

The fortress of Cuddalore had received such a reinforcement from Suffrein's fleet, after his action with Sir Edward Hughes, as to enable Monsieur Bussy to make a vigorous sortie with his best troops, who, however, suffered a very severe loss, both in officers and men. The following anecdote (which affords another extraordinary instance of the caprice of fortune) we suspect will be new to most of our readers:—

* Among the wounded prisoners was a young French serjeant, who to particularly attracted the notice of Colonel Wangenheim, commandant of the Hanoverian troops in the English service, by his interesting appearance and manners, that he ordered the young man to be conveyed to his own tents, where he was treated with attention and kindness until his recovery and release. Many years afterwards, when the French army, under Bernadotte, entered Hanover, General Wangenheim, among others, attended the levee of the conqueror. "You have served a great deal," said Bernadotte, on his being presented, "and, as I understand, in India?" "I have served there." "At Cuddalore?" "I was there." "Have you any recollection of a wounded serjeant, whom you took under your protection in the course of that service?" The circumstance was not immediately present to the general's mind; but, on recollection, he resumed, "I do indeed remember the circumstance, and a very fine young man he was; I have entirely lost sight of him ever since, but it would give me pleasure to hear of his welfare." "That young serjeant," said Bernadotte, "WAS THE PERSON WHO HAS NOW THE HONOUR TO ADDRESS YOU; who is happy in
this

this public opportunity of acknowledging the obligation, and will omit no means within his power of testifying his gratitude to General Waugenheim,"—vol. ii. pp. 442, 443.

The capture of the almost impregnable fort of Bednore by a handful of men, under the command of General Matthews, who was puzzled to account for his own success, is thus curiously and satisfactorily explained:—

Among the prisoners carried off by Hyder from Malabar was a young Nair, to whom, after his conversion to Islamism, was given the name of *Sheik Ayez, the slave of the house*. This youth, from his noble port, ingenuous manners, and singular beauty, attracted general attention; and in a more mature age his valour in the field and uncommon intelligence recommended him so strongly to the favour of Hyder that he would frequently speak of him as 'his right hand in the hour of danger;' and when angry with Tippoo would often wish that Ayez was his son instead of him. Not long before his death Hyder had appointed this favourite to the situation of governor of the fortress and province of Bednore. Tippoo had not forgotten his father's praises, and the habit of publicly contrasting the qualities of his slave with those of the heir-apparent; nor could Ayez contemplate without alarm the crisis of his fate, which the death of Hyder would certainly accelerate. Tippoo had, in fact, dispatched Lutf Ali Beg to assume the government of Bednore, but, apprehensive that Ayez might resist, had previously sent secret orders to the officer next in command to put him to death, and assume the government till the arrival of the proper successor. Ayez, suspecting that something of this kind might happen, had given positive orders that every letter received should be brought to him and examined in his presence; but being, like Hyder, entirely illiterate, no other person was allowed to be present than the reader and himself. On the day preceding that on which the English force attacked the ghauts, the fatal letter arrived; the bramin who read it, and to whom the letter was addressed, was more astonished at its contents than Ayez; who, placed in this perilous condition, without a moment's hesitation, put the unfortunate bramin to death to prevent discovery; instantly mounted his horse, and went off at full speed to the citadel to make arrangements for the surrender of the place to the English. All this was unknown at the time, and sufficiently accounts for the dispersion and dismay of the troops, and the easy possession of the whole province, which so much surprized General Matthews, that he attributed it, in the first place, to the 'Divine decrees,' and in the second, to the 'panic of the enemy.' (ii. p. 455.)

When Tippoo was accused by General Macleod of his faithless conduct before Mangalore, he replied in English, written by a French man, 'It is a lie or mensonge.' On which the general returned
for

for answer, 'Permit me to inform you, prince, that this language is not good for you to give, nor me to receive; and that if I was alone with you in the desert you would not dare to say these words to me:' and he added, 'if you have courage enough to meet me, take one hundred of your bravest men on foot, and meet me on the sea-shore. I will fight you, and one hundred of mine will fight with your's.' Nothing further appears from General Macleod; but in the '*King of Histories*,' written under the immediate direction of Tippoo, and found in the palace of Seringapatam, is a long and abusive reply, accusing the Nazarenes of idolatry, and every species of vice, and thus concluding: 'If thou hast any doubt of all this, descend, as thou hast written, from thy ships, with thy forces, and taste the flavour of the blows inflicted by the hands of the holy warriors, and behold the terror of the religion of Mahomed,' &c.—but General Macleod, according to this faithful historian, fled on the same night! (Pref. p. xxv.)

The ferocious disposition of Tippoo was frequently exhibited during the siege of Mangalore, a contemptible fortress which, however, locked up the services of his main army for nearly nine months. Reflecting that it had been surrendered to General Matthews by the Kelledar Rustum Ali Beg as an untenable post, he came to a conclusion, that Rustum must have been either a traitor or a bungler, (he stopped not to inquire which,) and the unfortunate Kelledar, with his principal officers, was therefore led out to instant execution. But it was not till after the conclusion of the peace of 1784, when the release of the prisoners offered an opportunity to all of comparing the history of their sufferings, that the extent of the atrocity of this monster was fully ascertained. Hyder, in truth, had never shewn any scruples of delicacy regarding the safe and cheap custody of European prisoners; he used severity and sometimes direct force to procure the services of gunners and artificers; but this was the amount of his barbarity; 'it was reserved for Tippoo Sultaun to murder his prisoners.' All who had distinguished themselves in arms were sure to be dispatched—some were poisoned, others led into the woods and hacked to pieces. Those who were spared lingered out a miserable existence; in the best of the prisons their allowance barely kept them alive; and in the worst, accelerated their death. 'Blows were inflicted on the most trivial pretences; irons were put on and removed for no other apparent reason than to excite conjectures and agonize the feelings.' The sepoys were kept at hard labour, and these faithful creatures, whenever they had an opportunity, sacrificed a portion of their own scanty pittance to mend the fare of their European fellow soldiers. This is sufficiently horrible; but the ex-

patiation of thirty thousand Canara Christians, (by his own account sixty thousand,) who were first 'honoured with the distinction of Islamism, and then distributed among the principal garrisons,' was still more atrocious; for the consequences of thus wantonly driving off the unoffending inhabitants of his own country were, that one-third part of the number did not survive the first year. (ii. p. 530.) His conduct to the unfortunate inhabitants of Coorg was, if possible, still worse; his army laid waste with fire and sword all the open parts of the country, and the ruined inhabitants betook themselves to the woods. Here they were surrounded, and the troops, contracting the circle, beat up the country before them as if dislodging the game; and by these means closing in on the great mass of population, amounting to about seventy thousand, drove them, like a herd of cattle, to Seringapatam. On this triumphant occasion Tippoo first assumed the title of King.

Among the numerous 'inventions and creations of his mind,' which Colonel Wilks calls 'strange aberrations of untutored intellect,' one was to level the town and fort of Mysore to the ground. He changed the performance of the *nootut* (the royal band) from Sunday to Friday, 'because' (as he says in his own Memoirs) Sunday is appropriated by the Nazarenes, Saturday by the Jews, and Friday is the festival of the Mussulmans; because the Almighty on that day created the heavens, and on that day commenced the flood of Noah'—He changed the *name* of every thing in science, government, jurisprudence, tactics, &c. of cycles, years, and months; weights, measures, coins, forts, towns, offices civil and military; the official designations of all persons and things, without one exception; 'exhibiting,' as Colonel Wilks remarks, 'a singular coincidence, at nearly one and the same time, and in distant and unconnected quarters of the globe, between the extremes of unbridled democracy, and uncontrolled despotism.' He boasts in his new artillery practice that he had left his masters, the Nazarenes, at an infinite distance behind him, 'although, like the salamander, they pass their lives in fire.' He created a fleet which never existed, and made admirals who had never seen the sea; he drew up a commercial code, and considered himself the chief merchant in his dominions; and when he was requested to alter his regulations as they had a tendency to destroy all confidence, the only answer which he condescended to give, was—'there is no regulation issued by us that does not cost us, in the framing of it, the deliberation of five hundred years—do as you are ordered.' His code of laws is unexampled in history, 'perverting,' says Colonel Wilks, 'all possible purposes of punishment as a public example, combining the terrors of death with cold-blooded irony, filthy ridicule

cule with obscene mutilation, the pranks of a monkey with the abominations of a monster.' (iii. p. 269.)

All his regulations were to be studied night and day, and strictly observed; and on the occurrence of any case not provided for, reference was to be made to the 'replendent presence.' An anecdote is told on this occasion which somewhat enlivened the court even of this gloomy tyrant. A ryot came out of breath to the aumil (or collector) to tell him that a large field of sugar-cane was on fire. 'Fetch me the book of regulations,' said the aumil; 'I recollect nothing about a fire in a field of sugar-cane.' 'Sound the village drum!' exclaimed the ryot; 'summon every man, woman, and child with pots of water.' 'Be quiet,' replied the aumil; 'the book of regulations will tell us all about it.' The book said nothing; the aumil contended that the case must be referred; and in the mean time the field was destroyed. When the report came, the sultaun put on a vacant stare; but whether it was the precursor of a laugh or a sage reflection, the courtiers were not quite agreed. At length the royal stare dropped into the philosophical preparative. 'The man,' said he, 'is a good and an obedient servant; prepare instantly an edict to be added to the regulations, prescribing what is to be done in the event of fire in sugar-fields.' (iii. p. 273.)

These speculations of a stupid despot, however noxious to his subjects, were innocent in comparison of his unfeeling and brutal conduct towards all who were without the pale of Islamism. In 1786 he made a visit to Calicut, where he found the natives living peaceably in habitations scattered over the country: his first step was to compel them to reside in villages of forty houses each: he then informed them, by public proclamation, that they were a turbulent and refractory people—that their women were unrestrained in their obscene practices, and more shameless in their connections than the beasts of the field; and, finally, that if they did not forsake their sinful practices and live like the rest of mankind, he would march them off to the seat of empire, and honour the whole of them with the seal of the Prophet. Indeed his whole conduct proves, in the words of Colonel Wilks, that 'an intellect too weak for its giddy height occasionally tottered on the verge of insanity;' for the next year, having taken it into his head that the 'infidels of Malabar' had disregarded his admonitions, he marched his whole army to the coast, surprized two thousand Nairs with their families, and gave them the alternative of a voluntary profession of the Mahomedan faith, or a forcible conversion, with deportation from their native land. The unhappy captives chose the latter; the rite of circumcision was instantly performed on all the males, and the individuals of both sexes were compelled to close the ceremony by eating beef.

His embassies to France and Constantinople covered him with

ridicule. The first was to ask for a body of six thousand Frenchmen, with which he engaged to drive the English out of Hindostan. On the proposition being made to Louis XVI. he observed, 'This resembles the affair of America, which I never think of without regret. My youth was taken advantage of at that time, and we suffer for it now; the lesson is too severe to be forgotten.' Of the latter, nearly six hundred died of the plague; and out of eleven hundred of which the embassy consisted, sixty-eight only returned to India. Notwithstanding the failure of both, Lord Cornwallis saw, early in 1790, that Tippoo was again resolved on war. His attack on the Raja of Travancore hastened it. Colonel Floyd found himself suddenly engaged with the main body of the Mysore army. Many of the Sepoys were cut down. Colonel Floyd, in passing along the line, expressed his regret to the native officers, and cheered them with the hope of retaliation in due time. These brave and faithful fellows all replied nearly in the same words, 'We have eaten the Company's salt; our lives are at their disposal, and God forbid that we should mind a few casualties.'

The capture of Bangalore struck a panic into the tyrant's mind, and made him tremble for his capital; arrangements, in fact, were made for the removal of his harem, his treasure, and the families of his officers.

'The walls of the houses in the main streets of Seringapatam had been ornamented by the Sultaun's command, with full length caricatures of the English. In one it was a tiger seizing a trembling Englishman; in another it was a horseman cutting off two English heads at a blow; in a third it was the nabob, Mahommed Ali, brought in with a rope round his waist, prostrating himself before an Englishman seated on a chair, who placed one foot upon his neck; but the more favourable caricatures are necessarily excluded from decorous narrative. The anticipation must have been acute, which suggested the obliteration of all these favoured triumphs, and a positive order for carefully whitewashing the whole of the walls.

'The removal of these foolish indications of triumphant hostility and contempt, was perhaps a more conclusive testimony than any other of his considering the capture of the place highly probable; but conscience suggested more serious terrors, in the mass of living evidence at Seringapatam and elsewhere, of his detention of prisoners, in direct violation of the treaty of 1784. Of the English boys, educated as singers and dancers* twenty still remained; a secret order was dispatched for the murder of these unhappy youths as the first victims, and an imperceptible succession of most of the other prisoners of the preceding war. It was difficult to obtain precise information regarding details in which no individual would acknowledge instrumentality, or even ascribe it to

* Their instruction, performance, and dress, was precisely that of an Hindostanee dancing girl.

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another: the bodies were carried out at the first opening of the gates, by the common scavengers, to places of distant sepulture, and the assassination was supposed to be perpetrated by Abyssinian slaves, by the well understood practice of a sudden and violent twist to dislocate the vertebrae of the neck. The orders to the outposts were executed according to local circumstances, and the English army had afterwards direct evidence even to exhumation, of murders so committed, on persons who carried with them the anxious sympathy of the inhabitants; the order was extended to native state prisoners; and the horrible butcheries of this period exemplified, in the most impressive manner, the natural connexion between cruelty and fear."—iii. pp. 140, 141.

But it is time to close the relation of the frantic and murderous pranks of this unfeeling despot; and we cannot conclude it better than with the following instance of dreadful retribution on one of his ready agents. It was inflicted by the widowed mother of a chief destroyed by Tippoo,—an instance of a daring and desperate spirit not unexampled in the secluded females of Hindostan.

'She paid me a visit in 1808,' (it is Colonel Wilks who speaks,) 'and among other adventures related the following: "Tippoo's aumil, who polluted the mansion of my lost husband and son, wanted iron, and determined to supply himself from the *rut*," (a temple of carved wood fixed on wheels, drawn in procession on public occasions, and requiring many thousand persons to effect its movement.) "It was too much trouble to take it to pieces, and the wretch burned it in the square of the great temple, for the sake of the iron. On hearing of this abomination, I secretly collected my men, I entered the town by night, I seized him and tied him to a stake, and (bursting into tears, and an agony of exultation) I burned the monster on the spot where he had wantonly insulted and consumed the sacred emblems of my religion."—iii. p. 285.

We all know the conditions on which Lord Cornwallis granted a peace to Tippoo; and have read of the restitution of his two sons by Major Doveton, but the details given in these volumes are, nevertheless, very interesting. The subsequent events; the embassy to the Isle of France; the reinforcement of ninety-nine Frenchmen from that quarter; the organization of a jacobin club in Seringapatam; the planting of the tree of liberty, surrounded by the cap of equality, and the fraternization of the *sans-culotte* Sultaun under the distinguished appellation of *Citizen Tippoo*,—together with the decisive measures and the rapid movements of the Marquis of Wellesley, are too recent and too well known to require any particular notice;—suffice it to say that this monster in human shape died, as he had lived—a fool, and a madman—which is the best apology that can be made for him.

Tippoo fell in 1798, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and the eighteenth of his reign. He was less tall than his father; he

had a short neck, small and delicate hands and feet, large and full eyes, and a dark complexion, all characteristics of the Indian form. He spoke in a loud and inharmonious tone of voice; was extremely garrulous, and on superficial subjects delivered his sentiments with plausibility; he excelled in horsemanship; and ridiculed the conveyance in palanquins, which he, in a great degree, prohibited—more, it is said, from avarice than taste. With a smattering of Persian literature he considered himself as the first philosopher of the age; his pen was for ever in his hand, but he could neither write the language with elegance nor accuracy. The leading features of his character were vanity and arrogance—no human being was ever so handsome, so wise, so learned, or so brave as himself. No man, however, had less penetration into character; no prince was ever so ill served.

His application was intense and incessant; but it was mere occupation and not business; he affected to write with his own hand all his dispatches, and the consequence was that nothing was dispatched. 'Hyder was an improving monarch, and exhibited few innovations. Tippoo was an innovating monarch, and made no improvements.' One had a sagacious and powerful mind; the other a feeble and unsteady intellect. Tippoo was intoxicated with success, and desponding with adversity. His mental energy failed with the decline of fortune; 'but,' says Colonel Wilks, 'it were unjust to question his physical courage. He fell in the defence of his capital; but he fell, performing the duties of a common soldier, not of a general.' The parallel or contrast between the father and son sums up the character of both.

'Both sovereigns were equally unprincipled; but Hyder had a clear undisturbed view of the interests of ambition: in Tippoo that view was incessantly obscured and perverted by the meanest passions. He murdered his English prisoners, by a selection of the best, because he hated their valour: he oppressed and insulted his Hindoo subjects, because he hated a religion which, if protected, would have been the best support of his throne; and he sawed, in his last extremity, on this injured people, when he vainly hoped that their incantations might influence his fate: he persecuted contrary to his interest; and hoped, in opposition to his belief. Hyder, with all his faults, might be deemed a model of toleration, by the professor of any religion. Tippoo, in an age when persecution only survived in history, renewed its worst terrors; and was the last Mahomedan prince, after a long interval of better feeling, who propagated that religion by the edge of the sword. Hyder's vices invariably promoted his political interests; Tippoo's more frequently defeated them. If Hyder's punishments were barbarous, they were at least efficient to their purpose. Tippoo's court and army was one vast scene of unpunished peculation, notorious even to himself. He was barbarous where severity was vice, and indulgent where it was virtue. If he had qualities fitted for empire, they were strangely equivocal; the
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disqualifications were obvious and unquestionable; and the decision of history will not be far removed from the observation almost proverbial in Mysore, "that Hyder was born to create an empire, Tippoo to lose one."—iii. p. 465.

By the extinction of these two usurpers of the government of Mysore, the south of India has enjoyed a state of tranquillity unknown at any period of the Mahomedan dynasty; and it were to be wished for the sake of the country at large, that the British government was in possession of the whole peninsula of Hindostan, from the Indus to the Ganges, and from the Himalaya to the ocean, instead of keeping up that 'political simulation,' which Colonel Wilks so justly reprobates.

'In the whole of the political transactions of India,' he observes, 'we perceive Hindoos, Mahomedans, French and English, searching for a shadow, to sanction their pretensions, instead of resting their claims on more substantial grounds. In the course of events, however, the shadow and the substance have both fallen into the hands of the English; and on their part, at least, it is time that the scene of simulation should finally close.'

The late events have drawn it somewhat nearer to that close which alone can confer a permanent tranquillity on Hindostan. But we are warned that it is more than time for us to close our remarks.

We hardly know how to estimate the merits of Col. Wilks's book: as a history it is by far too long; the two reigns of the house of Mysore occupying nearly as much space as Hume's history of England. He not only enters too widely into detail, but details matters wholly irrelevant to the main subject, and many of them of very trifling importance. The style is careless, obscure and involved, wanting that plain and easy dignity which distinguishes Hume, and we may add, though in an inferior degree, Orme. But Col. Wilks appears, like many more unfortunate authors, to have adopted Gibbon for his model; if this was his object, we can only say that he has failed; it is neither Gibbon in his slippers nor in his full dress, but Gibbon hobbling in a pair of wooden shoes.

These, however, we regret to say, are not the greatest faults we have to lay to the charge of Col. Wilks: valuable as his researches unquestionably are, and fair and candid as he generally is in his inferences and observations, he is by no means free from party feelings. We heartily participate in every thing he says of Lord Wellesley's measures and of his administration of the government of India. We have no objection to his repeating, what has so often been said, that Mr. Hastings was the saviour of India. Mr. Hastings, like others placed in high and responsible situations, will receive from impartial history a just proportion of praise and blame; but he never can be considered as entitled to unqualified

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panegyric; and least of all when it is given at the expense of others. His conduct, as Governor-General of Bengal, to Lord Macartney as Governor of Madras, can only be explained from a feeling of jealousy at his lordship's well-earned reputation. The boasted assistance given by Bengal to the Madras government, in the deplorable state to which its dissensions and distresses had brought it, and in which Lord Macartney on his arrival found it, was tardily and ungraciously bestowed; and with regard to the letter of Mr. Hastings of the 24th March, 1783, which Col. Wilks is pleased to call 'a performance of infinite force, and worthy of perusal even as a specimen of literary talent,' it appears to us to be chiefly remarkable as an effusion of irritable pride. Colonel Wilks does not notice the *answer* to that letter from Madras;—perhaps he was not aware of it; nor of the opinion of Sir John M'Pherson, the friend of Mr. Hastings, and the second in council at Bengal, on the two productions:—'We fired (said he) a pop-gun at you, but you returned us a thirty-two pounder.'

But even these are trifles when compared with the grave and serious charge we have still in reserve against Colonel Wilks;—that, in short, of having traduced, at once, the living and the dead. Two of the three commissioners, who were sent by Lord Macartney to make peace with Tippoo Sultaun, (afraid for their personal safety,) are accused by Colonel Wilks of having secretly concerted a plan to effect their escape on board a ship; of concealing their intention from the other commissioner till they were actually on their way to embark; and of abandoning the officer commanding the escort sent for their protection, four other officers, (one of whom was their own aide-de-camp,) their guards and other attendants, to their fate:—a fate which could not be doubtful at the hands of the ferocious tyrant who, we are told, had already caused three gibbets to be erected, one before the tent of each of the commissioners. Colonel Wilks finds no intimation in the official records of any such intention on the part of the commissioners, but this does not satisfy him—he met with something about a white handkerchief which led General Macleod to an unwarrantable and unjustifiable assertion of an intended escape; and, this 'mystery' induced the historian to institute further inquiry, the result of which, 'founded on high and incontrovertible living authority,' is to prove that the atrocious intention of sacrificing a party of innocent persons, sent expressly as a guard to those commissioners, is true, and that it was only prevented by a premature discovery.—(ii. p. 514—517).

The two commissioners thus calumniated were the late Sir George Staunton and Mr. Huddleston. The latter is not only still living, but holds, we believe, a seat in the direction of the East India

India Company; and we take it for granted he will find it necessary to wipe off the stain, or failing to do that, to resign a situation for which he would be utterly disqualified. If we had not daily examples to prove how little we are apt to profit by the errors of others, we should have thought that the recent fate of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall might have cured authors from indulging a propensity to 'develope mysteries' at the expense of private reputation.

With regard to Sir George Staunton, we can speak with more decision; for we happen to have known him well: he was a man totally unacquainted with personal fear, and on all occasions of hardship or danger, less solicitous about his own comfort and safety, and more so for those of the persons about him, than almost any other man.—The respect we bear his memory emboldens us to challenge the 'living authority,' careless how 'high' it may be, to produce his 'incontrovertible' proof for the tale he has so circumstantially told, and Col. Wilks (to say the least of it) so indiscreetly published.

ART. III. *The Lives of Haydn and Mozart; with Observations on the Genius of Metastasio, and the present State of Music in France and Italy.* Translated from the French of L. A. C. Bombet. With Notes by the Author of the Sacred Melodies. London. 1817.

[N all biographical works, the first question that occurs is, how are the facts authenticated? This question the lively and intelligent author of the volume before us has anticipated in his letter dated Vienna, 15th April, 1808.

'I have good authority for every thing that I may say to you respecting Haydn. I have received his history, in the first instance from himself; and in the next, from persons who have associated most with him during the different periods of his life. I will mention the Baron Von Swieten, Professors Friberg, Pichl, and Weigl, Counsellor Griesenger, Bertoja, Monsieur Martinez, and Mademoiselle de Kurtzberg, the intelligent pupil and friend of Haydn, and the faithful copyist of his music.'

Francis Joseph Haydn, the father of modern instrumental music, was born in 1732 at Rohrau, a village fifteen leagues from Vienna. His father, sexton of the village, had a fine tenor voice, which he appears to have carefully cultivated, and he was at least not deficient in that general knowledge of music which characterizes all classes of his countrymen. On holydays, after divine service, his favourite amusement was to play upon the harp while his wife sang.

'The birth of Joseph did not alter the habits of this peaceful family.
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The little domestic concert returned every week; and the child, standing before his parents with two pieces of wood in his hands, one of which served him as a violin, and the other as a bow, constantly accompanied his mother's voice. Haydn, loaded with years and with glory, has often, in my presence, recalled the simple airs which she sang, so deep an impression had these first melodies made on his soul which was all music. A relation of the family, whose name was Frank, a schoolmaster at Haimburg, came to Rohrau one Sunday, and assisted at the *trio*. He remarked that the child, then scarcely six years old, beat the time with astonishing exactitude and precision. Frank, who was well acquainted with music, proposed to his relations to take little Joseph to his house and to teach him. They accepted the offer with joy, hoping to succeed more easily in getting Joseph into holy orders if he should understand music.

It is to be regretted that our author has not preserved the simple melodies which made so early and so deep an impression on the mind of Haydn, as we might perhaps be able to trace some of his most brilliant ideas to these early associations. However this may be, the love of melody was so deeply fixed in his mind, that soon after his removal to Haimburg, the natural turn of his genius led him to invent a method of producing it from the most unpromising materials. His first musical instrument was a tambourine which he accidentally discovered, and although it has only two tones, he contrived, by dint of trials and perseverance, to form upon it a kind of air, which attracted the attention of all who heard it.

By degrees he learned to sing at the parish desk, and to understand Latin, in which language the service was performed; but his knowledge of the mechanical part of the violin and other instruments was acquired, as we believe it ever must be at so early an age, by labour not always voluntary; for, according to his own expression, 'Frank gave him more cuffs than gingerbread;' and this essential part of his education continued till Reuter, maître de chapelle of St. Stephens, Vienna, happened to visit Haimburg, in search of recruits for the children of the choir. Haydn was proposed, and his powers were immediately put to the test by an *experimentum crucis*, for the young candidate was desired to sing a canon at sight: the effect we shall describe in the author's own words.

'The precision, the purity of tone, the spirit with which the child executed it surprized him; but he was more especially charmed with the beauty of his voice. He only remarked, that he did not *shake*, and asked him the reason with a smile. The child smartly replied, "How could you expect me to shake, when my cousin does not know how himself?" "Come here," said Reuter, "I will teach you." He took him between his knees, shewed him how he should rapidly bring together

ther two notes, hold his breath, and agitate the palate. The child immediately made a good shake. Reuter, enchanted with the success of his scholar, took a plate of fine cherries, which Frank had caused to be brought for his illustrious brother professor, and emptied them all into the child's pocket. His delight may be readily conceived. Haydn has often mentioned this anecdote to me, and he added, laughing, that whenever he happened to shake, he still thought he saw these beautiful cherries.'

These anecdotes, trifling as they may appear, bear upon the face of them evident marks of authenticity; but we have thus minutely traced the early history of Haydn's progress, because the direction so given to his first impressions laid the foundation of all his future excellence. Placed on the establishment of the cathedral at Vienna, the road to fortune and to fame was open to him; he was in a great degree his own master, and his success was from that moment to depend upon himself. The regulations of St. Stephens required that the children of the choir should practice two hours every day, which most of them probably thought quite long enough. Haydn felt very differently. Nature had fixed in his mind an ardent and insatiable love of music. 'At any time, he would rather listen to any instrument whatever, than run about with his little companions. When at play with them in the square near St. Stephens, as soon as he heard the organ, he quickly left them and went into the church;' and he told our author, that from the period of his belonging to the choir of St. Stephens, he did not recollect having passed a single day without practising sixteen and sometimes eighteen hours. The works of Haydn are, therefore, the result of powers to which all difficulties must eventually yield—enthusiasm, and unwearied application.

At the early age of thirteen he composed a mass. This was his *coup d'essai*, and he had fortunately sufficient good sense to be aware of its defects as soon as they were pointed out by his master. He now found that it was necessary to learn counterpoint, and the laws of harmony. But how was this knowledge to be acquired? The teachers in Vienna, like those in other parts of the world, would not give lessons gratis. Haydn had no money, and his father was so poor that he could only send him six florins (about eleven shillings) to replace his clothes which had been stolen. But these obstacles only called forth new energy; he procured some cheap and obscure theoretical treatises, from which, by dint of intense solitary labour, he made himself master of the principles of his art; and the advantages of this method of study were, that whatever he learned with difficulty was strongly impressed upon his mind, and that he continually made little discoveries which he afterwards well knew how to employ to advantage. This he has often described as the happiest period of his life; for though
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shivering with cold in his comfortless garret, and frequently oppressed with sleep as he pursued his studies to a late hour of the night, by the side of a crazy broken down old harpsichord; his mind was fully occupied, and days and years flew on rapid wing. He seemed to have nothing to wish for, as his ruling passion was always the love of music, rather than the love of glory; and even in his desire of glory not a shadow of ambition was to be found. In composing music, he sought rather his own gratification than the means of acquiring celebrity.

The knowledge of counterpoint and the laws of harmony was the reward of intense labour; but Haydn was obliged to resort to artifice for that of the true Italian style of singing, and of accompanying the voice. The Venetian ambassador had a mistress passionately fond of music, who had given an apartment in his hotel to old Porpora. Into this family Haydn contrived to be introduced, but in what capacity we are not informed; and during an excursion to the fashionable baths of Manensdorff, by unremitting attention to the little comforts and the whims of the cross-grained old musician, which was at first only repaid by the epithets of 'fool, and blockhead,' he at length attained the objects of his ambition. Porpora gave him good advice, and at the same time taught him to accompany, and the fair Wilhelmina to sing, the most exquisite, as well as the most difficult specimens of Italian music. The ambassador, astonished at the progress of the poor young man, allowed him, on his return to Vienna, a monthly pension of six sequins (about 3*l.* sterling) and a seat at his secretary's table. Haydn, whose attention was always steadily directed to one object, the acquirement of professional knowledge, considered his present *affluence* as the means of further progress. He purchased a black suit of clothes; and thus, being decently attired, he was enabled to introduce himself to society in which his whole time was usefully employed. At day-break, he played first violin at the church of the Order of Mercy; and afterwards the organ at the chapel of Count Haugwitz; he then sang the tenor part at the cathedral; retired to his humble lodging, and sat down at the harpsichord till the night was far advanced. Thus forming his taste by the precepts of all the musical men with whom he could contrive to become acquainted, seizing every opportunity of hearing good music, and, unfettered by the rules or the *manner* of any particular master, he began to form his own conceptions of what was fine in music, and gradually and unconsciously prepared himself to form hereafter, a style entirely his own.

Having passed the years of childhood and of youth, we are now arrived at a new era in the life of Haydn. He became too old to remain on the establishment of St. Stephens, and as the ambassa-
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dor's pension was only temporary, he was, at nineteen years of age, thrown upon the world with nothing to depend on except his rising talent, '*a poor resource when it is unknown.*' But his good fortune did not forsake him. Keller, a peruke-maker, who had often admired his clear and melodious voice in the cathedral, gave him a lodging in his house, treated him as his son, shared with him his humble fare, and charged his wife with the care of his clothing. Thus, at the most critical period of his life, had Haydn acquired the attachment of a stranger, by the assiduous cultivation of the talents with which nature had endowed him. In the family of Keller, however, he unfortunately formed a connection of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

Haydn's first musical productions were short piano-forte sonatas for his few musical pupils, and minuets, allamands, and waltzes for the Ridotto. One of his occasional amusements was, with two friends, to serenade the beauties of Vienna during the fine summer evenings; and among the rest, they distinguished the handsome wife of Bernardini Curtz, the proprietor and harlequin of the theatre in which the opera buffa was performed. Curtz was struck with the originality of the *serenata*, and came into the street to ask who composed it. 'I did,' replied Haydn boldly. 'How! you! at your age!' 'One must make a beginning some time or other.' 'Gad! this is droll! come up stairs!' The result of their interview was an order to Haydn to compose the music for the opera buffa of the Devil on Two Sticks, in the course of which it was necessary to represent the motion of the waves in a storm—but here, an unexpected difficulty arose; neither the manager nor the composer had ever seen either sea or storm.

* Curtz paced up and down the room where Haydn was seated at the piano-forte. "Imagine," said he, "a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking, and then another mountain, and then another valley; the mountains and the valleys follow one after the other with astonishing rapidity, and at every moment Alps and abysses succeed each other!" Haydn drew his fingers rapidly over the key board, ran through the semitones, tried abundance of *sevenths*, and passed from the lowest notes of the bass to the highest of the treble. Curtz was still dissatisfied. At last, the young man, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two ends of the harpsichord, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "The devil take the storm!" "That's it! that's it!" cried the harlequin, springing upon his neck, and almost stifling him. Haydn added, that when he crossed the Straits of Dover in bad weather many years afterwards, he laughed during the whole of the passage, on thinking of the storm in the Devil on Two Sticks.

During the next six years Haydn composed some trios and a set of quartetts which gained him considerable celebrity, but did not relieve him from the '*res angusta domi.*' Accident, however, led him

him to reside in the same house with Metastasio, but their situations were very different. Metastasio, as poet to the emperor, lived in easy circumstances, while poor Haydn passed the winter days in bed for want of fuel. But the society of the Roman poet was a great advantage to him. 'A gentle and deep sensibility had given Metastasio a correct taste in all the arts.' He was passionately fond of music, and duly appreciated Haydn's talents, to whom he communicated some valuable general rules respecting the fine arts. He also taught him Italian, which enabled him to add grace and delicacy to the force of his compositions.

Our author here laments, that the liberality of some Mæcenas did not enable Haydn at this period to complete his education in Italy. We are not sure, however, that the original character of his genius might not have been affected by such an event; and that he might not have dwindled into an imitator of other great composers. The experiment, however, was not tried, and he continued 'to make provision for the day that was passing over his head,' till, at the age of twenty-six, he obtained a permanent situation in the orchestra of the Count Mortzin, where the old prince Anthony Esterhazy was so charmed with one of his symphonies, that he requested Haydn might be given up to him. Count Mortzin consented, and he was duly installed in the office of second professor of music in the prince's orchestra, where he was compelled to lay aside his natural hair and youthful elegance, and to imprison himself in a formal coat, a wig, large silver buckles, a stiff collar, and red heeled shoes, which the prince himself particularly directed to be made 'of a good height, in order that his *stature* might correspond with his *intelligence*.' On the death of his patron, he was transferred to his successor Prince Nicholas, whose favourite amusement was to play upon the baritone, a complex instrument between the tenor and bass, for which Haydn was expected to produce a new piece of music every morning; and this necessity contributed materially to his improvement in the art of composition.

Placed at the head of a grand orchestra in the Esterhazy family, Haydn passed thirty years of his life in one unvaried round of study and amusement. But before he could enter upon this enviable course of life, he had a pledge to redeem which forms a short episode in his history. 'The Germaus,' our author observes, 'are possessed with the *mania of marriage*. To a gentle, affectionate, and timid people, domestic pleasures are of the first necessity.' Haydn's early friend Keller had a daughter to whom Haydn appears to have inconsiderately suffered himself to be contracted by her parents, while they resided under the same roof; and as soon as he had a permanent situation, he made her his wife. His dreams
of

of domestic happiness, however, soon vanished; for his helpmate, a prude and a devotee, filled his house with monks and priests, whose noisy uninteresting conversation interrupted his studies from morning till night. But this was not all; for, to avoid unpleasant curtail-lectures from his wife, he was obliged to employ himself assiduously in composing *gratis* masses and motetts for their several convents. Flesh and blood could not long endure such a life as this; they separated by mutual consent, and Haydn attached himself to the society of Signora Boselli, a lovely singer in Prince Esterhazy's orchestra. This lady we suppose rather assisted than interrupted his musical pursuits, for their attachment continued thirty years; it might, perhaps, originate in affection, or arise from their being engaged in similar pursuits, and was continued by habit till her death.

The history of the next thirty years is told in a few words. Haydn rose early, dressed himself very neatly, and placed himself at a small table by the side of his piano-forte, where the hour of dinner usually found him still seated. In the evening he went to the rehearsals, or to the opera which was performed in the Prince's palace four times every week. Sometimes, but not often, he devoted a morning to hunting. The little time which he had to spare was divided between his friends and Signora Boselli. This habit of unremitting application will alone account for the number of Haydn's works, which are stated to have consisted of no less than *nine hundred and ninety pieces*, including an hundred and eighteen symphonies, eighty-two quartetts, and twenty-two operas and oratorios.

In this uninterrupted and pleasing course of life, Haydn continued till the death of Prince Nicholas and of Signora Boselli in 1789. Notwithstanding repeated invitations from Naples, Lisbon, Venice, Milan, Paris, and London, it was not till after the death of his patron and of his friend, which made him feel a void in his existence, that he could be prevailed upon to pass the mountains. Fortunately for us and for the science of music, Salomon induced him to visit London, where he composed his finest symphonies, and where, by studying the works of Handel, he acquired new ideas of the sublimity of his art, which gave birth to his oratorios of the Creation and the Seasons.

There are several interesting details of his residence in England, for which we must refer to the work itself; but we are unwilling to omit an anecdote connected with this period, which shews the natural turn of his mind for simple melody. He one day shewed our author a little blotted journal, in which was inserted a hymn that he had heard in St. Paul's, sung in unison by four thousand children. 'This simple and natural air,' added he, 'gave me the
greatest

greatest pleasure I ever received from the performance of music.' This hymn, or rather chant, is inserted in the volume before us, with a judicious note by the author of the 'Sacred Melodies,' pointing out an elegance, not in the original air, which it has acquired in passing through the mind of Haydn.

Haydn revisited London in 1794.

'On this occasion,' says the author, 'one of the English princes commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to take his portrait. Haydn went to the painter's house, and sat to him, but soon grew tired. Sir Joshua, careful of his reputation, would not paint a man of acknowledged genius with a stupid countenance, and deferred the sitting till another day. The same weariness and want of expression occurring at the next attempt, Reynolds went to his Royal Highness and informed him of the circumstance, who contrived a stratagem. He sent to the painter's house a pretty German girl, in the service of the Queen. Haydn took his seat for the third time, and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native language, with a most elegant compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; his countenance recovered its animation, and Sir Joshua rapidly seized its traits.'—p. 193.

This exquisite adventure, which is truly French in all its parts, has already made the tour of half the periodical publications of Europe, and is even now, perhaps, on the eve of appearing on the Parisian stage as a melodrame of high pathos and sentiment. It is a thousand pities to blight so promising a spring of amusement; but truth compels us to the inexorable office. The whole story, in fact, is a ridiculous fabrication. Sir Joshua Reynolds had been nearly three years in his grave at this period; and the person to whom Haydn sat for his portrait, was the late Mr. Hoppner; who, if he had languished for a conversation 'in his native tongue,' was very capable of gratifying him.

We knew Haydn, and well remember the circumstance of his sitting for his picture. He was a coarse and hard-featured man; who, among other amiable weaknesses, cherished that of conceiting himself to be somewhat of an Adonis. He would sit with exemplary patience to be painted; but no birth-day beauty was ever more solicitous to choose the favourable moment. Many a time, when an hour had been fixed for his attendance, he would get up from his chair, gaze steadfastly and wistfully in the glass, and say—'I don't think I look well to-day; I will not see Maister Hovner;' and Salomon was accordingly dispatched with his excuses. The picture was not quite finished when Haydn left England; it was, however, so striking a likeness of this extraordinary man, that the Prince of Wales, for whom it was painted, would not permit Hoppner to touch it after his departure, and the portrait is now in his Royal Highness's possession.

Haydn

Haydn returned to Germany with a fortune which, to a man of his few wants and retired habits, must have appeared inexhaustible. This was afterwards increased by the produce of a few concerts in Germany, and by the sale of the scores of his oratorios of the Creation and the Seasons; with which he purchased a small house and garden in the neighbourhood of Vienna, where he finally retired from the pursuits and anxieties of life. Our author's first interview with him in his retreat is thus described.

'At the extremity of one of the suburbs of Vienna, on the side of the imperial park of Schönbrunn, you find a small unpaved street, so little frequented, that it is covered with grass. About the middle, rises an humble dwelling surrounded by perpetual silence. You knock at the door; it is opened to you with a cheerful smile, by a little old woman, his housekeeper. You ascend a short flight of wooden stairs, and find, in the second chamber of a very simple apartment, a tranquil old man, sitting at a desk, absorbed in the painful sentiment that life is escaping from him, and so complete a non-entity with respect to every thing besides, that he stands in need of visitors to recall to him what he has once been. When he sees any one enter, a pleasing smile appears upon his lips, a tear moistens his eyes, his countenance recovers its animation, his voice becomes clear, he recognizes his guest, and talks to him of his early years, of which he has a much better recollection than of his latter ones. You think that the artist still exists; but soon he relapses before your eyes into his habitual state of lethargy and sadness.'

This is a melancholy picture; it wants the only relief of which such a state is capable, the consolations of religion; and being most injudiciously introduced in the very beginning of the volume, it gave us, we confess, an unfavourable impression of Haydn at our first interview; and cast a damp over all the subsequent anecdotes of his early life; for it was not till the very end of the memoirs that we discovered that his habits were become those of a scrupulously religious man. At the commencement of all his scores, he wrote '*In nomine Domini*,' or '*Soli Deo Gloria*,' and at their conclusion '*Laus Deo*;' and he always felt that his talent was increased by giving it this direction. He once said to our author, 'When I was employed upon the Creation, I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to the piano-forte, I prayed to God with earnestness, that he would enable me to praise him worthily.'

Haydn's loyal and patriotic feelings were no less ardent than his sense of religion. His faculties never recovered the shock which they experienced, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, during the siege of Vienna by the French. His friends attempted in vain to persuade him to leave his beloved retreat; and during the cannonade that began in the suburb actually surrounding his humble dwelling,

the old man rose from his seat, and with a dignified air demanded of his terrified attendants, 'Why this terror? no disaster can come where Haydn is!' A convulsive shivering seized him; but being afterwards carried to the piano-forte, he sang, till his strength was exhausted, his national hymn of '*God preserve the Emperor.*' A fatal stupor succeeded this last act of enthusiasm.

Biography is a melancholy study. We delight to trace the gradually unfolding faculties of infancy; the eager curiosity of boyhood; the confidence of youth; the alternate disappointments and success that checker the course of manhood; and we bow with reverence to the experience of age. But at length, the scene is generally closed, amidst the contemplation of disease and mental decay, decrepitude and death. The *man* is soon forgotten, while the *author* alone lives in the estimation of congenial minds. Haydn will be remembered by his works, as long as true taste in music shall exist; and his admirers will always be gratified on discovering that an artist, who has contributed so much to one of the purest of our sources of pleasure, was an amiable, benevolent, patriotic, and pious man.

His last reception by the public may shed a parting ray over his memory. An hundred and sixty musicians were assembled at the palace of Prince Lobkowitz to perform Haydn's oratorio of the Creation.

'The poor old man, notwithstanding his weakness, was desirous of seeing once more that public for whom he had so long laboured. He was carried into the room in an easy chair. The Princess Esterhazy, and his friend Madame de Kurzbeck, went to meet him. The flourishes of the orchestra and still more the agitation of the spectators announced his arrival. He was placed in the middle of three rows of seats, destined for his friends, and for all that was illustrious in Vienna. Salieni, who directed the orchestra, came to receive Haydn's orders before they began. They embraced; Salieni left him, flew to his place, and the orchestra commenced amidst the general emotion. It may easily be judged, whether this religious music would appear sublime to an audience whose hearts were affected by the sight of a great man about to depart out of life. Surrounded by the great, by his friends, by the artists of his profession, and by charming women, of whom every eye was fixed upon him, Haydn had a glorious adieu to the world and to life.

'The Chevalier Capellini, a physician of the first rank, observed that Haydn's legs were not sufficiently covered. Scarcely had he given an intimation to those who stood around, than the most beautiful shawls left their charming wearers to assist in warming the beloved old man.

'Haydn, whom so much glory and affection had caused to shed tears more than once, felt himself faint at the end of the first part. His chair was brought. At the moment of leaving the room he ordered the chairmen to stop; thanked the public first, by an inclination of his head;

head; then turning to the orchestra, with a feeling truly German, he raised his hands to heaven, and, with eyes filled with tears, pronounced his benediction on the ancient companions of his labours.

Haydn had early accustomed himself to distinguish in music, 'what was good, what was better, and what was bad.' But, as his principles had been formed by his own observation and experience, when asked to explain his reasons for certain unusual transitions or modulations, he did not, like an inferior composer, refer to the rule, or the example, but merely answered, '*I did it because it was best so.*' This is exemplified in a ludicrous scene which took place in London between him and a noble amateur, who wished to take lessons in counterpoint.

"When shall we begin?" said Haydn. "Immediately, if you please," replied the nobleman; and he took out of his pocket one of Haydn's own quartetts. "For the first lesson," continued he, "let us examine this quartett, and tell me the reason of certain modulations, and of the general management of the composition, which I cannot altogether approve, since it is contrary to the rules." Haydn, a little surprized, said he was ready to answer his questions. The nobleman began, and from the very first bar found something to remark upon every note. Haydn, with whom invention was a habit, and who was the opposite of a pedant, found himself a good deal embarrassed, and replied continually, "I did so, because it has a good effect. I have placed this passage here, because I think it suitable." The Englishman, in whose opinion these replies were nothing to the purpose, still returned to his proofs, and demonstrated very clearly that the quartett was good for nothing. "But, my lord, arrange this quartett in your own way! hear it played, and then you will see which of the two is the best!" "How can your's, which is contrary to the rules, be the best?" "Because it is the most agreeable!" My lord still returned to the subject. Haydn replied as well as he was able; but, at last, out of patience, "I see, my lord," said he, "that it is you who are so good as to give lessons to me, and I am obliged to confess, that I do not merit the honour of having such a master." The advocate of the rules went away, and cannot to this day understand how an author who adheres to them should fail of producing a *matrimonio segreto*.

Haydn composed slowly and with difficulty; a symphony employed him a month, and a mass still longer. This did not arise from want of ideas, but from the delicacy of his taste. His rough scores are full of alterations, for he carefully considered the comparative merits of many different passages, before he finally decided which was the best. He never began a symphony *invitâ Minervâ*; and when the hour of inspiration was come, he commenced with certain mechanical preparations, trifling in themselves, but which he considered absolutely necessary to the success of his undertaking. Like Buffon and Sterne, he began by bestowing unusual attention to his dress, and having his hair neatly arranged; and

he told our author, that often when he had forgot to put upon his finger a diamond ring presented to him by Frederick the Second, he could not summon a single idea. 'His paper must be the finest, and the whitest possible, and he wrote with such neatness and care, that the best copyist could not have surpassed him in the regularity and clearness of his characters; his notes were remarkable for such small heads and slender tails that he used to call them his *flies legs*.' After having settled his *theme* or principal subject, and the keys through which he intended it should modulate, he invented a little romance, or imaginary story, such as the embarkation, voyage, difficulties, various adventures, and final happy settlement of a family in America, and the movements in his symphony became lively or sad, placid or agitated, according to the changes in the events of his imaginary story.

The conclusion we should draw from this singular fact is, that much of the labour of composition had with Haydn become so merely mechanical, that he found it necessary to create an artificial excitement in his mind, by filling it with ideas of a continual succession of visible objects; just as an artist we are acquainted with, who, after having completely arranged the general composition of his pictures, finds it irksome to fill up the details, unless his mind is engaged in listening to some book of light reading. Our author, however, appears to suppose that the visible objects which formed the subject of Haydn's contemplation, are capable of representation, and are often actually represented in his musical compositions. In the course of his speculations on this subject, he has distinguished what he calls *physical* from *sentimental imitation*. The former is exemplified by the effect of two notes in Mozart's *Nozze de Figaro*, which, with the assistance of the words '*din din, don don*,' represent the ringing of two different toned bells; and by a ridiculous scene in a German opera where the music, imitating the snoring of a sleeping husband, forms the bass to a *duetto amoroso*, between his wife and her gallant. In considering the latter species of imitation, our author pursues an idea suggested to Haydn by Baron Von Swieten, of describing objects of nature, by awakening the emotions which those objects occasion. For instance, 'we admire the sun; and, therefore, music that excites the highest admiration, would naturally recall the idea of the sun.'

The author of the *Sacred Melodies* has carried this idea a great deal farther in an elaborate note on the oratorio of the *Creation*, in which he attempts to prove the power of musical sounds to express visible objects. This note we shall insert, as a curious instance of the speculations of a scientific professor, exemplified by a composition familiar to most of our readers.

'Perhaps there is nothing in nature which is capable of being so well

well represented by sound, as light. The answer of the blind man, who, on being asked what idea he had of scarlet, replied that it was like the sound of a trumpet, is less absurd than may at first be apprehended. It should be observed, that the character of different instruments depends, not merely on the acuteness or gravity of their tone, but also on the degree of force with which sounds are produced by them. If, as Sir Isaac Newton supposed, the impulse upon the nerves of the eye, produced by colours, is similar in kind or degree to that produced upon the ear by sounds, the impression upon the sensorium, or seat of sensation in the brain, will probably be the same, or so nearly so, that the ideas of the respective external objects will be associated in the mind. According to this theory, the different musical instruments may be characterized by correspondent colours, so as to be fancifully classed in the following manner:

<i>Wind Instruments.</i>		Double diapason purple.	
Trombone	deep red.	Horn	violet.
Trumpet	scarlet.	<i>Stringed Instruments.</i>	
Clarionette	orange.	Violin	pink.
Oboe	yellow.	Viola	rose.
Bassoon (alto)	deep yellow.	Violoncello	red.
Flute	sky blue.	Double bass	deep crimson red.
Diapason	deeper blue.		

So much for the rule; and now for its application.

'The symphony in the *Creation*, which represents the rising of the sun, is an exemplification of this theory. In the commencement of this piece our attention is attracted by a soft streaming note from the *violins* which is scarcely discernible, till the *rays of sound* which issue from the second violin diverge into the chord of the second; to which is gradually imparted a greater fulness of colour, as the violas and violoncellos steal in with expanding harmony.

'At the fifth bar, the oboes begin to shed their yellow lustre; while the flute silvers the mounting rays of the violin. As the notes continue ascending to the highest point of brightness, the orange, the scarlet and the purple unite in the increasing splendour; and the glorious orb at length appears, refulgent with all the brightest beams of harmony.'—p. 256.

All this (with the exception of the 'silver' of the 'sky-blue' flute) the enthusiast may, perhaps, see 'with the mind's eye!' But suppose an antagonist should start up, and maintain that the sound of the violin is *blue*, and that of the flute *yellow*; and that when combined they both became *pea green*! How could this difference of opinion be settled? Doubtless by appealing to the public. What a glorious subject for volumes of metaphysical disquisition! The musical world in this idle town might range themselves on opposite sides, and the spirit of party would soon make the opponents as inveterate as the ancient factions of the *blues* and the *greens* in Constantinople, or the *bianchi* and the *neri* in Florence.

This power of expressing colour by sound is, however, we believe,

lieve, a new discovery. At least it escaped the penetrating glance of the blind professor in the academy of Ladoga; for he was content to teach the art of mixing colours by the *smell* and *feeling*; little dreaming that the day would come when they might be distinguished, separated, and combined, by the sense of *hearing* alone.

Let us for a moment compare the ideas of visible objects connected with certain transitions in Haydn's symphonies, with the similar ideas of visible objects by which the Baron Von Feinagle impresses a series of events upon the mind of his pupils. The corresponding ideas will, it is true, always present themselves together to minds prepared for their association. But will any one gravely assert that there is any real resemblance between the *Hen and Chickens* and the Battle of Agincourt, or the *Swan sailing with a red rag round his neck* and the death of William Rufus? Our judgment rather than our inclination has led us to oppose this theory. Our sources of pleasure are so few, and those which arise from novelty have been so long exhausted, that we should gladly anticipate new delight from the representation of visible objects by music. Many of our readers will recollect how willingly they were led to believe that certain movements on the piano-forte described the attack, the cannon firing, the horses galloping, the cries of the wounded, and the Turkish music, in the *Battle of Prague*. In this instance, however, we only fancied we could *hear certain sounds*; but how much more delighted should we be if the professor could, at the same time, *shew us certain sights*. We remember, for instance, a sonata called the *Journey to Windsor and the Return to London*; and can imagine the effect of bringing before the eyes of our musical friends the objects and events of this little excursion. Thus, a *hurried galloping movement* might represent our escape from two ill-looking fellows on Hounslow Heath; and in a *grand crash* the audience might see the opposition Windsor coach overturned on Cranford Bridge.

We cannot, however, take leave of the author of the Sacred Melodies without expressing the gratification we have experienced from many of the other notes with which he has enriched the volume before us; particularly for his remarks on the peculiar excellence of Haydn's music as compared with that of Mozart and Bethoven; and for his plain and judicious rules for the management of the voice in learning to sing; and if we have ventured to amuse ourselves with his speculations on the connection between light and sound, he must attribute it to our abhorrence of the fashionable metaphysical sentimentality in music, which is quite as offensive as the cant of connoisseurship in painting; '*the purity of Domenichino, the grace of Raphael, and the correggiosity of Correggio.*'

In one of these notes we are told, that the ancient instrument
called

called the *Sackbut* was discovered among the ruins of *Herculaneum* or *Pompeii*. It is thus described :

‘The lower part is made of bronze, and the upper, with the mouth-piece, of solid gold. The king of Naples made a present of it to his present majesty ; and from this antique, the instruments now called by the Italians *Tromboni*, have been fashioned. In quality of tone, it has not been equalled by any of modern make ; and perhaps it has done more towards augmenting the sublime effects of the orchestra, than any of the known instruments.’

The consideration of this fact would lead to an interesting inquiry concerning the music and musical instruments of the ancients ; a subject that is still involved in considerable obscurity, notwithstanding Dr. Burney’s acute and elaborate investigation. What use did they make of such a powerful instrument as the *trombone* ? Was it only used in religious ceremonies, or in war ? or did it accompany voices, or other instruments on festive occasions ? If the latter, what were those instruments that would bear so powerful an accompaniment ? and what was the music ? Has the art of composing symphonies and overtures, where each instrument, by turns, attracts the attention, been merely *revived* instead of *invented* by the moderns ? Or did the compositions of the ancients resemble those performed in Italy till the end of the seventeenth century, where one instrument sustained the *air*, while the others were only used in *accompaniment* ? These questions may perhaps be answered by future discoveries ; from which the use as well as the form of the musical instruments of the ancients may be as correctly ascertained as those of the Italians of the age of Paul Veronese, preserved in his celebrated picture of the *Cena di San Giorgio*.* Here a concert is performed for the entertainment of the guests at the marriage of Cana, in which Titian is represented playing upon the double bass ; and Tintoret and Paul Veronese himself upon (six-stringed) violoncellos, while a man with a cross upon his breast (probably an ecclesiastic) plays the violin ; Bassano, the flute ; and a Turkish slave the sackbut. With what delight should we view a similar picture, that contained as it were a living resemblance of the persons and the amusements of the ancients ?

The life of MOZART is a singular instance of a child of remarkable precocity, who afterwards reached the highest point of perfection in his art. This is a rare occurrence, whether it be that we resemble plants, which lose their *vis vite* the sooner from having been early forced ; or that the future progress of our talents in mature age is necessarily prevented by the very means used to create

* We have lately been informed, that by some unaccountable accident, this inestimable picture is still suffered to remain in the Museum at Paris !

premature skill in infancy. Among these means may be enumerated the confinement and restraint both of body and mind, necessary to produce early mechanical dexterity of execution upon a difficult instrument; and public applause, which is too apt to make the pupil careless or conceited, and to lead him to imagine that he has little more to learn. From that moment his improvement is at an end; and when the years of childhood are passed, and the charms of novelty forgotten, his mind is become incapable of the habits of abstraction and study, on which alone his progress in science must depend. These speculations we shall however leave for the consideration of philosophers, to whom the facts contained in the history of the early years of Mozart, may perhaps present interesting subjects of inquiry.

When Mozart was only three years old, his father, an excellent musician at Salzburg, first discovered his *instinct*, as it may almost be called, for music. His delight was to seek for *thirds* on the piano forte, and nothing could equal his joy when he had discovered this harmonious chord. When four years old, his father began to teach him almost in sport, some minuets and other pieces of music, an occupation as agreeable to the master as to the pupil. The child would learn a minuet in half an hour, and immediately afterwards play it with the greatest clearness, and perfectly in time. At five years of age, he played little pieces of his own *invention*; these his father used to write down, in order to encourage his rising talent, and he one day found Mozart himself busily employed in writing (a child hardly five years old!)—

“What are you doing there, my little fellow?” said he, “I am composing a concerto for the harpsichord, and have almost got to the end of the first part.” “Let us see this fine scrawl!” “No, I have not yet finished it.” The father, however, took the paper, and shewed his friend a sheet full of notes which could scarcely be decyphered for the blots of ink. The two friends at first laughed heartily at this heap of scribbling; but after the father had looked at it with more attention, his eyes were fastened on the paper, and at length overflowed with tears of joy and wonder. “Look, my friend,” said he, with a smile of delight, “every thing is composed according to the rules. It is a pity that the piece cannot be made any use of; but it is too difficult, nobody would be able to play it.” “It is a *concerto*,” replied the son, “and must be studied till it can be properly played. This is the style in which it ought to be executed.” He accordingly began to play; but succeeded only so far as to give them an idea of what he had intended.

This, *if correctly told*, is perhaps one of the most extraordinary anecdotes in the history of the human mind; that a child should, as it were intuitively, combine a series of musical passages according to the rules of composition, which it is impossible he could have learned, except from his own observation of what pleased the ear, while

while he only failed from unavoidable ignorance of the mechanical part of the instrument on which his ideas were to be expressed.

And now begins the public part of his education. When he was only six years old, his father, who had relinquished all other occupations, that he might devote his whole attention to his two children, made a tour to the courts of Munich and Vienna, in order to exhibit the *infant prodigy*, who, with his sister, performed duetts upon the *piano forte*. Of his exhibitions in Vienna before the Emperor Francis the First, the following characteristic anecdotes are preserved:

Francis remarked, that it was not very difficult to play on the harpsichord with all his fingers, 'but that to play with one only, without seeing the keys, would indeed be extraordinary.' Mozart, not at all surprized by this strange proposition, requested that the keys might be covered, and immediately played with one finger only, with as much clearness and precision as if he had long practised it.

From his earliest years, his mind, while at the *piano forte*, was so absorbed by music, that he paid little attention to the flattering praises of the great, however high their rank; and if they did not thoroughly understand music, he only played trifling pieces for their amusement; but whenever a connoisseur was present, he displayed all his powers; and when desired to play in the emperor's presence, he asked his majesty, 'Is not Mr. Wagenseil here? We must send for him; he understands the thing.' The emperor sent for Wagenseil, and gave up his place to him by the side of the *piano forte*. 'Sir,' said Mozart to the composer, 'I am going to play one of your concertos; you must turn over the leaves for me.'

Many years afterwards, the Emperor Joseph the Second, who pretended to be a connoisseur in all the fine arts, ventured to criticize Mozart's Opera of *L'Enlèvement du Sérail*, saying, 'My dear Mozart, this is too fine for my ears, there are too many notes.' 'I beg your Majesty's pardon,' replied Mozart drily, 'there are just as many as are necessary.'

During his stay at Vienna, somebody had given him a small violin, with which he used to amuse himself; and soon after his return to Salzburg, Wenzel, who had lately composed some new trios, wished to play them with old Mozart and his friend Schachtner. The latter has related the following anecdote upon this subject.

'The father played the bass, Wenzel the first violin, and I was to play the second. Mozart requested permission to play the last part; but his father reproved him for his childish demand, observing, that as he had never received any regular lessons on the violin, he could not possibly play it properly. The son replied, that it did not appear to him

him necessary to receive lessons, in order to play the second violin. His father, half angry at the reply, told him to go away, and not interrupt us. Mozart was so hurt at this, that he began to cry bitterly. As he was going away with his little violin, I begged that he might play with me, and the father, with much difficulty, consented. "Well," said he, "play very softly, and do not let yourself be heard, or I shall send you out directly." We began the trio, little Mozart playing with me, but I soon perceived with the greatest astonishment, that I was perfectly useless. Without saying any thing, I laid down my violin and looked at the father, who shed tears of affection at the sight. The child played all the six trios in the same manner; and the commendations we gave him made him pretend that he could play the first violin. To humour him, we let him try, and could not forbear laughing to hear him execute this part, very imperfectly it is true, but still so as never to be set fast.

So exquisite were Mozart's feelings, that he could distinguish and point out the slightest differences of sound, and every false or even rough note was highly painful to him. Till he had attained his tenth year, he had a horror of the sound of the trumpet, except when blended with that of other instruments. This antipathy his father tried to conquer, by causing that instrument to be blown in his presence. But at the first blast he turned pale, fell upon the ground, and would probably have been in convulsions if they had not immediately ceased.

His natural disposition appears to have been as gentle and affectionate as his talents were extraordinary; and the admiration he excited, neither made him self-willed nor conceited. Although a man in talent, he was in all other respects an obedient and docile child. All his pursuits were distinguished by the same enthusiasm. While learning arithmetic, even music was neglected; the walls of his room were covered with figures, and his progress was so rapid, that he was soon able to solve the most difficult numerical problems. The natural vivacity of his mind was easily attracted by new objects; but he always returned with fresh ardour to music, the science that eventually absorbed his whole attention.

In 1763, the family of Mozart visited Brussels and Paris, and the two children performed before the court of Versailles; and, in the following year, when only *eight years old*, Mozart made his first appearance in London; where his performances on the organ were more admired than his exhibitions on the harpsichord; and the incredulity of sceptics was satisfied by his playing at sight with the greatest correctness, various difficult compositions of Handel, Bach, and other great masters. In the presence of the king, he invented and played extempore, a beautiful melody from a few bass notes that were laid before him; and Christian Bach afterwards took the child between his knees and played a few bars on the instrument.

strument. Mozart then continued, and they thus played alternately a whole sonata with such precision, that the audience thought it was entirely executed by the same person.

At this period, he attracted the notice of an author, who was himself an acute observer of human nature. *Daines Barrington* considered his extraordinary precocity a subject worthy of a communication to the Royal Society, from which we are enabled to judge of his natural disposition as well as his musical powers. We shall gratify our readers with the substance of this memoir, because the early volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*, in which it was published, has become exceedingly scarce; and because in biography one fact communicated by an eye-witness who knew what to observe, is better than a thousand speculations. In order to ascertain by his own observation whether Mozart actually felt and understood the compositions he played at sight, Daines Barrington laid before him a new vocal duett with accompaniments for three instruments, which it was utterly impossible that Mozart could have seen. The boy, without hesitation, played the symphony, not merely as if it had long been familiar to him, but as if he at once entered into the very feelings the composer intended to express; and this is a part of the science of music in which the greatest masters might have failed. He then sang the *upper* part correctly, with a clear and firm, though weak and infantine voice. His father, who attempted the *under* part, occasionally made mistakes, when the boy looked at him with some anger, and taught him how it should be sung. While thus, as we should have supposed, fully employed, he introduced the leading passages of all the accompaniments, an effort of which musicians alone can estimate the difficulty.

Daines Barrington had been told that the boy was sometimes visited with musical ideas, to which he gave utterance in the middle of the night, and he was anxious to hear a specimen of his powers as an *improvisatore*. This, his father said, must depend upon his being at the moment musically inspired; and here Daines Barrington evinced his knowledge of human nature. He recollected Mozart's attachment to a celebrated singer, named Manzoli, and concluding that the most probable method of attaining his object would be to create in Mozart's mind an association of ideas which he would naturally attempt to express by music, he continued to turn the conversation upon the subject of Manzoli's talents, and observed, that he should like to hear a specimen of such a love song as he would sing in an opera. Mozart looked back with much archness, and immediately began five or six lines of a jargon recitative proper to introduce a love song; and, after an appropriate symphony, he sang a beautiful air to the word *affetto*. He then, of his own accord,

accord, invented another cantata expressive of *rage*, choosing for his subject the word *perfidio*; and, in the course of the recitative, he gradually worked himself up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that at last he rose up in his chair and beat the harpsichord like a person possessed. In the midst of his performance, a favourite cat happening to come into the room, gave his ideas a new direction, he abruptly left the harpsichord and caressed the animal with the greatest fondness. He afterwards rode about the room upon a stick with more than the usual vivacity and delight of an ordinary child of his age. His most trifling amusements were distinguished by the same enthusiastic ardour as his professional pursuits.

That nothing might be wanting to the cultivation of his talents, Mozart's next tour was through the principal cities of Italy, the native soil of music; but he soon convinced the professors in this favoured country, that he was already qualified to teach as well as to learn, by developing and performing without hesitation all the subjects of fugues proposed by the celebrated Martin, and by composing at fourteen years of age an opera, (*Mithridates*,) which was performed at Milan twenty nights in succession.

At Rome, he caused the greatest possible astonishment, by committing to memory, and afterwards writing down the whole of the famous service called the *Miserere*, by Allegri, performed in the pope's chapel exclusively twice during Passion week. We must, however, refer to the work itself for the account of this extraordinary effort of memory and musical skill, and for the curious and interesting description of the service itself, which is too long to be inserted, and will not admit of being properly abstracted.

The natural effect of these tours was, that Mozart learned at the fountain head, whatever was worth knowing in music throughout the principal cities of Europe; and thus, while poor Haydn was doomed to struggle with difficulties at every step, and to acquire knowledge, sometimes by labour and sometimes by artifice, Mozart lived in a round of continual variety and pleasure; the astonishment and delight of all who beheld him; introduced into the first musical societies in the world; and possessing opportunities which he certainly did not neglect, of hearing and studying whatever was excellent in his profession. It is, however, a curious subject of inquiry, to trace the event of their different modes of education. Whatever Haydn painfully and laboriously acquired, was irrevocably fixed in his mind, and the necessity of early application and self-denial preserved him from the dissipated and irregular habits which checked the career, and probably shortened the life of Mozart.

After his return from Italy we hear little of Mozart till the twenty-fourth year of his age. We would willingly suppose, that
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the intervening period was assiduously employed in the cultivation of his talents; but the silence of his biographer with regard to this period, and an observation, that the family of the lady, who afterwards became his wife, objected to him on account of his unsettled habits, and because his manners had been far from exemplary, have led us to consult other sources of information; from which we collect, that, with the best natural dispositions and a feeling heart, Mozart knew not how to restrain whatever appetites or passions it was in his power to gratify. He had an ardent and unconquerable love of pleasure in every shape; and, if his means of enjoyment had been equal to his wishes, his name would probably have been added to the long list of forward children, of whose subsequent life no traces remain. The seeds of future excellence were sown during his residence in Italy; but none of the works, on which his posthumous fame is established, were composed till he had reached the age of manhood; and Dr. Burney has perhaps given a fair estimate of his talents at sixteen years of age, in a letter from a correspondent at Saltzburgh, published in his *Musical Tour through Germany in 1772*:—

‘ This young man, who so much astonished all Europe by his productions, is still a great master of his instrument. I went to his father’s house, to hear him and his sister play duetts on the same harpsichord; but she is now at her summit, which is not marvellous; and, if I may judge of the music, which I heard of his composition in the orchestra, he is one further instance of early fruit being more extraordinary than excellent.’

It is perfectly natural that a youth of this age should have retained his mechanical skill of playing upon the harpsichord, but that he should not yet have acquired the degree of science necessary to constitute a great composer. Mozart was, however, fortunately roused to new exertions by the powerful excitements of love and vanity.—His whole soul was devoted to Constance Weber; his vanity was piqued by the rejection of her family, and he determined to convince them, that, although he had no fixed situation in life, he had talents that would soon procure him an establishment.

In his twenty-fifth year the elector of Bavaria requested him to write the serious opera of *Idomeneo*: his love for Constance supplied him with the most impassioned airs, and his vanity impelled him to the greatest exertions in the arrangement of the accompaniments; and thus he composed his favourite work, the opera which he always considered his most fortunate effort, and from which he borrowed many ideas in his subsequent compositions. The effects of this opera were, to secure his mistress, to establish his fame, and to qualify him for future success.

What may be deemed his classical productions, as distinguished from

from his juvenile efforts, now succeeded each other with great rapidity till the end of his short career. His sonatas, quartetts, and symphonies, operas, and sacred compositions, may be immediately distinguished from those of all other masters; they all evince the originality of his genius and the fertility of his invention; and their appeal to the feelings of an audience was irresistible.

Mozart's peculiar method of composition was, first, to arrange in his mind the whole subject and all its details. This was the work of silent meditation during his walks, or on his pillow; and thus, while apparently idle, his mind was most intensely engaged. He next sat down to the piano-forte, generally in the stillness of night, tried various experiments, and satisfied himself of the effect of his whole composition. In the morning he committed his ideas to paper; and this last operation was so entirely mechanical, from the whole subject having been previously arranged in his mind, that he wrote the score at once with the greatest neatness, and frequently without altering a single note. We have lately seen the original scores, in his own hand-writing, of his principal instrumental pieces, which narrowly escaped the iron grasp of Davoust at Hamburgh, and are now in London. In looking over these manuscripts, we could almost fancy ourselves in Mozart's closet while he composed them. The notes are small, but very clearly and distinctly written. His pages had been all previously numbered, that he might continue writing without a moment's interruption. In the two first of his inimitable quartetts, dedicated to Haydn, there is not a single alteration; and, on the margin of the first andante movement, are directions to his copyist, in provincial German, to 'write now the second violin and the tenor; the bass after dinner.' In the fifth quartett, several bars, which are struck out, show that his alterations were not made on revising his composition, but while he was writing it with the greatest rapidity, as in a literary production an author would substitute one word for another, while the first word was only half written. These occasional changes in his ideas are excellent studies for a composer. An eminent musician, while considering these alterations, exclaimed, 'How beautiful is this first idea! who could improve it?' And immediately afterwards, 'But ah! how exquisite is the new passage! who could have done this but Mozart!' At the beginning of his celebrated *Fantasia*, for the piano forte in C minor, he has written, 'for Madame Tratner.' It was so rapidly written, and the notes are showered down in such profusion, that his hand was evidently not quick enough to express the ideas that flowed from his mind. In a *fugue* for four instruments, written in imitation of those of Sebastian Bach, a species of composition that required more than usual study, he originally left the lower half of his paper blank,

blank, on which he afterwards wrote the whole fugue over again in differently coloured ink, with such improvements as his subsequent experience suggested.

We hope these details will not appear tedious or misplaced; but that many of our readers will participate in the pleasure we feel in tracing the few relics of a man of genius like Mozart, which have been preserved in an *entire state*, his operas having been written for the copyist on separate papers, most of which were destroyed. We shall now give a short description of Mozart's personal appearance, and of his habits in private life. He never reached his full growth; he was pale and thin; his health was always delicate, and there was nothing striking in his physiognomy except its extreme variableness. The changes in his countenance expressed, in the liveliest manner, the pleasure or pain which he experienced; his body was constantly in motion, and his nervous irritability was evinced by the habit he had acquired of playing with his hands, or beating the ground with his foot. His hands were so habituated to the piano-forte, that they seemed hardly fit for any thing else. His mind was so constantly absorbed by a crowd of ideas, that, in the common business of life, he was always a mere child. He had no idea of domestic affairs, of the use of money, of the judicious selection of his pleasures, or of temperance in their enjoyment; he never looked beyond the gratification of the moment. His affairs were necessarily managed for him, first by his father, and afterwards by his wife. He was absent, and devoted to trifling pursuits; but the moment he was seated at the piano-forte his character changed; the harmony of sounds then absorbed his whole attention; and his ear was so accurate, that, even in the fullest orchestra, he would instantly detect and point out the instrument that had played the slightest false note; and we may imagine his feelings during the performance of his opera of *L'Enlèvement du Sérail*, at Berlin, where he arrived late in the evening, and took his station at the entrance of the pit, to listen without being observed:—'Sometimes he was so pleased with the execution of certain passages, and at others so dissatisfied with the manner or the time in which they were performed, or with the embellishments added by the actors, that, continually expressing either his pleasure or disapprobation, he insensibly got up to the bar of the orchestra;' at last an air was played, in which the manager had taken the liberty of making some alterations; when Mozart, unable to restrain himself any longer, directed the orchestra how to play it. The eyes of the whole audience were fixed upon the man in a great coat, who made all this noise. Mozart was recognized; and some of the performers were so agitated that they refused to come again upon the stage. Mo-

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zart immediately went behind the scenes, and, by the compliments which he paid the actors, at length prevailed upon them to go on with the piece.

Our limits oblige us to refer to the work itself for various interesting anecdotes of this extraordinary man, and for many judicious remarks on his several compositions. During the latter years of his life he felt his health gradually declining; and his disorder was increased by a deep and habitual melancholy, arising from the anticipation of future evils, and from being convinced that he had not long to live. This persuasion excited him to new efforts, which his feeble and languid frame was unable to support, and he was frequently carried fainting from the piano-forte. As his bodily health declined, his intellectual powers seemed to have gained fresh vigour; and, in the last year of his life, and thirty-sixth of his age, he composed some of the finest of his works:—*The Zauberflöte*; the *Clemenza di Tito*, which is distinguished from his other operas, by the air of melancholy that shows the state of the composer's mind; and the *Requiem*, which accelerated the progress of his disorder. The circumstances attending this last composition have rather the appearance of romance than of real occurrences. A stranger, whose manner was dignified and impressive, informed him that a man of considerable importance, who did not wish to be known, was anxious to commemorate the loss of a dear friend, by the annual performance of a solemn funeral service, and therefore requested that Mozart would compose a *requiem* for the dead. After the stranger had departed, Mozart remained lost in thought; he soon, however, applied with great ardour to his composition.—He wrote day and night, until his constitution was no longer able to support his enthusiasm, and he fell senseless. A few days afterwards he said abruptly to his wife, 'It is certain that I am writing this *requiem* for myself!—It will be my own funeral service!' Nothing could remove this impression from his mind; he was convinced that the mysterious stranger was a being connected with the other world, sent to announce his approaching dissolution. He applied with still greater ardour to the *Requiem*, as the most durable monument of his genius, till his hand was arrested by alarming fainting fits. The work was, however, at length completed; but when, at the appointed time, the stranger returned, Mozart was no more.

The merit must indeed be great that calls forth the unqualified praise of contemporaries and rivals.—Haydn once said to Mozart's father, 'I declare, before God, and as an honest man, that your son is the greatest composer I have ever heard of!' and, in the latter part of his life, he scrupled not to confess, 'that he was taking lessons from his pupil.' We have also seen a letter from
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Haydn, in which, after declining to write a comic opera for the theatre at Prague, because, *in that species of writing, the great Mozart cannot be equalled by any other composer*, he continues thus:—

‘If it were in my power to impress upon every lover of music, and especially upon our great men, a proper sense of the inimitable works of Mozart; if I could make them feel their beauties with the same ardour and conviction with which I comprehend and feel them; all nations would rival each other to have such a jewel among them. I am vexed and angry with the world, not yet to see this great, this incomparable Mozart engaged by some imperial or royal court. Pardon my digression—I love the man too much.’

The compositions of Haydn and Mozart cannot be properly compared with each other; for although they are both distinguished by profound science, and by the variety and beauty of their melodies; by the boldness of their modulations and the free use of semi-tones; yet their characters are essentially different. Mozart excelled in operas, in the invention of beautiful airs, and the proper adaptation of his instrumental accompaniments, which are full of grace and elegance, and unexpected combinations of harmony. Haydn is unrivalled in the number and variety of his symphonies and quartetts. But it is a great proof of the genius of Mozart, that, even in this species of composition, which is Haydn’s *forte*, (although Mozart has written very few quartetts, and still fewer grand symphonies,) it may be questioned, whether the best of each of them is not superior to the most favourite composition of his rival. Haydn made it the business of his long life to collect materials, which he gradually reduced to order by dint of study and meditation; while Mozart’s ideas were scattered around with all the profusion of unbounded wealth, and the confidence of a never-failing source. Thus Haydn had most diligence; Mozart most genius. It is not, however, our intention to enter into an analysis of the productions of these great composers; the works of Haydn have long been familiar to every one who ‘has music in his soul;’ and the manner in which operas have lately been selected, performed, and encouraged in London, will by degrees enable an English audience to understand those of Mozart, which never produce their full effect till they have been often heard.

At present his operas labour under a great disadvantage, which we almost despair to see remedied, because it arises in a great measure from the nature of our opera establishment. The orchestra contains a host of excellent musicians, who are so delighted with Mozart’s accompaniments, that, in the finales and other full pieces, each performer, particularly on the wind instruments, plays

as if the whole effect of the composition depended upon his individual instrument being heard. The consequence is, that the audience cannot always hear the singers. But, until this orchestra can be taught, that it is their business to *accompany*, and not *over-power* the voices, Mozart's operas will never be properly performed in England. Ours is not a musical nation; but we are anxious that in this, as in all the fine arts, our taste should be formed by hearing the best models perfectly executed.

Haydn and Mozart have established a school of music which unites *melody* with *scientific harmony*; avoiding, on the one hand, the dry and laboured productions of the old contrapuntists, and manufacturers of fugues and canons; and, on the other, the modern compositions and compilations of mere melodies, with meagre or inartificial accompaniments. The basis of this school is science; its ornament, its enchanting attraction arises from the variety of new and beautiful melodies on which that science is employed; but whenever the pupils of this school attempt to substitute novelty and trick, or mere execution and sleight of hand for melody and science, they betray their own want of genius, by departing from the course pointed out by Haydn and Mozart.

Handel is not to be confounded with this or any other school; he stands alone; he has been aptly called '*a giant in music*;' and his weapons could only be wielded by himself. His early departure from his own country, and his encouragement in England, soon gave a direction to his mighty powers, which produced a series of compositions, unimitated and inimitable, and forming a class by themselves. He has long guided our national taste in music; and it is no small proof of his excellence, that we still return with increased pleasure either to his simple pathetic melodies, or to his scientific harmonies, after the finest compositions of his successors. Haydn was present at the 'Commemoration of Handel' in Westminster Abbey, in 1791; and heard his principal works performed by more than six hundred singers and four hundred instruments; and, during the performance of his sublime oratorio of the *Messiah*, he said, thoughtfully, '*This man is the master of us all.*' Mozart placed him above all other composers; he knew his principal works by heart; and used to say, '*Handel knows best of us all what is capable of producing a great effect; when he chooses, he strikes like the thunderbolt!*'

The length to which this Article has extended will not allow us to consider the Letters on the Genius of Metastasio, and on the present State of Music in Italy. We have principally confined ourselves to the biographical part of the work, because the history of man appears to us more interesting than that of music; and because
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it is generally tiresome to hear described the music which it is delightful to hear performed: this has, in some measure, prevented our giving a more full and perfect view of the various matter which it contains. In conclusion, the lives of Haydn and Mozart are interspersed with so many entertaining anecdotes, so many valuable remarks on the merits and peculiarities of composers and singers, both ancient and modern, that we feel obliged to the translator for having made us acquainted with them; and fully agree with the observation in his preface, that 'the work contains more musical information, in a popular form, than is to be met with in any other of a size equally moderate.'

ART. IV. *The History of Brazil.* By Robert Southey. Vol. ii. 4to. pp. 718.

THE former volume of Mr. Southey's History conducted us to the revolution of 1640, when the Portuguese shook off the yoke of Spain, and called, by popular acclamation, the Duke of Braganza to the throne. The Brazilians cordially partook in the joy of the mother-country. The Spanish garrison of Bahia was surprised and disarmed; but, with equal generosity and wisdom, suffered to depart for the colonies of their own sovereign. Joam IV. was proclaimed, and a vessel dispatched to the Dutch at Recife with intelligence of an event which was so likely to terminate the hostility between the two nations. In the meantime the new cabinet of Lisbon was engaged in very anxious negotiations with that of the Hague on the subject of Brazil and India, in both which regions some of their most important colonies were now occupied by the arms of Holland.

The Portuguese, on their side, pleaded that 'they had been only engaged in war with Holland compulsorily, and in consequence of an usurpation, from which they had now freed themselves; that their connexion with Spain being for ever dissolved, the conquests which the Dutch had made from them during that connexion ought, in equity, to be rendered back.' But, however generous such a policy might have been, and however consistent with true political wisdom in the Dutch to make very large concessions in favour of a new ally, and one who had followed their example in emancipating itself from the Castilian tyranny; it was plain that the Portuguese had no claim on their justice for acquisitions made in fair and open war, during which, whether willingly or not, the whole strength of Portugal had been brought to act against them. The expedient which was adopted was by no means an unfair one. A truce for ten years was agreed

on between the two nations in Brazil and India, on the foundation of an *'uti possidetis,'* and reserving the discussion of their respective claims to a negotiation for a general peace, which was to be entered upon eight or nine months after this agreement. In the meantime, as in Europe they had no grounds of disagreement, the United States undertook to dispatch immediate succours to Lisbon of men, arms, and money.

By these terms, which were as favourable as the Portuguese, in their present condition, had any right to expect, the new king was spared the mortification of being obliged to commence his reign by alienating any of the ancient possessions of his crown; while a ten years' lease of their conquests was, to the Dutch, a privilege little short of a grant of them in perpetuity. Possessed, for that time, of the richest and most compact district of Brazil, it would have been in their power, (had they employed to the best advantage the means in their hands,) by conciliating the Portuguese planters; by supporting and encouraging the Jews and new Christians; by giving full scope to the labours of Protestant missionaries among the Indians, (many of whom had already shewn a disposition to improve themselves extremely encouraging,) and by favouring by all possible means those swarms of German and English colonists, which the poverty of the first of these nations, and the religious differences of the latter might have been expected amply to furnish, to render it absolutely impossible that their present territory in Brazil should ever return under its former master. Nor would it have been difficult, as may be thought, to induce the Portuguese, at length, not only to cede, with a good grace, what they could have no hope of recovering, but to surrender also the northern provinces of Maranhão and Pará; for which, on the side of Paraguay and the Plata, very ample indemnities might have been obtained by the united force of the two nations, at the expense of their common enemy.

These advantageous hopes, to which Maurice of Nassau was well qualified to give reality, were defeated by the bad conduct of the Dutch West India Company. Their first and leading error was a misconception of the Portuguese character, and an opinion that it was utterly impossible that they could have the means or the courage to maintain the independence which they had asserted against the overwhelming weight of the Spanish monarchy. This is not the only instance in which the national spirit and strength of Portugal has been thus under-rated; and so strongly was the suspicion now felt in Holland, that some wiseacres were convinced that the whole revolution was nothing more than a political juggle, and that the King of Spain had pretended to lose Portugal for the
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sake of cozening the Dutch out of the conquests which they had made at her expense. But the doctrine being held that Portugal must eventually return under the yoke of Spain, it became a matter of prudence with the West India Company to prevent the colonies from following the fortune of the mother-country. To this end no means appeared so certain as getting possession themselves of as many as they could conquer; and for this conduct, so utterly at variance with the *spirit* of the truce just made, its *terms* afforded them something like a pretext. In consideration of the distance of the Indies, a year was allowed to them for notifying the treaty to their commanders there, with a proviso that, if the intelligence arrived sooner, the cessation of arms should take place immediately. While, therefore, the Portuguese, on the first news of the arrangement, honourably withdrew from Pernambuco some of their irregular troops, who were carrying on a predatory and most harassing warfare in the very heart of the Dutch territory, the governors of Holland wilfully delayed the *official notification*, while they sent private directions to Nassau to make the best of his time in seizing all the strong places which he had the means of attacking. These infamous orders were executed, with the additional insanity of sending out the expeditions under flags of truce. An unprepared and unsuspecting antagonist could offer no effectual resistance; and, within the year, the troops of Nassau were in possession of Seregipe, Maranhão, and the African settlements of St. Thomas and Loanda. From this villainy, (for it deserves no softer name,) the consequences followed which it merited, and which might have been expected. The forces of the Dutch, already barely sufficient for the great extent of territory in which they had to maintain themselves, became still weaker by being dispersed. Their soldiers and seamen, as if sensible of the bad cause in which they were engaged, seem to have conducted themselves with less zeal and spirit than they did before. The Portuguese governor of Bahia, conceiving himself at full liberty to follow the treacherous example which they had given him, watched eagerly for any opportunity which might occur to injure them; and the truce at length began, one party having done a great wrong, and the other being determined to avenge it, by fomenting discord, and by whatever else of private mischief might be practised without open hostility.

In the meantime the Dutch were guilty of no less grievous errors in the administration of the provinces under their power. It is a singular fact in the history of most free governments, that their citizens are, of all others, least disposed to amalgamate with the inhabitants of those countries which they subdue, or to pay any proper respect to their institutions and prejudices. The iron does not mingle with the clay: he who values himself on the freedom

which he enjoys is apt to become tyrannical in his conduct to other men; and as subjection to a free state is, therefore, of all foreign subjections likely to be the most odious, such states should never aim at conquests which they are so ill qualified to maintain. And, in this particular instance, it is probable that the difference of manners tended greatly to make the Brazilian Portuguese and their new masters mutually odious to each other. The lovers of butter, cheese, salt beef, and strong beer despised, as feeble and effeminate, men who dined on a salted olive, or a little mandioc fried in oil and washed down with water: and these last would be equally cordial in their contempt and dislike of the gluttonous meals of the Hollander, whom they stigmatized as a mere vulgar seaman, low-born, and occupied in the sordid occupations of commerce or piracy. Religion was a still more serious ground of difference, and this was made worse by the wretched folly of the governing nation, whose clergy were scandalized at the *too open indulgence* afforded by Maurice to the Roman Catholic superstition, and were always endeavouring to restrict the toleration which had been promised, within as narrow bounds as possible. Even where this was not the case, it was difficult to make the soldiers and seamen treat those rites with decency which they had been so carefully taught to abhor and ridicule. A saint was now and then thrown from his pedestal, a procession treated with disrespect, a company quartered in a church; and all these things were treasured up in the recollection of those concerned, till the day of vengeance should arrive. Even the institutions which were designed to have a healing tendency had by no means the effect expected. In the courts of justice there was a mixture of Dutch and Portuguese judges; but the Dutch conferred in their own language, and treated the Portuguese with so much neglect, that the latter (who were the minority) seldom or never assembled. There is, indeed, good reason to believe that the Hollanders not only conceived themselves to be, but *were* very superior to their associates in knowledge and cultivated talent: and if that superiority had not sometimes broken out, it would have been strange indeed. In fact, the magistrates were too numerous; and as the Dutch were the majority, the concurrence of the Portuguese being unnecessary to a decision, would, naturally, be seldom called for. Two judges, one from each nation, must have respected, and would have soon improved each other; and, as the appointment of both would have been with the Dutch, they need not have feared any undue neglect of their interests.

But besides these grounds of dissension, which were likely to subsist between two races so different in habits and opinions as were now brought together, there were many positive obstacles
offered

offered to the prosperity and happiness of Brazil by that spirit of monopoly and lust of immediate profit, which is the besetting sin of all such bodies as their West India Company. They had conquered Brazil as a commercial speculation; and though, evidently, by no means insensible to feelings of ambition and national pride, it was still mainly necessary that the directors and their officers should satisfy their constituents by an immediate profit on the capital advanced; and here their interest as merchants and debtors was often in direct hostility to their duty and interest as sovereigns. They had made the Pernambucans their subjects, but they were, in trade, their rivals. Lest, therefore, they should compete with the Company in the European market, heavy imposts were laid on the exportation of their produce; and every kind of vexatious impediment interposed to cramp and confine their industry. So far did this extend, that they were not permitted to slaughter beasts for sale, or even for home-consumption. They were compelled to sell the animal to the Dutch butchers, and purchase their meat at a price fixed by the council!

The like necessity of attending to present profit only had induced the council two years before, instead of filling the confiscated lands with European and Protestant colonists, to sell them to any one who offered, and at prices so extravagant, that the wisest of their own countrymen would not purchase. In consequence, they were chiefly bought by Portuguese with neither character nor capital, on the dishonest and desperate speculation to which a great armament then meditated by Spain encouraged them, that the province would change sovereigns before the time of payment arrived. The expedition failed. The Company, being themselves almost ruined, were merciless towards their debtors; and the colony was filled, at the time of which we are speaking, with men insolvent, desperate from want and passion, and, urged by every motive, bad as well as good, to get rid of their foreign masters.

It was not, however, in Pernambuco that the flames of revolt were first kindled. Maranhão, as it had been disgracefully won during a truce, was more disgracefully governed than any other of the Dutch possessions. The governor had even advanced so far in cruelty as to expose, without so much as a pretext, four-and-twenty of the Portuguese inhabitants to be devoured by the savages. The people, though deserted by their mother-country, determined to right themselves. A small band of fifty conspirators under Antonio Moniz Barreiros, formerly governor of the colony, gained some successes by surprise, and soon so far swelled their numbers as to drive the Dutch from their province as well as the neighbouring districts of Seara. This ill news made the Company and

its agents more distrustful as to the allegiance of the Pernambucans, and that distrust produced fresh severity. The priests and monks were subjected to many oppressions, and the latter, at length, collected and sent out of the country; and, while every thing menaced an approaching storm, Nassau, for whom alone, of all the Dutch, the Portuguese had some respect, and in whom alone they had any confidence, was recalled to Holland, and the government committed to Henrik Haus and the other members of the council, whose plebeian names and mercantile habits excited the contempt of the Pernambucans as much as their interested and oppressive conduct did their abhorrence. This was not likely to continue. A wealthy Portuguese, of high reputation for courage, liberality, and sanctity, by name Joam Fernandes, organized an insurrection, in correspondence with the governor of Bahia, and with Dirk or Theodorick van Hoogstraten, a treacherous Dutch officer of high rank. Camaram with his Indians, and Henrique Diaz with his terrible band of negroes, were not slow in joining him. The necessary quantity of miracles was performed for the encouragement and edification of the faithful. The Dutch, though not surprized, were unprepared for the greatness of the danger. One detachment after another was cut off in the woods, while with every victory the insurgents became more numerous and better armed; and though great military talent was shewn by many of the Company's officers, they were soon shut up in the town of Recife, and exposed to all the miseries of a siege with very little hope of succour. This was in 1645. From thence to 1654 a tedious and miserable contest was maintained, in its circumstances so nearly resembling that which had previously taken place in Bahia, that we may be well excused repeating what, though full of illustrious instances of individual talent and bravery, are to an European of the present day what Milton calls the squabbles of our English Heptarchy, 'the battles of kites and crows.'

But, though we ourselves have shrunk from the task of detailing this long war of posts and skirmishes, we are by no means disposed to regret that Mr. Southey has detailed it even at the length to which his love for the Portuguese and his respect for valour have carried him. It is well that details, which relate to the early fortunes of an empire so considerable as Brazil must one day become, should be rescued from the obscure annalists and obscurer manuscripts in which they were previously buried. It is well that South America should have had its Dionysius of Halicarnassus, before the lapse of years had destroyed its ancient monuments, and the learned had been reduced to fill up its earlier periods with conjectures or inventions. When time shall have conveyed to the shores of the Plata and the Orellana a purer faith and a more efficient
system

system of education; when liberty and learning shall flourish in Brazil; these pages of Mr. Southey may furnish their warriors and statesmen with national precedents of valour and patriotism, with reasons for an ingenuous pride, and with landmarks against those errors which enslaved their illustrious ancestors. In these details Mr. Southey may not have written for present popularity or present interest, but he has not written in vain. He has 'cast his seed on the waters,' and after many days are come and gone, his harvest of renown will spring up, and grow green, and ripen.

Nor, though an abstract of such events must inevitably have become tiresome, do we dissuade the general reader from those chapters which we pass even in silence. Those who have read Bruce's *Abyssinian Annals*, or Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia*, are well aware that the interest of a narrative depends far more on the power of the relator than on the political importance of the facts related, or their relevancy to our immediate interests. And they who wish for living and moving portraits of illustrious men, who are delighted with patriotism of the highest class united to the wildest superstition and the most singular traits of simplicity, will find such pictures here afforded in the instances of Fernandes, Henrique Diaz and Camaram.

While the Brazilian Portuguese were thus nobly contending with almost the whole force of Holland, they received but little countenance and still less effectual support from their European brethren, and the sovereign to whose cause they were devoted. Such was, indeed, the lamentable situation of Portugal, contending for her very existence with a formidable neighbour, with no other aid than the very inefficient alliance of France, and a few occasional supplies of arms, in exchange for her money, from Holland; that her rulers would have been utterly unjustifiable in courting a war with the latter power, whose friendship was indeed not very serviceable, but whose enmity in Europe would have been truly terrible. All that could be done was to dissemble; to disclaim all correspondence with or controul over the Pernambucans, and by every art of diplomacy to gain time, and invent excuses for deferring the execution of the treaty which the Dutch required, by which the insurgents of Brazil would be formally abandoned, and the territory confirmed to the West India Company. In the devices necessary for such a warfare, their minister at the Hague, Francisco de Sousa, was unrivalled. From simple falsehood to direct forgery, nothing was too mean or too daring for him; all things, as he pleaded, were justified by the previous treachery of the Dutch; and though these last were fully aware of the person with whom they had to contend, his turns and sleights were too quick for their tardier craftiness. Nothing could irritate, nothing escape, nothing disconcert him; and he fairly or foully,

foully, call it which we chuse, held them at bay for three most important years, during which time the insurgents had made so considerable a progress as to render it a matter of comparative indifference whether the king disowned them or not. But to abandon, even nominally, men who had done and were doing so much for the honour of the nation and the crown, was still a most bitter draught; and when the acceptance or refusal of the treaty offered by the Dutch could be no longer delayed, a long and interesting struggle took place between the national necessity and the national honour, of which the traces are preserved in the written opinions which, by the king's command, the principal counsellors of state sent to him. Those documents, of which Mr. Southey has given specimens, are singularly curious and characteristic; they are such, indeed, as to induce us to suspect, that if Portugal had been only a little stronger or a little more enlightened, Brazil would in all probability have been lost to the crown, or have been regularly ceded to the Hollanders.

Had Portugal been a little stronger, it is plain that the preservation of Brazil was an object so popular with the people and government, that they would have exerted themselves to the very utmost in sending out armaments and regular officers to support and organize the insurrection. But that such expeditions could have been sufficiently powerful to outnumber those which the Hollanders might send, was not to be expected even in the most flourishing times of the Portuguese monarchy. Small and inefficient armaments, however, would certainly have done less good than harm. They would have been enough to change the character of the war from that of guerrillas to that of regular troops—from the sort of campaign in which the strength of the planters lay and for which only they were qualified, to one in which the troops of the United States were sure to excel them. And, when we add to all this the ill blood which would have probably arisen between the regular officers and such men as Camaram and Henrique Diaz, as well as the almost certainty that the planters, if not compelled to trust to themselves, would have returned very soon to their national inertness, and have abandoned the defence of the country to the regulars; when, even on the most favourable supposition, that these two descriptions of force should have continued to act together with cordiality and zeal, we consider how extremely unequal European troops were to that species of Maroon service, among woods and marshes, which the planters and their slaves endured, and how surely their despondency would have endangered the general cause;—it is not, perhaps, too much to say that *no* assistance was better than that sort of help which the mother-country, if she had been able, would probably have furnished.

On

On the other hand, had Portugal been a little wiser, it is highly probable that, situated as she then was, she would have thought it necessary, however painful the sacrifice, to accede to the demands of Holland. The Jesuit Vieyra, indeed, who was incomparably the most able politician, as he was, in every way, the most extraordinary genius of his nation, was decidedly of this opinion, and urged it on the king's conviction in a memorial which, on account of its cogent language and reasoning, was called by his countrymen, '*o papel forte*'. In this he called the attention of the Portuguese to their pressing necessities at home and in India; the latter country more valuable than Brazil, yet, without the cession of Brazil, not to be defended. He urged that the Dutch did not, in fact, require all, nor even half Brazil; and that, since Angola had been recovered from them, their possessions in America would be dependant on Portugal for negroes, a dependance in itself a sufficient guarantee of their peaceable dispositions, as to the provinces which remained to the mother-country. Those provinces contained land enough and to spare; and would be increased in value by the removal thither of those Pernambucans who preferred the government and manners of their forefathers. All who chose might remove, and this was an answer to the objection that it was cruel and impious to leave Portuguese Catholics under the government of heretics. Those who exclaimed that it was disgraceful for the king of Portugal to give way to a mercantile and heretical republic, he referred to the examples of Spain and France, the former of which had just concluded a dishonourable peace with the United Provinces, while the latter had tamely suffered injuries from them rather than incur the danger of a war. To the national elation of spirits which the exploits of Joam Fernandes and his colleagues had excited, he replied, that 'the more miraculous the late success appeared, the more it should make us feel the inequality of our strength. Yet persons (he added) who advised peace a few days ago have changed their opinion in consequence of this news. Ought we to trust to such things? It is better to deserve miracles than to expect them: but to rely on them, even when we deserve them, is tempting God.'

It is hardly possible but such arguments must have produced the effect intended, if it had not been for two prejudices of a very singular nature, which had taken deep root in the public mind, and which the supporters of the opposite opinion were at no pains to conceal or qualify. The first was one for which the conduct of Holland at the commencement of the truce had, it must be owned, given them too plausible a foundation. They thought that no oaths were binding with heretics, and that whatever terms they made would be broken as soon as it suited their interest. It

was therefore, they argued, better to let them do their worst at a time when, in Brazil, they had obviously the disadvantage, than to allow them to secure themselves in provinces which they would certainly make a point d'appui for fresh aggression when they saw occasion. The second was that strange superstition which first arose in Portugal when the unhappy Sebastian disappeared, and which encouraged his subjects, in their deepest distress and humiliation, to look forward to a time when he was to return again from Fairy Land, or whatever other asylum had received him, to deliver them from all their enemies and make Portugal the mistress of the world. This hope has never been entirely dead in the nation; and, even during their late distresses, and while groaning under the tyranny of Junot, the Sebastianists began again to attract considerable notice by their prophecies and pretended miracles. At the time however of Braganza's accession, this opinion was to a certain extent transferred to the person of the reigning monarch, in whom, if not Sebastian himself, the line of their ancient kings was yet revived: and by whom they hoped the second and not the least improbable part of the prophecy would be fulfilled, and their country made the head of all nations. Nor could they despair of public safety with such grounds of confidence; nor could they descend to make any disgraceful or injurious treaty with those who were so soon to be their vassals. Wild as this language was, it was not too wild to be commonly held; and it had probably the good effect of bearing up the national spirit, in a situation where any reasonable grounds of hope were hardly to be met with. To all this must be added the persuasions and influence of those who had relations in Pernambuco, or who were personally interested in the retaining of the colony at all events; and we shall hardly wonder that the voice of the Portuguese nation was unfavourable to the cession, and that they who could do nothing else for the insurgents, were at least resolute not to renounce them. There was one occasion, indeed, on which the danger of the country so powerfully worked on king Joam, that he dispatched an order to their army to retire. But as he had never helped, so he was not allowed to hinder them, and Joam Fernandez went manfully on in the cause which he had undertaken. In the mean time the fate of the contest became every day less doubtful. The name of Brazil became more dear to the national pride. The ten years truce expired, but the Portuguese were still resolute, and though the queen (Braganza's widow and successor) was menaced by Dutch fleets in the Tagus, the republic was too much occupied in other quarters to do her any essential harm. The Dutch grew weary of the war. There were probably, from the first, many moral and religious persons who disapproved of its commencement; their
voices

voices were more attended to when it became a losing concern; and some storms, by which their fleets suffered considerably, inspired a general opinion that the Deity was adverse to their cause. Recife, which surrendered in 1654, was the last hold which they possessed in Portuguese America; and though the war in Europe and India continued six years longer, no event of importance occurred in which Brazil was immediately concerned, till the treaty of 1661; by which, for a stipulated ransom, the Dutch abandoned all claim to its sovereignty.

During this long struggle in the northern provinces of Brazil, the native tribes, which were as yet both numerous and warlike, were naturally involved in the sufferings and connected with the fortunes of the contending Europeans. We have seen repeatedly how serviceable Camaram was to the Portuguese, who rewarded him with the Order of Christ, as well as a considerable grant of lands and letters of nobility. And the names of other tawny fidalgos of his lineage* are noticed in Mr. Southey's pages, who were, like himself, as devout, as loyal, and as chivalrous as the purest blood of Portugal could be. Nor were the Dutch behind hand in the assiduity and success with which they courted the Indians. A cousin of Camaram's, named Pieter Poty, had embraced their cause with much zeal; the savages in general, whether Christians or not, were apparently inclined to prefer their untried yoke to the experienced tyranny of their ancient masters; and a sorceress who bore the formidable name of 'Anha-guiara,' or '*Mistress of the Devil*,' was slain with a cutlass in her hand, while leading on a party of Tapuyas against a Portuguese intrenchment. But all these circumstances rather retarded than accelerated their advances to civilization and happiness. The Dutch clergy, indeed, have, in almost all their colonies, been laudably active in their attempts to diffuse Christianity; the doctrines of the reformed religion had made a progress among the Indians of Pernambuco, which appears to have much disquieted the Jesuit Vieyra; and writing and reading, together with Dutch paper and sealing wax, were traces which long remained among them of their protestant instructors. But the labours of the Jesuits were interrupted, the stay of the Dutch was too short to produce any lasting effect; and the cruelties and sufferings of war far more than counterbalanced the endeavours of their missionaries, inasmuch as the worst passions and the most hateful practices of uncivilized man were stimulated and encouraged by the Dutch officers among their Tupi and Tapuya adherents. Two instances are on record

* Camaram is Portuguese for 'Prawn,' and is a translation of the Brazilian word 'Poty,' which was the name given to this chief by his countrymen. The custom of the Tupis to take their proper names from fish and reptiles has been already noticed in our review of Mr. Southey's former volume.

in which Portuguese prisoners of the best families were given up, literally by scores at a time, to the war-kettles of the cannibals. How was it possible to reclaim these last from habits thus allowed and even countenanced by their civilized and Christian masters!

In the meantime, however, that singular empire (for it in no small degree deserves that name) was established by the Jesuits in Paraguay, of which the rise, progress and overthrow are inseparably connected with the History of Brazil; while they constitute in themselves one of the most extraordinary and interesting portions of the general history of mankind. It is here, too, that Mr. Southey has, in our opinion, most succeeded as an historian. In the account of these strange establishments, his usual minuteness of detail is not only necessary but agreeable and appropriate; while without losing sight of the real faults and follies of these religioners, without dissembling the monstrous errors of their creed, and the pernicious consequences inherent in their peculiar system of education and government, he has given us such pictures of industry untired, undaunted courage and disinterestedness almost apostolical; so much genuine piety; so much love for the souls of men; and such an heroic devotion of themselves to the best interests of human nature, the instruction of the ignorant and the deliverance of the slave, as may well kindle the emulation of those who have a purer faith to disseminate than that in the cause of which Auchia and Vieyra forsook the temptations of power, honour, and court favour, for the dangers of lawless and unfriendly lands, and the society of ignorant savages.

When the Jesuits, in 1586, first entered Paraguay, little pains had been taken by any of the religious orders for the conversion of the Indians of that extensive province. A Franciscan, named Rolanos, had made a few converts, and composed a catechism in the Guarani language; but he had some years before been recalled on account of his age and infirmities; and the few priests and monks who still continued in the province were not only indifferent, but actually hostile to any measures which might be adopted for the advantage and instruction of the natives. The general character indeed of the white inhabitants was marked by all the ignorance, vice, and cruelty by which back settlements have been usually disgraced; and the system of oppression to which the Indians were subject was such as to give them, one and all, a furious hatred for the Spanish name, and a reluctance apparently invincible to receive any religious instruction from those whom they at first naturally identified with their tyrants.

The system of the Spanish conquerors, in every part of America, had been to assign their Indian subjects, together with the lands
which

which they occupied, to different adventurers, who received the name of *Encomenderos*; as the districts and population thus granted received that of *Encomiendas*. The savages were thus supposed to be recommended to the protection of their new lords, who were enjoined to treat them kindly, to see that they were taught some handicraft trade, and instructed in Christianity—while after two lives (which time was presumed to be sufficient for their civilization) the tribe was to be completely emancipated, and placed on the same footing with the Spaniards themselves, excepting that they were still liable to the capitation-tax. Meantime they were not so much *slaves*, in our West Indian acceptation of the term, as *serfs* and *adstricti glebæ*. Their masters were neither allowed to sell, banish, nor misuse them; and their condition was further determined by the circumstances under which they became subjects of the Spanish monarchy. Those who were subdued in open war were called *Yanaconas*, the appellation given to a race of slaves or Helots, whom the Europeans, at their first coming, found in Peru. In this case the lord had, as in Russia, an unlimited right to the labour of his peasants, provided he fed and clothed them; this kind of *Encomiendas* was naturally therefore the most valuable to the possessor. If the Indians, on the other hand, had submitted voluntarily they had many considerable privileges. The *mitayos*, or taskmen, as they were in that case called, had municipal officers chosen from their own number, according to the forms of a Spanish town; the *Encomendero* could only claim their labour for two months in the year, and between the ages of eighteen and fifty; and from this obligation the women and the chiefs, with their eldest sons, were, as well as the municipal officers, exempted. These rules were doubtless conceived by the Spanish government in the true spirit of humanity, and in the hope of regulating a merciless system, which it had in vain laboured to repress. But the temptations to the abuse of power were so numerous, and the means of redress so remote, that those regulations which favoured the Indians were in almost every case disregarded. Instead of the subjection of the tribes terminating in two generations, they would seem to have been granted and regranted by successive governors, under the pretence, which might always be urged, that they were not yet sufficiently civilized. Where white men were themselves the judges, the laws would always be construed favourably to their interests; even the situation of the *mitayos* was little better than absolute slavery; and, as few men would voluntarily submit themselves to such a system of government, their number was of course but small, in comparison with the still more oppressed *Yanaconas*.

Among men thus exasperated and injured, the Jesuits hoped for little success; and, though they pleaded the cause of these sufferers from

from the pulpit, with a zeal which made almost every white man in Paraguay their enemy, they appear to have left their religious instruction to the other monastic orders, by whom, from their vicinity to the principal towns, they might be easily and securely visited. They themselves performed the task of converting those tribes who were independent of the Spanish crown, and of gathering in their harvest of souls from the less frequented fields of the marsh and the wilderness: even here, however, the pernicious effects of the slave-system followed them. The *Encomiendas* were, by their nature, a growing evil; and, as the Spanish population increased, and as the Indian population of the first conquered lands melted away under the weight of their burthens, new applications were made to every governor for grants of those tribes and villages which had escaped the cupidity of former adventurers; while a regular slave-trade, of the true African character, was prosecuted with all its usual horrors of war and kidnapping in those remote and less accessible nations, which *Encomiendas* could not reach. Against these abominations, it was the first step of the Jesuits to obtain a royal edict from Madrid, expressly forbidding the Spaniards to make war against the Indians, unless in self-defence—and declaring that the king 'would have none but missionaries employed to reduce them.'—'He wanted no subjects by compulsion, nor did he seek to deprive the people of these countries of their liberty, but to reclaim them from their savage and dissolute way of life; to make them know and adore the true God, and render them happy here and hereafter.' Happy would it have been for Peru and Mexico had such sentiments actuated the Spanish government at the time of their discovery! In furtherance of these benevolent objects, the Jesuits were empowered by the same instrument to collect their converts into townships; to govern them independently of any town or fortress; to build churches; and, above all, in the king's name, to resist all persons who might attempt, under any pretext whatever, to subject these new Christians to the burthen of personal service.

The district of Guayra, a wide and fertile country, extending from the eastern bank of the Parana to the then undefined borders of Brazil, was the scene chosen by these missionaries for their first labours. The first fruits of their preaching, two hundred Indian families, were collected by their exhortation into a village, which they called Loretto; and they busied themselves in long journeys among the surrounding tribes, to persuade them of the advantages which they would enjoy, if they consented to gather together and live under the new system. Their equipment for these expeditions was strikingly picturesque and simple:—a breviary, a cross six feet high, which served the itinerant for a staff, a flint and steel, and a few converts

converts with axes to cut through the woods, and to serve as guides, interpreters, and fellow labourers. They had weapons against wild beasts, but no fire-arms; and even the Indian comfort of a hammock was thought an unnecessary luxury for the preacher. Their toils, and the dangers to which they were occasionally exposed, may be appreciated from the following anecdote:—

* In one of these excursions Ortega was caught by a sudden flood between two rivers; both overflowed, and presently the whole plain had the appearance of one boundless lake. The missionary, and the party of Neophytes who accompanied him, were used to inconveniences of this kind, and thought to escape, as heretofore, with marching mid-deep in water; but the flood continued to rise, and compelled them to take to the trees for safety. The storm increased, the rain continued, and the inundation augmented; and, among the beasts and reptiles whom the waters had surprised, one of the huge American serpents approached the tree upon which Ortega and his catechist had taken refuge, and, coiling round one of the branches, began to ascend, while they fully expected to be devoured, having neither means of escape nor of defence: the branch by which he sought to lift himself broke under his weight, and the monster swam off. But though they were thus delivered from this danger their situation was truly dreadful: two days passed, and, in the middle of the second night, one of the Indians came swimming towards the tree by the lightning's light, and called to Ortega, telling him that six of his companions were at the point of death; they who had not yet been baptized intreated him to baptize them; and those who had received that sacrament, requested absolution ere they died. The Jesuit fastened his catechist to the bough by which he held, then let himself down into the water, and swam to perform these offices; he had scarcely completed them before five of these poor people dropped and sunk; and, when he got back to his own tree, the water had reached the neck of his catechist, whom he had now to untie, and help him to gain a higher branch. The flood, however, now began to abate. Ortega, in swimming among the thorny boughs, received a wound in his leg, which was never thoroughly healed during the two-and-twenty years that he survived this dreadful adventure."—pp. 255, 256.

But these natural obstacles were by no means the most serious which they encountered in their work of civilization and conversion:—the Spanish slave-dealers, at whose trade a deadly blow was levelled, made use of every means of fraud and intimidation to cross their schemes and to deter the Indians from joining them. In one of their earliest expeditions a man, from Ciudad Real, accompanied them as a volunteer interpreter,—

* They noticed with some surprise that his baggage gradually diminished till all was gone, and that his apparel then disappeared piece by piece, so that at length he had no other clothing than a wrapper round the loins. Upon inquiring the cause of this, he replied, "You, fathers,

preach in your fashion, and I preach in mine; you have the gift of the word, which God has not given to me; and I endeavour to supply it by works. I have distributed all that I had among the principal Indians of the country, in hope that when this liberality has gained the chiefs, it may be easier to win the rest." He concluded by requesting leave to return home, now that he had given away all, and was no longer necessary, they themselves being now sufficiently conversant in the Guaraní tongue. He had not long taken his leave, before it was discovered that his real business had been to purchase slaves, a whole herd of whom he bore away with him. The Jesuits could not without difficulty clear themselves from the suspicion of having been partners in this traffic."—p. 267.

On other occasions these traders assumed the disguise of Jesuits, and, when the natives approached them as friends, surprized and kidnapped them. They had continual intrigues to wrestle with at Assumpcion, and in the mother-country; the bishops, the secular clergy, and the other religious orders of South America were their enemies almost to a man: and they had need of all their extensive influence in Madrid to support them against the common voice of the colonists of Paraguay. Among the Indians themselves they encountered considerable opposition:—the sudden change from a roving to a settled life, from the alternations of hunting and repose to regular daily labour, was productive at first of a great mortality, and a still greater alarm among their converts. Many grew weary of the restraints imposed on them, and returned to their woods, or secretly practised the vices of their former heathenism. Others suspected the missionaries of being actuated by motives merely selfish and treacherous; of designing to make them slaves in a new and more effectual way; or by collecting them into villages, as into nets, to give them, in droves, to their enemies. Some of the more ambitious, observing and emulating the power which these fathers acquired by their preaching, set up for themselves as prophets and Anti-Christ, and attempted to blend the ancient superstitions of their country with the more singular and attractive features of the new doctrine. Three instances are given, in which individuals assumed the name of the Almighty, and, on their own authority, threatened the converts with fire from heaven if they did not forsake their new guides. One of these impostors applied the doctrine of the Trinity to himself and two associates, of whom he spoke as his emanations, and consubstantial with him. Some of the ancient conjurors, finding their craft in danger, betook themselves to new and more interesting ceremonies—sacrifices on the tops of mountains, with a perpetual fire—oracles, relics, and female votaries. Others, more bold and sanguinary, had recourse to open war; and one of the *Reductions* (as the new villages were called) was the scene of a massacre, and of the martyrdom of a Jesuit.

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This last event was ultimately favourable to the cause.—‘Savages,’ says Mr. Southey, ‘are accustomed to the contempt of death; but for what followed, upon the death of the missionaries, they were unprepared, and it impressed them with astonishment.’ The Jesuits, as a matter of course, reported many and wonderful miracles, as consequent to this murder; and all these the Indians readily believed; while the pageantry and exultation, with which the relics of the new saints were received, not only by the Jesuits themselves, but by all the Spaniards, affected them as much by its singularity as its sincerity. The conduct of the Jesuits themselves, so strangely contrasted with that of all the whites whom they had seen, completed this astonishment. They who had only heard of those wonderful men became curious to see them; but they who once came within the influence of such superior minds, and felt the contagion of example, were not long in adopting customs which obviously tended to their advantage. The number and size of the *Reductions* rapidly increased, when a circumstance, which at first threatened their total ruin, gave a still greater consistency to their fabric, and occasioned one of the most singular circumstances in their subsequent constitution.

The eastern frontier of the province, which the Jesuits had selected as the scene of their operations, adjoined on the Portuguese colony of St. Paulo; or, to speak more properly, no limit whatever was settled between the Spaniards and Portuguese; but the Jesuits pushing eastward and the Paulistas westward, they encountered on a sort of debateable ground to which either party might pretend a claim. Of the singular race, with whom the fathers had to contend, very strange and exaggerated notions have long been entertained in Europe.—One writer, quoted by Mr. Southey, speaks of them as ‘a kind of independent republic, composed of the banditti of several nations, who pay a tribute of gold to the king of Portugal.’ Another gravely tells us, that ‘virtuous actions are carefully punished with death by the Paulistas.’ The truth is, that the inhabitants of the captaincy of Santo Paulo had all the virtues and vices incident to back-settlers, and paid about as much respect to the laws of their mother-country as the Pork-eaters, and ‘Coureurs des Bois’ of Upper Canada, appear to have lately done to the charters granted to their rivals in trade by his Britannic Majesty. The only difference appears to have been, that, being professionally traders, not in the furs of animals, but in the flesh and blood of their own species, the mixed breed of South America were even more prompt in their appeals to arms, and more regardless of human life, than the Gallo-Scottish-Indian savages of Red River and Lake Winnipeg.

On one occasion, indeed, the people of Santo Paulo were in-

clined to set up a king of their own; and it was certainly a moment when, if ever, a colony is fairly entitled to such a privilege,—when Portugal and the rest of Brazil had revolted against Spain; and when the option was presented to them, either to adhere to the allegiance which they had lately professed to Philip, or to receive Braganza as their sovereign; or, which they themselves preferred, to bid adieu both to Castile and Portugal.

To carry this plan into effect they had very ample means before them. Their population was not inconsiderable—increasing rapidly—and, by the prevalence of Indian blood, (which here more than in any other part of Portuguese America composed the basis of the stock,) admirably adapted to the climate, and uniting the intelligence of their European fathers with the hot and enterprising blood of their maternal tribes. Their territory was extensive, very fertile, well situated for trade, and absolutely inaccessible to invasion; and it is probable, that, had their intention of establishing an independent government been, at that time, carried into effect, the germ would have been formed of an empire which would ere this have overshadowed the whole of South America.

But the most respectable planters were, in their hearts, attached to the land of their fathers. The individual on whom the popular choice fell defended himself, sword in hand, against the tumultuous efforts of his fellow-citizens to crown him; and though it is possible this transaction may have given rise to the exaggerated reports, above-mentioned, of their independence and lawless liberty, it is certain that their allegiance to the mother-country, though probably little thought of where it interfered with their local interest, was, thenceforward, in name at least, unbroken. Nor can there be any doubt, that it was their resistance to the extension of Jesuit missions eastward, however much to be lamented on grounds of general humanity, which preserved to the Portuguese monarchy the ample regions between the Parana and the Tiete, with the mines of Goyazes, Mato Grosso, and Cayaba.

Unhappily for the Jesuits and their new converts, this country, which the Paulistas had always regarded as belonging to Portugal, and more peculiarly as their own mining and slaving ground, was among the first scenes of the labours of the missionaries. Both Portugal and Spain indeed were at that time under the same sovereign; and it might have been supposed that the court of Castile, which protected them against the Spanish slave-dealers, would have been equally able and willing to support them against the Brazilians. But, by a singular impolicy, the Spanish government had made no attempt to unite the *nations* as well as the *crowns*. Each country was to keep the exclusive advantage of its own colonies: the Paulistas were little disposed to be either cajoled or
alarmed

alarmed out of their ancient privilege; and the numerous bodies of defenceless Indians, whom the fathers had collected in their Reductions, were regarded in no other light than as a booty of the most valuable kind, and most easy acquisition. There was yet another motive or pretext for these barbarous enterprizes. The Paulistas, who were all of the *Mamaluco*, or mixed race, were, in part, of *Tupi* blood. The *Guaranis*, from whom the Jesuit Reductions were formed, were the enemies of the *Tupi* nation; and this obsolete feud was the more readily revived and cherished, as adding the pleasure of revenge to that of avarice and adventure. Against this danger the Jesuits had, in the first instance, no defence but the ineffectual one of prayers and tears, and an appeal to the symbols and sanctions of their religion.

In the space of nine months, fifteen hundred head of Christian Indians were driven for sale into Brazil, besides the far greater number who were butchered for attempting to resist, or who dropped down dead before their brutal drivers. Two Jesuits, Manilla and Maceta, had the courage to follow, as closely as they could, the rear of this band of robbers and assassins, trusting to what they might find in the woods for subsistence, and administering such consolation as they could to the dying, with whom the road was strewn. On their arrival at Brazil, they made vain applications for redress to the governor of St. Paulo, and afterwards to the governor-general at Bahia. The slaves were already sold and dispersed through the country. The Paulistas cared nothing for such feeble laws as then prevailed in America; and the only fruit of their journey was the restoration of a very few captives by individuals who had purchased them out of charity.

The first effect of these incursions was mere ruin and unmingled misery. The Jesuits, hopeless of protection, emigrated with their flocks beyond the Parana, chased by the Paulistas, and exposed to all the evils of hasty flight—the attacks of wild beasts, famine, and pestilence. The province of Guayra, containing thirteen populous Reductions, was abandoned; but the greatness of the outrage which had been committed, and the visible necessity that, if the missions were to go on at all, they must have the means of self-defence, were urged successfully with the Spanish ministry, and the important permission was given, that the Jesuits might provide their converts with fire-arms. Of this measure the effects were speedily visible. The converts, who always greatly outnumbered their persecutors, being now on a level with them in arms, and led on by Europeans, who, though the work of death was abhorrent to their profession, appear to have been by no means backward in acquiring a new science, soon learned to defeat them. By an easy stretch of their licence, the fathers brought

cannon into the field. The Reductions became secure from open violence. This security operated as a most powerful engine of conversion, and every accession of numbers increased it. Their limits, though curtailed of their original extent, were still sufficiently ample; and it is from this time that their system may date that perfect independence of the Spanish local government which was necessary to its perfection. On several occasions, indeed, their muskets and discipline stood them in no small stead against their countrymen in Assumpcion and Buenos Ayres, as well as the Portuguese in Santo Paulo; and in the course of a long and furious quarrel between the governor and bishop of Paraguay, the Jesuits, who espoused the cause of the former, brought a sufficient army into the field to counterbalance the whole force of the Spanish colonists, who were leagued, almost to a man, on the side of the prelate.

But, though the physical strength which the Jesuits wielded was thus considerable, it was a calumny as unfounded as it was malicious, which their enemies industriously circulated, that the labour of their Indian converts was employed to enrich the order; and that large annual remittances of gold, and other valuable commodities, took place from their Reductions to Europe. Gold, though diligently sought for, has never been found to exist in any part of the country over which the Jesuits bore rule; and the very small quantity of the herb of Paraguay, which only they were allowed to export, was never of sufficient value to defray the necessary expense of the missions, or to render them independent of supplies from Europe, or of the annual bounty which the king of Spain conferred on them. The system of tutelage, indeed, in which the converted Indians were carefully retained, though admirably calculated, in the first instance, to reclaim them from their life of savage wandering, was in no degree adapted to advance their progressive improvement either in civilization, or riches, or knowledge, or, we may even add—virtue. The system pursued soon made them cease to be savages—but it opposed an insuperable barrier to their becoming enlightened and industrious citizens of a civilized community.

Of that system, however, we have still to regret, that the accounts before us are, in many respects, imperfect and inconsistent. The statement of Azara is a hideous and disgusting caricature; containing many charges, which its writer must himself have known to be unfounded, and many more, which those who are not blinded by prejudice must at once perceive to be incredible. Dobrizhoffer and the other Jesuit writers are the avowed apologists, or advocates of their own system; and, great and benevolent as the exertions of their order have been in America, it is but too certain, that truth, where

where the interests or reputation of that order were concerned, was by no means indispensable in the catalogue of Jesuit virtues. But as, when truth is left behind, neither censure nor praise is likely to be consistent, it is not surprizing that we should find many instances where not only Azara and the Jesuits are in direct opposition, but where even the Jesuits are irreconcilable with themselves. Thus the main principle of their whole system is represented by both sides, and Mr. Southey has, accordingly, assumed the fact as uncontested, to have consisted in a community of all possessions, and the utter exclusion of private property from the Reductions: yet it appears tolerably certain, not only that every Indian family had its own patch of ground, on the cultivation of which its members were to depend for support, but that many individuals acquired wealth enough to contribute gold and silver ornaments to the shrines and altars. How such wealth could be acquired, where nothing was raised for sale, and where no trade was carried on, except by the missionaries themselves for the common benefit, is by no means easy to conceive: but the fact is sufficient to prove, that we do not quite understand the details of their Utopian republic. Enough, however, is told us in the present volume to correct, in all essential points, the unjust and exaggerated estimate which has been usually formed of it, and to establish it in its real character as an improvement on the Encomienda system, or rather as the bona-fide application of that system to the humane purposes to which it was, in every instance, nominally destined. Those who have read the benevolent fancies of Mr. Owen of Lanark, will discover in the Jesuit villages many traces of resemblance to his project for disposing of parish paupers. Both the one and the other, indeed, when stripped of the verbiage with which they have for various reasons been obscured or decorated, will be found nothing else than servitude in its mildest and most amiable form—the *beau idéal* of a sugar plantation—applicable with good effect to certain stages of human society, and containing admirable hints for the administration of an infant colony; but which no man in his senses could wish to see universal, or substituted for those light and invisible links of public feeling and cultivated society, which restrain us from those actions only which are hurtful to our neighbours; and, instead of compelling us to be happy after a certain rule, allow us to pursue our own objects after our own manner, at our own peril, and for our own advantage.

Each Jesuit establishment was, in the proper sense of the word, a single large plantation, cultivated by all the male converts, or clients of the order, divided into gangs, according to their age and strength, under the direction of the Jesuit rector of the place, assisted by overseers taken from among the Indians themselves.

Women and girls were employed in lighter labours, and in different manufactures suited to their sex. The cleverest lads were brought up to handicraft trades, for many of which, where only imitation was required, the Guaranis had a natural and surprizing aptitude. The unmarried persons were regularly mustered to these labours every morning by the sound of musical instruments, and were fed in much the same manner as those who are called *mess* or *pot-negroes* on a West-Indian estate. With married persons, and those children who were too young to be separated from their parents, a different system was pursued—but one which also is usual in the West Indies—namely, that each father of a family, instead of his former allowance of food, had a certain portion of land, which he tilled, on his own account, on those days when the order did not require his services. What leisure was allowed for this purpose does not appear. The whole system was kind and indulgent, and there was probably, in this instance, no reason for complaint. In ordinary cases the produce of these patches of ground was sufficient for maintenance. If it fell short, the deficiency was supplied, and an allowance of coarse and (if Azara be credited) of scanty clothing was annually furnished to each individual. If the Indian, through age or infirmity, became incapable of cultivating his ground, it was taken from him, and he received food instead. A separate dwelling was allotted to each family, a single apartment of clay, roofed with shingles, and only excelling the negro houses in Jamaica, as having the useful and elegant appendage of an external porch or veranda. A Reduction usually contained eight hundred or a thousand of these huts, arranged in a regular plan, having a square in the centre, where stood the school, the workhouses, the rector's house, and the church of the same materials with the other buildings. The sick had an hospital, and widows and helpless persons an almshouse.

The education of the children was the object of all others on which most labour was bestowed, and it was, according to Catholic notions, perfect. It was such, however, as would by no means be thought sufficient in a more enlightened age and country. They were trained, indeed, in habits of early industry and obedience, and were fully imbued with a reverence for that system of saint and image-worship which their preceptors thought fit to dignify with the name of Christianity:—but their instructions seldom went further.—Few were taught to read, still fewer were made acquainted with the Spanish language; and though the Jesuits decorated the most docile of their subjects with many titles and offices of civil rank and authority, they, in no single instance, admitted them into their own order or into the Christian ministry.

In the management both of children and adults, the rod and the
lash

lash appear to have been liberally employed; and their introduction was, indeed, a natural result of a system where idleness was not necessarily followed by hunger and misery. He who is to be fed whether he works or not, or whether his work is well or ill performed, will always require some stimulus to exertion which may supply the place of that fear which he has lost; but of the two species of compulsion, stripes are surely far more injurious to the human character than hunger. Of the moral and religious conduct of the Indians, however, a most favourable picture is drawn. Broken in from infancy to a discipline the most minute, inquisitive and incessant, of which there is any record in history;—removed from most of the temptations which visit civilized or uncivilized man;—the boys and girls separated from infancy with monastic care, and, with equal care, coupled together in marriage when fifteen or sixteen years old;—they are said to have retained through life the amiable qualities of childhood, but they retained its weakness also. Years passed away (the Jesuits assure us) without the confessions of a Guarani revealing any crime which required absolution; but so feeble were their minds, and their consciences so scrupulous, that the patience of the spiritual guide was wearied out with a long detail of trifles; and a single Indian occupied more time in the confessional than half a dozen of Europeans. Their vices, too, (for the reluctant admission of Dobrizhoffer shews that vice of a very black nature might *sometimes* penetrate into this paradise,) appear to have been of a degraded and unmanly character; and even their bodies were less vigorous than might have been expected in a community where hunger was unknown, and where all were trained to moderate and salubrious labour. This is, in part, no doubt, to be ascribed to their unreasonably early marriages; but it may be ascribed still more (as we conceive) to the unceasing inspection and discipline under which they were placed, and the want of those athletic diversions, those emulous labours, those salutary struggles with their equals, which, with European children, call every muscle into early use, and string at once the body and the soul to endurance and daring vigour and activity. When they had hoed their mandioc, (a task, of course performed, because it was a task, with as little zeal or exertion as possible,) the young Guarani had indeed his amusements, or those actions which he was instructed to call amusement, prescribed for him, under the eye of his kind preceptors, who, unhappily, forgot that amusement, when prescribed, becomes itself a task. Nor was the choice of these amusements good. The young labourers were taught to weave garlands for the saints, to sing psalms, to dance figure dances, to act plays taken from Scripture, and to walk to church in procession; but a cricket-match, a game at prison-bars, a ramble
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out of bounds in the neighbouring woods, a quarrel even, with its usual consequences, would have been worth all these put together. Foot-ball was their only play which deserved the name, and even this, when exercised under clerical inspection, was not likely to be very animated.

With all these defects of system, it would be extremely unjust to deny that much real good was done, or that the Guarani of the Reductions was a much wiser, a much better and a much happier being, than he had been in that condition from which the Jesuits took him. Had not the advantages conferred by them been sufficiently great and obvious, it is plain, indeed, that no power of spiritual exhortation would have sufficed to draw the savage from his woods, or to detain him a voluntary prisoner, in a condition of life so utterly at variance, not only with his own peculiar habits, but with the natural feelings and instinctive independence of the human race. And it is almost certain, that if the power thus acquired over these uncultivated children of the desert had been more judiciously directed, and, above all, if it had been gradually removed, and the objects of this assiduous care accustomed by degrees to shift for themselves, and introduced into the commerce and society of the neighbouring European settlers, the Guarani would, long since, have ranked among civilized nations; and have been themselves, in their turn, the instruments of dispersing the spiritual and temporal blessings of Christianity among the other native tribes of South America. Instead of this, no greater anxiety was shewn by the Jesuits than to perpetuate the state of seclusion and pupilage, which was at first undoubtedly necessary. All intercourse with the Spaniards or Portuguese was forbidden as much as possible. This was justified on the ground of the bad example which those colonists offered; and the fact alleged in justification was probably correct. But that is a feeble virtue which cannot stand the open air; and if the Indians had been taught, as they might have been, to respect themselves, and to take care of their own spiritual and temporal interests, neither the one nor the other would have been in much danger from a race of men whom they were not likely to love, and whom they had no occasion to fear. But the true reason was, the inconsistency of such an intercourse with that equality of condition which the Jesuits sought to preserve among their pupils. The Indian who had traded in Peru, or made a voyage to Europe, would have been so much richer and wiser than the rest, that he would have been less disposed to defer to the authority of the spiritual guardian. Disparity of circumstances would have been introduced, and, where this exists to any great degree, the government cannot be purely despotic. Accordingly, though the Jesuits had many officers who nominally answered to the
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the alguazils, &c. of a Spanish town, yet were these nothing more than the monitors of a school, who, on certain solemn days, were supplied with laced hats and silken clothes from the common stock, to play for a few hours at being men and Spaniards; and again to put off their finery and go barefooted like the rest of their fellow-pupils. They found the Indian less than a child; a child they made him, but they prevented his becoming more; and then pleaded the imbecility of his character in excuse for their own backwardness in not improving him further. Yet were their labours worthy of the warmest praise, not only as originally prompted by the sincerest zeal for God and goodness, but as (by proving how much has been done, even on faulty principles, and with a religion dreadfully erroneous) they give the greatest encouragement to future labourers with the same mechanical helps, but with better lights and a purer creed. Let institutions on the Moravian plan, and for the same objects, but without the Moravian peculiarities of opinion, be encouraged by our English church, and many generations will not pass away before Caffraria and New Holland contain, each of them, a better Paraguay.

While the Jesuits were thus successfully exerting themselves in behalf of the Indians within the Spanish territory, their labours in Brazil were by no means equally prosperous. The labours of Anchieta and his successors had been completely done away by the Dutch invasion and the wide-spreading misery which followed it; and the loss of Angola, by suspending the supply of negroes, gave a fresh stimulus to the persecution of the wretched Americans, who were hunted down with greater zeal in proportion as they were the only objects accessible to avarice.

It is true that, as both Dutch and Portuguese had made use of the services and alliance of different Indian tribes in their contest, those tribes obtained some important privileges, in proportion to the importance of the aid they were able to supply. But these privileges were by no means enough to compensate for the added ferocity which their manners had acquired, when stimulated by the example and influence of Europeans, or the inevitable depopulation and misery occasioned by their participation in a tedious and wasteful warfare. In many parts of Brazil, indeed, the mischief was already complete, and the race of Indians almost or altogether extirpated. And even where (as in Maranhão) numerous tribes still remained to exercise the humane labours of the missionary, the latter, interposing between them and their oppressors, had a far different and more energetic opposition to contend against than existed in Paraguay. The Spanish colonists were lawless, indeed, and resolutely bent on counteracting efforts which menaced their inhuman commerce with ruin; but they were few in number,
weak

weak in resources, unable to purchase an influence at court, and never ventured openly to oppose the positive commands of their sovereign. The Brazilians were in all these respects of a stamp extremely different. Their provinces abounded in white and Mamaluco inhabitants—many of them wealthy, most of them accustomed to war and active commerce, and all deeply interested in the continuance of those abominations which the Jesuits laboured to remove. They had, moreover, been so long accustomed to defend themselves, and to rely on their own exertions, that their allegiance to the mother-country sat extremely light on them, and they were disposed to regard no orders of the court of Lisbon, but those which exactly tallied with their own interest and prejudices. The brilliant talents and fiery enthusiasm of Vieyra, though backed by the strong personal influence which he was known to possess with Joam and his successor, were lost on people like these. One pathetic sermon, indeed, which he preached at Maranhão against Indian slavery, produced some temporary effect, and a few vain measures of limitation and alleviation to evils which ought not to have been tolerated in the smallest degree; but in general, if the Jesuits were troublesome, the mob rose to murder, or the local government interfered to confine them; while all the laws which they were able to procure in favour of the savages, inadequate as those laws were, were rendered still more nugatory by the judges who administered them, or by the interested and inhuman jealousy of the other religious orders, who contrived to get themselves associated with the Jesuits in the administration of the *Aldeas*, or establishment in which the converted savages were to reside.

It is plain, indeed, from many circumstances, that the court of Lisbon was by no means so sure of its colonies as to venture to carry any measure into execution of which those colonies did not approve. In raising the ransom which the Dutch were to receive, as well as a certain proportion of the Infanta's dowry on her marriage with Charles the Second of England, not only the form, but the spirit of a true government was manifested, and the matter was debated by the 'Good men of the council,' 'according to law and custom,' 'in the presence and with the consent of the people.' 'This,' as Mr. Southey observes, 'is curious language in the history of a Portuguese colony;' and when we add to this fact, the repeated appointments of a tribunitial power in the office of 'Juiz do Povo,' we may well agree with him that the temper of these countries has been by no means unfavourable to civil freedom, and that 'Portugal and Brazil, to obtain a full relief from all their political grievances, have only to remove the abuses under the filth and rubbish of which their wise laws and old liberties are smothered.' The misfortune is, that to clean and repair a rusty machine

machine is a work, for the most part, far less easy than to destroy it entirely, in the hope, or with the design, of substituting something different in its room. Those who benefit by existing abuses cry out as loudly against their removal, in however cautious a manner it is attempted, as they could do against the utter destruction of the fabric; and a gradual amelioration is equally far from answering the views of the admirers of novelty, or seekers after mischief, who hate all old establishments alike, whether good or evil, or who desire innovation for no other reason than a hope of benefiting themselves in the scramble. It is strange how much it would be in the power of a Portuguese king or minister to effect for the good of his people, and the definition and eventual confirmation of his own legislative power, by the mere renewal of ancient forms, and the rejection of modern, very modern abuses. But that a king or minister of Portugal should either be enabled to see his interests in this their only true light; or, having seen them, to maintain his power a sufficient time to carry his views into effect, is an event rather to be wished for than expected; while, of all the fates which can threaten Portugal or Brazil, such a revolution as was lately attempted in the northern provinces of this latter country, is that which is most to be deprecated. Among the leaders of that revolution were some men of exalted minds, and patriotism unsuspected; but it is one of the greatest curses which despotism and superstition entail on those countries where they have long triumphed, that even those great minds, by whom the prevalent abuses are perceived, are not able to separate those abuses from the great principles of order and religion, of which they usurp and degrade the titles. They detest monarchy, because it is only offered to their notice as a devouring plague; they abhor Christianity, because they are acquainted with no other system than that Babel of idolatry and cruelty which has wearied their youth, and kept their riper years in bondage: and it is the natural consequence of an Index Expurgatorius, which alike excludes works of rational science and works of impiety, to raise the latter to the same level with the former, and thus tend, by its unavailing restrictions, to corrupt more deeply the few who seek for knowledge beyond the narrow limits of their own communion. The proceedings of the insurgents in Spanish America have been little qualified to induce us to think them ripe for independence; and in Pernambuco (we speak from accurate information) it was only the interposition of an Englishman resident in the country, which prevented the city, during the short government of the liberals, from rivalling jacobin France in its scenes of extravagance and blood. From such emancipators nothing good ever has proceeded, or ever can proceed; and we fear that the hope of reformation, either in Brazil or its mother-

mother-country, can only be safely committed to the slow efficacy of time, and of that increasing intimacy with England, which will inevitably make both nations love and respect each other, and will supply the Portuguese with the best, the safest, and most practical models of improvement and liberty.

The rest of Mr. Southey's volume is occupied with the comparatively obscure and uninteresting, but necessary details of the domestic annals of the several colonies; the differences which now first arose, and have never terminated, between the Portuguese and Spaniards respecting their boundaries towards the Plata; and the premature and abortive attempt at rebellion, set on foot by one Beckman, a colonist of Maranhão, of foreign extraction, but himself a native of Lisbon, and quelled by the wisdom, courage, and generosity of Gomes Freyre, one of Mr. Southey's principal favourites, and one of the best and greatest men, of one of the best and ablest families, that either Portugal or Europe can boast. It is lamentable to reflect how the name has been tarnished by their descendants! For the character of Gomes himself the following anecdote speaks more than the most formal eulogium. On the eve of Beckman's execution, after he had exerted remarkable talent in subduing, and no less mercy in labouring to preserve his forfeited life, he received a visit from the wife and the two unmarried daughters of the criminal.

‘They were in mourning, with their hair loose, and they fell and embraced his knees. When the wife could sufficiently repress her sorrow to speak intelligibly, she said she was not come to entreat for her husband's life, because she knew that if it had been in the governor's power to spare him, he would do it without entreaties; but she came to present two orphans to his compassion, and to beseech that he would send them to Portugal, in the ship which was about to sail, that they might be taken into his house, and wait upon his wife and daughters, and thus preserve their honour: for in Maranhão, where wealth was more esteemed than birth or virtue, destitute as they now were, and regarded as the children of one who suffered death upon a gallows would be, their situation would be deplorable indeed! The unhappy girls themselves seconded this wretched petition, praying that he who in his public capacity made them orphans, would, as an individual and a Christian, so far supply the place of their father, as to grant them an asylum in his own family, even as slaves. The situation was singularly tragic, nor would such an appeal have been made to Gomes Freyre if he had been a man of ordinary character. He promised to serve them in the best manner he could, and dismissed them with an assurance which they could not doubt, from the emotion which he discovered. Accordingly, when Beckman's property, being confiscated, was put up to sale, he at his own private expense purchased the whole, and restored it immediately to the daughters, to be divided between them as their dower.’—p. 630.

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The volume concludes with a review of the progress which had been made in wealth and civilization, by the different Portuguese colonies, down to the year 1685. This account is far more favourable than might have been expected; so favourable, in truth, as to induce a suspicion, that from that time to the present century, Brazil rather retrograded than advanced in real and substantial prosperity. The government, indeed, or rather the want of government, was as calamitous at this time as at any subsequent period; and the natural effects of anarchy prevailed, if we believe Frezier, in all the horrors of assassination and unbridled licentiousness. The negroes smarted beneath the lash, and the Indians pined away under innumerable oppressions, while, in the utter absence of morality, superstition exhibited itself in its wildest and most disgusting forms. But the population was increasing rapidly, and the planters were thriving: strangers from all parts of the world were allowed and encouraged to trade and settle. Though the monks were valued in proportion to the tortures which they inflicted on their own bodies, (of which an almost incredible instance is given, p. 684, in the case of Joam d'Almeida,) they were not allowed to torture Jews and heretics; and 'the holy office,' though its introduction was frequently attempted, has never yet planted its bloody standard on the Brazilian soil. Vieyra the Jesuit, who was, in every instance, no less enlightened as a patriot than he was distinguished as an orator, a saint, and a philanthropist, had introduced, in extreme old age, the cultivation of those spices, of which Holland has since preserved the monopoly; and Charles the Second of England boasted that his brother-in-law, the king of Portugal, had the means in his power of ruining the Dutch. But about this time the great gold mines were discovered; the whole industry and attention of both people and government were turned to this dazzling prospect, from the surer gains of commerce and agriculture; strangers were excluded, or admitted with jealousy; and though Brazil has ever maintained a remarkable pre-eminence in prosperity and population over the neighbouring states of Spanish America, it has, certainly, as yet, by no means realized the promise which it held out in the times of Flecknoe and Frezier.

On the execution of the present volume, so far as Mr. Southey is himself concerned, very few remarks need be made. On his characteristic style, his numerous merits, and what, in the honest severity of criticism, we must still conceive his defects as an historian, we have already spoken, and the public are too well acquainted with his works, (though they have hardly, as yet, attained the degree of popularity to which they are entitled,) to require to be informed by us. His defects are, in some degree, incidental

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to the nature of the subject which he has chosen, in which unity of design is almost impossible, and which, from the vast extent, and remarkable independence of its several members on one another, becomes more naturally the work of a chronicler, than of that connecting and pervading glance which is the privilege of those who write the history of a single nation, a single hero, a single war. While, indeed, we recollect the life of Nelson, a small, but brilliant specimen of what, in history properly so called, Mr. Southey might accomplish, we have hardly been able to repress a murmur at the predilections which have detained him so long, amid the woods and wastes of Paraguay and Pernambuco, from the theme to which, of all men now living, he is best qualified to do justice—the deliverance of Spain by Wellington, and the hurried and eventful scenes of that Great Drama whose curtain fell at Waterloo.

ART. V. *Plan of Parliamentary Reform, in the form of a Catechism, with reasons for each Article; with an Introduction, shewing the necessity of radical, and the inadequacy of moderate Reform.* By Jeremy Bentham, Esq. pp. 400. London. 1817.

WE congratulate the public on the production of what has long been a desideratum in political science, a scientific and detailed plan of *radical* reform, conceived in contempt of all projects of a moderate kind, by one to whom the moderate reformers have decreed the palm of superior acuteness and comprehension of mind. It comes fresh and unadulterated from the author's own pen; an advantage which it is supposed his former productions did not possess. They are said to have passed through the hands of M. M. Dumont, a French writer, and must, if we may judge from this undiluted performance, have been very much weakened in the process.

Nothing can be more commendable than the modesty of Mr. Bentham, who, whilst professing but one kind of reform, does, in reality, present us with two; the latter recommended by his own example. This is no less than a reform in the English language which is practically illustrated in this book, with an effect which we despair of conveying properly to the comprehension of our readers. No detached quotations will give an adequate sample of the merits of Mr. Bentham in this new and peculiar branch of the great art of regeneration.

A well-known precursor of Mr. Bentham in the paths of reform, Mr. Horne Tooke, followed an opposite course to that which Mr. Bentham has so judiciously struck out. Horne Tooke, in a book professedly upon philology, most pertinently introduced his

his principles of parliamentary reform. Mr. Bentham, in a work of which the professed object is parliamentary reform, has availed himself of the occasion to introduce, incidentally, and without notice or alarm, the most extensive and salutary innovations in philological science. The Roman emperor of old, though absolute in the disposal of the lives and fortunes of the Roman citizens, could not naturalize a new word into the Latin language. Mr. Bentham is alike absolute in both provinces; and while he scatters all existing civil rights, and franchises, and institutions of Englishmen with one hand, with the other he implants into the English tongue, *annuality, trienniality, beneficialness, interest-comprehension, pleasurable-operating, potential-impermanence, competition-excluding, undangerousness, deceptiously-exidential, knowable, non-spuriousness, maximization, and minimization*, and various other simples and compounds of equal significance, which it may require no ordinary degree of '*appropriate intellectual aptitude*' to understand. It is delightful to think what an accession of strength is thus furnished to every patriotic writer or orator who has occasion to exercise his pen or his lungs in addressing the sovereign people.

To come to the professed object of Mr. Bentham's book—a reform in the Commons House of Parliament; for, as to the other two branches of our constitution, as the *corruptionists* call it, they are unworthy any other notice than a sneer. The idea of a mixed government, with powers counteracting each other when proceeding to excess, which our vulgar politicians call a balance of powers, is most happily ridiculed in the following passage. (p. 51.)

'Talk of *mixture*; yes, this *may* serve, and *must* serve: but then, the intrinsically noxious ingredient—the ingredients which must be kept in, though for no better reason than we are used to them, and being so used to them could not bear—(for who is there that could bear?) to part with them—these ingredients—of which the greater praise would be that they were inoperative—must not be in any such proportion of force as to destroy, or materially to impair, the efficiency of the only essentially useful one.

'Talk of *balance*, never will it do: leave that to Mother Goose and Mother Blackstone. Balance—balance—politicians upon roses—to whom, to save the toil of thinking on questions most wide in extent, and most high in importance—an allusion—an emblem—an any thing—so as it has been accepted by others, is accepted as conclusive evidence: what mean ye by this your balance? Know ye not, that in a machine of any kind, when forces *balance* each other, the machine is at a stand? Well, and in the machine of government, immobility—the perpetual absence of all motion—is that the thing which is wanted?'

Having destroyed the vulgar prejudices in favour of those antiquated institutions, monarchy and nobility, the next step is to the '*sole remedy in principle, democratic ascendancy*;' owing to the want of which, 'our present most prominent grievances' are in

existence, especially the quartering a military force on the frontiers of France. (p. 4.)

'The plains, or heights, or whatsoever they are, of *Waterloo*, will one day be pointed to by the historian as the grave—not only as the grave of French, but of English liberties. Not of France alone, but of Britain with her, was the conquest consummated in the Netherlands. Whatsoever has been done, and is doing in France, will be done in Britain. Reader, would you wish to know the lot designed for you, look to France, there you may behold it.

'The same causes will produce the same effects; the same great characters by which the monster of anarchy has so happily been crushed in France—by these same exalted persons will the same monster be crushed in Britain.

'There they are, our fifty thousand men, with the conqueror of French and English liberties, the protector of the Bourbons, the worthy vanquisher and successor of Buonaparte at the head of them. There they are; and, until every idea of good government, every idea of any thing better than the most absolute despotism, has been weeded out—once more as thoroughly weeded out by the Bourbons, as ever it was by Buonaparte—there it is that the whole of them, or whatsoever part may be deemed sufficient for the purpose, are destined to remain.'

It is impossible to avoid admiring the penetration which our author has discovered in this passage. Had '*the remedy in principle, the democratic ascendancy*,' existed at the period of Buonaparte's return from Elba, the fatal field of *Waterloo* would not have been the grave of liberty; nor would Wellington, the successor of that great man, have been able to keep the liberated French from liberating the rest of Europe, in the same manner as they had been doing it for the last twenty preceding years. Thus our 'present most prominent grievance' might have been avoided by the substitution of that 'simple remedy in principle, democratic ascendancy,' instead of what has been called the English Constitution. Verily, we believe that this is true; nay, we believe further, that as democratic ascendancy in France generated Buonaparte, this same democratic ascendancy in England would have produced characters analogous to that 'vanquisher of liberty' whom the Duke of Wellington subdued and, according to Mr. Bentham, has succeeded.

It is a singular fact that this Mr. Bentham, now decisively a radical, was himself only a moderate reformer till the year 1809. The mental process by which he became emancipated from darkness is described very copiously in page 106; and though the passage is too long for insertion, we recommend it to the perusal of all who wish to study the 'phenomena of mind,' contenting ourselves with transcribing the result of his 'reason, or, if that be too assuming, of his ratiocination, as elicited by severe and external pressure:—

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'Tranquillized,' (he says, p. 107,) 'by the persuasion—that although, by defalcation after defalcation, very considerable reductions were made in respect of *extent*, still no very determinate, and distinguishable defalcation might be made from the beneficent influence of the *universal-interest-comprehension principle*, and by every extension obtained, the way would be smoothed to any such ulterior extension, the demand for which should, in the continued application of that principle, guided by the experience of security, under the experienced degree of extension, have found its due support,—with little regret, considering the subject on a theoretical point of view, and altogether without regret, considering it with a view to *conciliation*, and in that in a practical point of view—thus it was that, without difficulty, I found I could accede to the extent indicated by the words *householders*, or *direct-tax-paying* householders; due regard being at the same time paid to the arrangements prescribed by the *simplification principle*.'

Thus, though this radical reformer would only equalize down to the householder, it is from deference to those of his associates, who may be less radical, whilst to those who are more so, and who tell him 'this is not any universal-suffrage plan; this is not even your own *virtually-universal-suffrage plan*; this is but the householder plan;' he very aptly replies, 'yes to be sure in name it is but the householder plan; though where a *pot* constitutes a house, how much narrower soever the *ground* of the right is, the right itself must be admitted to be a little more extensive.'

The author proceeds to inquire, if it be possible for the government to proceed in its course with the powers it at present possesses; and asks, in his exquisite language, the following precious questions:—

'Vast as it is, and poisonous as it is vast, will you so much as pledge yourselves to be content with your existing stock of panaceas? with your universal-personal-destroying security acts? with your universal gagging acts? with your liberty-of-the-press-destroying statutes, and judge-made-ex-post-facto laws? with your universal-popular-destroying-communication acts? with your petition-rejecting and hope-extinguishing decisions, and orders, and resolutions?' &c. &c. &c.

With these terrifying interrogations left to operate upon the fears of the corruptionists, we proceed to a consideration from which, looking only to France, to Robespierre, to Danton, to Marat, and other worthies, we should have drawn conclusions somewhat different from our author; but we defer to his authority and applaud his precedents. If his system of *universal-interest-comprehension principle* were introduced, he contends that it would increase the interest of the aristocratic body, which he demonstrates by the following striking observations and queries, p. 118:—

'Look to the most populous of all populous boroughs! Look to Westminster! Number of electors, even many years back, not fewer

than seventeen thousand; swine not all of them indeed--the Dean and Chapter being of the number--not to speak of the Right Honourables and Honourables;--swine's flesh, however, predominate--abundantly predominate: swinish the characters of the vast majority of that vast multitude.

* Well then, look to Westminster--look first to time present--see now what you have there. See you not Lord Cochrane? What do you see there? See you not blood and property in one? Blood from ancestors--property from the source most prized, the source from whence all your oldest property sprung--enemies' blood, with plunder for the fruit of it? See you not Sir Francis Burdett? Have you not there blood enough and property enough? Look now a little back; before you had either Cochrane or Burdett had you not Charles Fox? Had you not him as long as the country had him?

* Even within this twelvemonth, when a vacancy was apprehended, what sort of a man was it that was looked to for the filling of it? Was it a man *of* and *from* the people? Was it Cobbett with his penmanship, his sixty thousand purchasers, and his ten times sixty thousand readers? Was it the *Henry Hunt* with his oratory? Was it not *Cartwright* of the *Cartwrights of Northamptonshire*? Was it not (was it!) 'Brougham of Brougham'?

* Look at Bristol, the next most populous city:--when a man was looked for, who should, if possible, stem the tide of corruption, that tide which so naturally flows so strong in maritime and commercial cities--who is it that was looked for? Was it the Spa Fields' orator? Did he not try and fail? Was it not Sir Samuel Romilly?--And though the blood he had came from the wrong side of the channel, and with a something in it too nearly allied to Puritanism to be relished by *legitimacy*, yet (not to speak of the swinish elements, which are of no value but in Utopia) blood, such as it was, there was in him--blood? Yes--and property too--though, whether then as now *savouring of the reality*, let others, who know, say to sanction it.

* Look to the most populous among boroughs: look to *Liverpool*. When the same pestilential tide was hoped to be stemmed at Liverpool, who is it that great commercial port and borough called in to stem it? Was it the Cobbett?--Was it the Spa Fields' orator? Here too was it not Brougham of Brougham?

This tendency, however, is far from being grateful to our author's feelings. He reluctantly acquiesces in a propensity which he fears cannot be rooted out of human nature till that nature be transformed: until the transformation, he thinks we shall 'look wide of the true mark, and accept, in lieu of the only true and direct elements of '*appropriate aptitude*,' those supposed circumstantially but '*deceptively evidentiary*' ones, *blood, property*, and, if you please, *connexion*.'

Our author, we firmly believe, may dismiss these apprehensions. By adopting his plans, this regretted attachment to blood, property and connexion would soon cease; and the desired transformation in
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the character of our populace be accelerated; and we are further persuaded that neither the moderate reformers, (as he is pleased to consider them,) 'Cochrane and Burdett,' (the familiarity is not ours but the author's,) nor 'old Cartwright of the old Cartwrights,' nor 'Brougham of Brougham,' nor 'Sir Samuel' of Romilly, nor 'the Sheridan of Sheridans' himself (p. cccxxii.) if he were still living, and supporting (which, so far as we know, he never did, when alive) 'annuality of parliaments, and universality of suffrage'—would have any chance in competition with the Cobbetts and the Hunts, with the Hones and the Woolers,—or with the embryo statesmen of St. Giles's or Field Lane.*

Our author traces, from the earliest dates, the right of the people of England to universal suffrage. Blackstone, indeed, thinks that those in a state of villinage, the majority of the people, were not admitted to the county-court, and consequently had no votes; but it is needless to shew that the authority of Mr. Bentham must be greater with all true reformists than that of 'Mother Blackstone.'

The right of the female sex to give their votes and the voting by ballot are justified on the practice of the East India Company. But we confess Mr. Bentham appears to us to sink into something little better than a moderate reformer, when he proposes to apply the corrupt regulations of a monopolizing corporation to the choice of representatives for the sovereign people. Much rather should we have expected him to contend that as all government which is not founded on the rule of three is an usurpation on the rights of the people governed, the suffrages of the people of India ought to be exercised in the choice of directors;—that the ballotting-box should be circulated among the various castes in the Indian peninsula.

Of the utter delusiveness and inadequacy of *moderate Reform*,—not of any one plan of such reform only, but of all such plans put together, and carried at one sweep, our author hesitates not to pronounce his decided conviction—thus

'Sec. 16. Moderate Reform—its arrangements—their inadequacy.

'Comprized or comprizable under the denomination of moderate Reform what the arrangements which at different times have been proposed.

'The inadequacy and little less than uselessness of them, even on

* We must notice an advantage of reform which has escaped the optics of former writers. By the 'democratic ascendancy,' the cultivation of virtue will become unnecessary, since it will be spontaneously produced.'—(note, p. 29.)

'Of democracy, it is among the peculiar excellencies, that to good government in this form nothing of virtue, in so far as *self-denial* is an ingredient in virtue, is necessary. Such is the case where the precious plant stands alone: no *Upar-tree*, no clump of *Manchineal-trees* to overhang it. But in the spot in question (in Westminster) still live and flourish in conjunction both those emblems of misrule. Here there was, and still is, and will continue to be, a real demand for virtue; and here has the demand proved, as Adam Smith would say, an effectual one.'

the supposition of their being *all of them brought forward together*, and comprized in one proposal and carried into effect.

'Much more the inadequacy of them taken singly or in any number less than the whole.

'Such are the *sub-topics* destined for consideration in the present section.'—p. cclxix.

Unhappily for Mr. Bentham, (though happily enough, perhaps, for the rest of the world,) he finds a great combination of opinions and of interests arrayed against his '*radical*' system;—first, the '*Tories*'—secondly, the '*Whigs*'—thirdly, the '*People's men*'—fourthly, the '*Country Gentlemen*' in a body.

'Annoying—lamentably annoying—would all these several innovations be to the *Tories*—little less so, would they be to the *Whigs*.—Sole difference the difference between possession and expectancy.'—p. cccxiii.

On this '*right-and-left-hand-complimentive-distribution*' and '*pretty-general-civility-proposition*' principle, Mr. Bentham proceeds, through abundance of pages, to bow out of the ranks of reform all known classes and descriptions of mankind, till he leaves as '*radicals*' no greater number than he could himself superintend (with a moderate length of lash to his whip) from the '*rotatory-round-about*' of his own panopticons.

Upon the *Tories*, however, he wastes few more of his long-tailed compounds; well knowing that the *Tories* are not likely to be confounded with his flock, and to run away with any of the merit of his theories; but with regard to the *Whigs*, he thinks it necessary to be more particular, lest some of their sham projects of reform should blind any well-meaning persons to their real, intrinsic character, as '*renegadoes*' and '*hunters of corruption*.'

'Note,' says this sagacious but unrelenting expositor of whiggism, 'that from their giving in the first instance the support of their votes to a proposed arrangement of reform, it follows not by any means that *Honourable Gentlemen* have the smallest liking to it, or any the slightest intention to continue their support of it: even from *speeches*, nay, even from *motions*—in support of it neither, can conclusions in affirmation of inward favour and intentions be drawn with any certainty; for by maturer reflection operating upon intervening experience further, and true lights shewing the falsity of the lights by which they had at first been guided—original deviations from the path of consummate wisdom lie at all times open to correction. Witness EARL GREY, and LORD ERSKINE, and MR. TIERNEY, &c. On these occasions, as on all occasions, one object at least, if not the *only* object, is—to make a display of numbers, and thus strike terror into ministerial bosoms. That object accomplished or abandoned, the expedient has, well or ill, performed its office, and like a sucked orange, is ripe for being cast aside.'—p. cccxx.

In this good company, and amidst these 'humorous-reflection-exciting' remarks, we willingly take leave of Mr. Bentham;—observing only, that when he accuses the Whigs in general of 'sucking' their 'Reform Orange and throwing it away,' he ought, in candour, to have acknowledged that there are not wanting some among them who have manifested a disposition to pick up their sucked orange, to blow it, if possible, into shape, and to suck it over again for the amusement of the radical reformers. Such an experiment will be highly edifying; and Mr. Bentham will no doubt be thankful for so striking an illustration of his whiggological theories.

But enough and more than enough of Mr. Jeremy Bentham—to whom we bid farewell, in exceeding good humour with him for the 'never-to-be-sufficiently-applauded' ridicule, 'the-altogether-involuntarily-absurd' colouring which he has bestowed upon the cause of radical reform. It is with no 'bad-design-imputing,' no 'bad-motive-imputing,' still less with 'a bad-character-imputing' intention that we exhort him to proceed in the good works which he has so well begun. We do not indeed promise him to read any more of his productions: for we already know the Reformers pretty well; and should consider the wasting of any more time upon the elucidation of their projects and principles, as what Mr. Bentham emphatically calls 'a maximizing of barren days.'

Above all things we exhort Mr. Bentham to cultivate diligently the style which he has so judiciously employed in the discussion of these interesting matters,—a style not only 'appropriately apt,' but individually exclusive.

*'Savez-vous pourquoi JEREMIE
Se lamentoit toute sa vie?
N'étoit-il parce qu'il prévoyoit
Que POMPIGNAN le tradueroit?'*

The modern Jeremy, though sufficiently querulous, has not the same ground of apprehension to justify his lament. He may be read, quoted, and admired; but he may defy a whole legion of Pompignans to translate him. Genius delights in recondite analogies; and amidst all his inventions, Mr. Bentham never hit upon a happier one than that of adopting the language of Babel as the proper vehicle for the doctrines of political confusion.

ART. VI. *Relation Historique du Voyage de MM. de Humboldt et Boupland.* Tome premier, Seconde Partie, contenant les Feuilles 45 à 81, la Table des Matières et l'Errata. 4to. Paris. 1817.

THE undisguised and candid opinion, which we ventured to pronounce on the blemishes and the excellencies of a small portion of the Baron de Humboldt's literary labours, will have been

taken, we trust, in the light they were meant, by this intelligent traveller. As we always felt, so have we no hesitation to declare, a sincere respect for the talent and various qualifications of M. de Humboldt; at the same time it would be uncandid to conceal our opinion, that, both as a philosopher and a writer, he has his faults; the most prominent of which perhaps are, a too great fondness in the one, for generalization, or of grouping a small number of facts into systems; and, in the other, of mixing up the details and minutæ of scientific observations with the general narrative.

Having thus narrowed our objections to two points, we cheerfully offer the praise to which he is justly entitled for ardent zeal, determined perseverance, and unwearied research; to these we may add, a warmth of feeling and a force of imagination, which, if education and early habit had not controuled her purpose, and converted the possessor into a philosopher, nature evidently intended to form the poet. No writer knows better than M. de Humboldt how to seize a subject and exhibit it in the most striking points of view; and, by a happy faculty of grouping, or contrasting, the meanest and the most familiar objects, to give to them an interest to which, separately considered, they could have no pretension. He is well acquainted too with the art of *keeping*, and of giving to his pictures the proper distribution of light and shade; but, at the same time, he is what the artists would call, and what every good artist himself is, a mannerist. His great merit, however, is that of seeing every thing, and leaving nothing unsaid of what he sees;—not a rock nor a thicket, a pool or a rivulet—nay, not a plant nor an insect, from the lofty palm and the ferocious alligator, to the humble lichen and half-animated polypus, escapes his scrutinizing eye; and they all find a place in his book.

It has been remarked, that the books written by old travellers are generally more amusing than those of the moderns. The reason is sufficiently obvious: travellers of the present day have, for the most part, a smattering of science, or are at least acquainted with some branch of physical knowledge. To such writers every new object of discovery will afford matter for description; and if they happen, like M. de Humboldt, to be familiar with every department of science, the narrative of their travels naturally becomes a series of memoirs. But the old traveller, having no science, had no such temptations; he describes only the most striking objects, loosely enough, it must be confessed, but he describes them just as they appeared to him, unfettered by system; and men and manners are painted to the life in the same free and familiar style.

What we now take up is, in the French edition, the concluding part of the first volume of the '*Personal Narrative*,' and will be the

the third and fourth volumes of the English translation. In the former part, it may be recollected, we left our travellers, Messrs. de Humboldt and Bonpland, at Cumana; in this now under review, we are conducted to the mountains of New Andalusia; to the missions of the Chaymas Indians; to La Guayra, and thence to the Caraccas; at all of which, and in the various excursions into the mountains and forests, the valleys and caverns, the convents and villages, objects and observations of considerable interest and importance are brought forward, and described with a vigour of language and a glow of eloquence which, unless now and then chastened by the sober severity of a philosophical remark, or a mathematical result, would almost lead the reader to conceive himself transported into the regions of faery. If, however, as we think we perceive, M. de Humboldt is sometimes more florid than in the former part of his 'Personal Narrative,' he is certainly less excursive; and, we may add, less disposed to theory: whether this be owing to any new view which he has taken of the subject, or to the expediency of crowding a greater number of facts into a given space, it is at any rate an improvement, which neither the author nor the reader will have occasion to regret.

It was on the 4th of September that our travellers recommenced their tour, and, leaving Cumana, directed their steps towards that group of elevated mountains which crosses the province of New Andalusia:—

'After a journey of two hours, we reached the foot of the lofty chain of the interior mountains, which runs from east to west, from the Brigantine to the Cerro de San Lorenzo. Here new species of rocks commence, and, with them, a new aspect of vegetation. Every thing here assumes a more majestic and picturesque character. The ground, watered by springs, is intersected in all directions. Trees, of a gigantic height, and covered with creepers, shoot up in the ravines; their bark, blackened and burned by the two-fold action of light and atmospheric oxygen, forms a contrast with the vivid green of the Pothos and *Dracontium*, the leather-like and glossy leaves of which frequently shoot out to the length of several feet. The parasitical Monocotyledons, between the tropics, may be said to occupy the place of the mosses and the lichens of our northern zone. As we proceeded, the mountains, both by their shape and grouping, brought to our recollection the scenery of Switzerland and the Tyrol. Upon these Alps of America, even at considerable heights, we met with the *Heliconia*, the *Costus*, the *Maranta*, and others of the cane family; while, near the coast, the same plants delight only in low and swampy situations. It is thus, that, by an extraordinary similarity, in the torrid zone, as in the North of Europe, under the influence of an atmosphere continually loaded with fog, as upon a soil moistened by melting snow, the vegetation of mountains presents all the characteristic features of that of marshy places.'—
p. 357.

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The cabins of the Mestees, in the ravines of Los Frailes, were placed in the midst of an inclosure containing bananas, papayas, sugar-cane and mays. One would be surprized, says M. de Humboldt, at the small extent of these cleared spots, if one did not reflect that an acre, planted with banana-trees, yields nearly twenty times the quantity of aliment which the same space would give if sown with grain. In Europe, the farinaceous grasses necessary for the food of man cover a vast extent of country, and the cultivators are necessarily brought in contact with each other. In the torrid zone, where man can avail himself of those vegetables which yield most abundantly and rise most rapidly, it is just the reverse. In those happy climates, (which, however, have their full share of misery in other respects,) the fertility of the soil corresponds with the heat and the humidity of the atmosphere; and a numerous population finds abundant subsistence within a narrow space. Hence, in the neighbourhood of the most populous cities of equinoctial America, the surface of the earth is bristled with forests, or covered with a thick sward which the ploughshare has never divided; plants of spontaneous growth predominate by their luxuriance and their masses over those that are cultivated, and determine the character and the aspect of the country.

Our travellers ascended the group of mountains which separate the coast from the vast plains or savannas bordering on the Orinoco; to one part of which has been given the name of 'The Impossible,' because it is supposed that this crest would secure the inhabitants of America against the incursion of an enemy who might land at Cumana; yet the cultivators of the plains transport by this route their provisions, dressed skins, and cattle to that port. On the slope of this mountain grows the Cuspa, a plant still unclassified by the botanists of Europe, though well known of late years by the name of Cascarilla, or the Quinquina of New Andalusia, from the eminent quality of its bark as a febrifuge. M. de Humboldt considers it not a little remarkable, that during their long sojourn on the coasts of Cumana and the Caraccas, their residence on the banks of the Apura, the Orinoco and the Rio Negro, a tract of territory embracing an extent of forty thousand square leagues, they should not have met with a single plant of the numerous species of *Chincona* or *Exostema*, which are peculiar to the low and heated regions of the tropics, above all to the archipelago of the Antilles;—a circumstance, M. de Humboldt observes, which would lead to the belief that the mountainous islands of the Antilles and the Cordilleras of the Andes have their particular Floras, and that they possess groups of vegetables which have not passed either from the islands to the continent, or from South America to the coasts of New Spain.

‘ When

‘When a traveller, just arrived from Europe, penetrates, for the first time, into the forests of South America, nature presents herself under an aspect quite unlooked for. The surrounding objects recal but a faint remembrance of the pictures traced by writers of celebrity on the banks of the Mississippi, in Florida, and in the other temperate regions of the New World. He is sensible, at every step, that he is not on the borders, but in the centre of the torrid zone; not on one of the islands of the Antilles, but on a vast continent, where every thing is gigantic,—mountains, rivers, and the whole mass of the vegetable creation. If he takes delight in the beauties of rural scenery, he finds himself at a loss to define the nature of his mingled feelings. He is unable to distinguish that which most excites his wonder,—whether the deep stillness of the wilderness, the individual beauty and contrast of the forms of objects, or that freshness and grandeur of vegetable life, which characterize tropical climates. The plants with which the earth is overburdened may be said to want room for their developement. The trunks of trees are every where concealed under a thick carpet of verdure; and if one could carefully transplant the families of the Orchis, the Piper, and the Pothos, which draw their nourishment from a single Courbaril, or fig-tree of America, (*Ficus Gigantea*), one might be able to cover with them a very extensive spot of ground. By this singular grouping, forests and the sides of rocks and mountains enlarge the dominion of organic nature. The same creeping plants which run along the ground climb to the tops of trees, and pass from one to another at the height of more than a hundred feet. It is thus that the continual intertwining of parasitical plants often leads the botanist to confound the flowers, fruits, and foliage belonging to different species.’—p. 370.

The road from hence to San Fernando was bordered by a species of bamboo (*Bambusa Guadua*) growing to the height of more than forty feet. Nothing can be compared with the elegance of this arborescent gramineous plant. The form and disposition of its leaves give to it a character of lightness which contrasts agreeably with its vast height; and our author thinks, that of all the vegetable forms of the tropical regions, that of the bamboo and of the fern-tree are those which strike most forcibly the imagination of the traveller. This arundinaceous genus affords an anomaly of which many examples, we suspect, will be found in the new theory of the geography of plants. ‘One would say,’ observes our author, ‘that the western slope of the Andes was their true country; yet, what is sufficiently remarkable, we have found them not only in the low regions on a level with the ocean, but also in the high vallies of the Cordilleras, even at an elevation of 860 toises.’

The Mission of San Fernando, by the regularity of the town, the uniformity of the buildings, the sober and silent air of the inhabitants, and the extreme neatness of the houses, recalled to the recollection of our travellers the establishments of the Moravian brethren; and this is saying not a little in their favour. Every
Indian

Indian family, besides its proper garden, assists in the cultivation of the common garden, *Conuco de la comunidad*; every adult of both sexes working therein one hour in the morning and one in the evening. The great square in the centre of the village contains the church, the dwelling of the missionary, and an humble edifice on which is bestowed the pompous appellation of *Casa del Rey*, the house of the king; a sort of caravansera intended to give shelter to travellers, and of infinite service in a country where the hotel or inn is utterly unknown. The following is the portrait of the good father of San Fernando.

‘The missionary of San Fernando was a Capuchin, a native of Arragon, very far advanced in years, but still vigorous and cheerful. His great corpulency, his sprightly disposition, and the interest which he took in battles and sieges, but ill accorded with the notion formed, in northern countries, of the melancholic abstraction and contemplative life of a missionary. Though closely busied with a cow which was to be slaughtered the next morning, the old monk yet received us with good humour; and gave us leave to sling our hammocks in a gallery of his house. Seated, without employment, during the chief part of the day, in a great arm-chair of red wood, he complained bitterly of what he termed the idleness and ignorance of his countrymen. He asked us a thousand questions concerning the real motive of our travels which to him seemed hazardous, and, at best, useless. Here, as on the Oronoco, we were harassed by that eager curiosity which, in the midst of the forests of America, Europeans retain respecting the wars and political storms of the Old World.

‘In other respects, our missionary appeared to be satisfied with his situation. He treated the Indians mildly; he saw his mission prosper; and he extolled with enthusiasm the water, the bananas, and the milk diet of the district. He smiled contemptuously at the sight of our instruments, books, and dried plants; and acknowledged, with a frankness peculiar to these climates, that, of all the enjoyments of life, not even excepting sleep, none was to be compared with the pleasure of eating good beef, *carne de vacca*: so true is it, that sensuality springs from the absence of mental occupation. Our host persuaded us repeatedly to visit the cow which he had just purchased; and the next day, at sun-rise, he insisted on our going to see the animal killed according to the custom of the country, namely, by cutting the hamstring, and then plunging a large knife between the vertebrae of the neck. Disgusting as the operation was, we learnt from it the expertness of the Chaymas Indians, who, eight in number, cut the beast into small joints in less than twenty minutes. The cow had cost but seven piastres, yet this seemed to be considered a very high price. The same day the missionary paid eighteen piastres to a soldier of Cumana, for bleeding him in the foot. This fact, of little apparent importance, strikingly proves how much, in wild, uncultivated countries, the value of commodities differs from that of labour.’—p. 374.

From San Fernando they passed through the village of Arenas,
famous

famous for having produced a labouring man, who, during the illness of his wife, brought up a child by giving it suck at his own breasts two or three times a day for five months, during which time it received no other food. Our travellers saw both the father and the son (the latter being at this time thirteen or fourteen years old) at Cumana, and also an authenticated account of the fact drawn up on the spot.

The little town of Cumanacoa, which they next reached, is situated on a plateau, whose elevation is about one hundred toises above the level of the sea, and at the distance of seven leagues from the port of Cumana; yet it seldom or never rains at the latter, while at the former there is a regular rainy season of seven months duration. The difference in the temperature both of day and night between the two places is very considerable. The plain of Cumanacoa is famous for its tobacco—a plant, as M. de Humboldt observes, whose use was spread over the greater part of America, whilst the potatoe was unknown, both in Mexico and the Antilles.—He might have added, that the tobacco plant had made the circuit of the globe before the potatoe in its slow progress had travelled eastward beyond Ireland, and before it had even crossed the Irish Channel. It is a singular fact, that in all the extent of territory traversed by Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland, they neither met with, nor could hear of, the potatoe growing in its native wildness; nor had it been discovered in any part of America till very recently, when the authors of the '*Flora Peruviana*' are said to have found the common species (*Solanum tuberosum*) growing in a wild state in the mountains of Chili, together with a new and edible species larger than the common one.

The two travellers visited next the caverns of Cuchivano, out of which jets of flame are said, of late years, to have issued more frequently than usual. The inhabitants were disposed to predict the same fatal consequences from these increasing flames, which followed a similar kind that burst from the ground near Cumana. M. de Humboldt mentions the shining light which had been observed from Chillo upon the summit of Cotopaxi, at a time when the mountain was in a state of perfect repose, and which he ascribes to the inflammation of hydrogen gas; he also notices the account given by the ancients of Mount Albanus near Rome, known at present by the name of Monte Cavo, which is said to have thrown out a flame during the night; but Albanus is a volcano burnt out, and became extinct at no very remote period of time. Nothing volcanic however appears in the vicinity of Cuchivano. We shall not attempt to follow M. de Humboldt in his conjectures and reasoning respecting the cause; but content ourselves with the mention of an instance which appears to afford an exact parallel with that of Cuchivano,

chivano, but which M. de Humboldt, in all probability, could not have heard of, as still existing in modern times. On the eastern coast of Lycia, and the western shore of the gulf of Adalia, a flame called *yanar* is seen to issue from an opening about three feet in diameter, in the side of a mountain, and in shape resembling the mouth of an oven. Captain Beaufort of the royal navy, when surveying this part of the coast of Karamania, visited the spot. The mountain, like that of Cuchivano, was calcareous, being composed of a crumbling serpentine rock, with loose blocks of limestone; there was not the least appearance of volcanic production; no tremor of the earth, no noises; neither stones, nor smoke, nor noxious vapours were emitted from the cavity, but a brilliant and perpetual flame issued forth, of an intense heat, and said to be inextinguishable by water: the remains of the walls which had formerly been built near the spot were scarcely discoloured; and trees, brushwood, and weeds grew close to this little crater, if so it might be called:—thus, for the first time, we believe, has the Chimera of the ancients been discovered, after a lapse of more than two thousand years, on the very spot where they invariably placed it; and after the very name had for ages become a sort of byword in all the languages of modern Europe, implying, according to Johnson, ‘a vain and wild fancy, as remote from reality as the existence of the poetical chimera.’

On the plateau of Cocollar, which our travellers crossed on their way to the mission of Guanaguana, they remained three days at the solitary habitation of a Spaniard, (who had accompanied them from Cumana,) no less delighted with the climate than the magnificent scenery around them.

‘Nothing can be compared (they say) with the sense of that majestic stillness produced by the appearance of the sky in this solitary spot. At night-fall, while our eye was ranging over those meadows which bound the horizon, over that gently undulated table-land covered with grass and herbs, we fancied we saw at a distance, as in the steppes of the Oronoco, the surface of the ocean supporting the starry canopy of heaven. The tree under which we sat, the luminous insects fluttering in the air, the constellations glittering in the south, every thing seemed to say that we were far from our native land. If, in the midst of this exotic nature, our ear caught, from the bottom of a valley, the tinkling of a cow-bell, or the roaring of a bull, the remembrance of our own country was forthwith awakened. It was like the echo of distant sounds from beyond the seas, transporting us by its magic power from one hemisphere to the other. Strange wandering of the human imagination! Endless source of enjoyment and of pain!’—398.

At Guanaguana they were received with the greatest civility by the old missionary. The village had not been established at this place more than thirty years, and as yet had no church. The good father,

ther, who during that period had been an inhabitant of the forests of America, observed, that the funds of the community, or the produce of the labour of the Indians, must first be employed in the construction of a house for the missionary, then for building the church, and, lastly, for clothing the Indians; and he gravely assured them that this order could not be departed from on any pretext; and the Indians, it seems, who fortunately prefer absolute nakedness to the lightest clothing, are by no means anxious for their turn to arrive. They had just finished the spacious dwelling of the *padre*, and 'we remarked,' says M. de Humboldt, 'with some surprise, that this house, the top of which terminated in a terrace, was ornamented with a great number of chimneys resembling so many turrets; this, our host said, was to recal to his recollection a country which was dear to him, and to remind him of the winters of Arragon in the midst of the heats of the torrid zone.'

The vallies of Guanaguana and Caripe are separated by a kind of dyke or calcareous ridge, well known by the name of Cuchilla de Guanaguana; and along this ridge our travellers proceeded by a path sometimes not more than fourteen or fifteen inches in width, with a precipice of seven or eight hundred feet deep on either side; but the mules were so sure-footed as to inspire the greatest confidence. It is the same with horses and other beasts of burden in these mountainous countries, and nothing is more common, says our author, than to hear the mountaineers observe, 'I shall not give you the easiest going mule, but that which reasons the best, *la mas racional*;' 'this popular expression,' he adds, 'dictated by long experience, combats the system of animal machines better perhaps than all the arguments of speculative philosophy.'

At the convent of Caripe they met with a numerous society; several young monks, recently arrived from Spain, were on the point of being distributed to the different missions, while the old and infirm missionaries were seeking convalescence in the keen and salubrious air of the mountains. M. de Humboldt was surprized to find the *Lettres Edifiantes*, and the *Traité d'Electricité de l'Abbé Nollet*, on the same shelf with the *Teatro Critico de Feijo*. A capuchin had brought out with him a Spanish translation of the *Chimie de Chaptal*, with an intent to study it in solitude; but I doubt, continues our traveller, whether this ardour for instruction will be lasting with a young devotee insulated on the banks of the *Rio Tigre*. He bears, however, honourable testimony to the liberal spirit of the Spanish missionaries. 'During our abode,' he says, 'in the convents and the Missions of America, we never experienced the slightest mark of intolerance. The monks of Caripe were not ignorant that I was born in the protestant part of Germany. Furnished with the orders of the court, I had no motive to conceal
from

from them this fact; yet at no time did any sign of distrust, any indiscreet question, any attempt at controversy, lessen the value of an hospitality bestowed with so much good breeding and frankness.'

An object of great curiosity was pointed out to our travellers at the head of the valley of Caripe; this was the grand *cueva*, or cavern of *Guacharo*. M. de Humboldt observes, that in a country where they love the marvellous, a cavern which gives birth to a river, and is inhabited by many thousands of nocturnal birds, the fat of which is employed in the Missions for dressing food, is an inexhaustible subject of conversation and discussion. There is nothing, however, very remarkable in this cavern, excepting its great length. The entrance is about eighty feet wide, by seventy-two high, and it preserves the same direction, the same width and nearly the same height for 1458 feet, which is said to be not one-half of its whole length. The luxuriance of the vegetation near the mouth gave to it a character which, in a less favoured climate, it would not have possessed; for, as our author very justly observes, it is with the openings of caverns as with the view of cascades, the character of the local scenery and of the surrounding country constitutes the principal charm. The bird of night which inhabits the Cueva de Guacharo is more curious than the cavern. It is a new genus, nearly allied to that of *Caprimulgus*, to which M. de Humboldt has given the significant name of *Steatornis*.

'It is difficult to form an idea of the frightful noise made by thousands of these birds in the dark part of the cavern. It can be compared only to that of our crows, which, in the fir forests of the north, live in society, and build their nests in trees which meet at the top. The shrill and piercing tones of the Guacharo reverberate from the arched roof, and echo repeats them in the depths of the cavern. The Indians, by fixing torches to the end of a long pole, pointed out to us the nests of these birds; they were fifty or sixty feet above our heads, in funnel-shaped holes, with which the whole roof of the grotto is riddled. The noise increased with our advance, and with the alarm of the birds at the flare of our copal torches. When it ceased for a few minutes around us, we heard distant moans from other branches of the cavern. The different flocks might be said to give alternate responses.

'The Indians go once a year into the Cueva del Guacharo, about midsummer, furnished with poles, with which they destroy the greater part of the nests. At this time many thousand birds are killed, and the old ones, as if to protect their broods, hover over the heads of the Indians, uttering the most dreadful shrieks. The young that fall to the ground are ripped open immediately. The peritoneum is thickly loaded with an unctuous substance, and a layer of fat runs from the abdomen to the anus, forming a kind of cushion between the bird's thighs. This abundance of fat in frugivorous animals not exposed to the light, and having few muscular motions, reminds us of the inclination to obesity long
observed

observed in geese and oxen. We know how very much darkness and repose favour this process. European birds of night are meagre, because, instead of feeding on fruit, like the Guacharo, they live on the scanty produce of the chase. At the period commonly termed the *oil harvest*, the Indians construct little habitations of palm leaves close to the opening, and even in the mouth of the cavern. We saw some remains of such still standing. Here, over a fire of dry sticks, the grease of the young birds just killed is melted and run into pots of white clay. This grease, known by the name of Guacharo butter, or oil, (*manteca* or *aceite*,) is semi-liquid, transparent, and inodorous; and so pure, that it may be kept more than a twelvemonth without becoming rancid. At the Convent of Caripe, no oil but that of the cavern was used in the monks' kitchen, and we never found it give to the dish either a disagreeable taste or smell.—p. 418.

The rest of the chapter is employed in a dissertation on the nature and origin of caverns, and on geological discussions which would occupy too much space, were we to indulge in a critical examination of them: we proceed, therefore, with our travellers to the mountain and forest of Santa Maria, the splendour and magnificence of the vegetation of which are described with the glow and enthusiasm of a poet as well as botanist. Here almost the whole fern tribe assumes the form and magnitude of trees; and here five new arborescent species of this cryptogamous plant were discovered, while, in the time of Linnæus, botanists were acquainted with four only on the two continents.

Fern-trees are observed to be generally much more rare than palms; nature having confined them to mild, humid, and shady situations. They shun the vertical rays of the sun; and, whilst the Pumos, the Corypha of the steppes, and others of the palm tribe of America, delight in the open burning plains, these arborescent ferns, which, viewed afar off, look like palms, retain the characteristics and habits of cryptogamous plants. They prefer solitude, twilight, and a moist, temperate, and stagnant atmosphere. If occasionally they descend toward the coast, it is only under the safeguard of a dense shade. The old trunks of the Cyathea and Meniscium are coated with a coal-like powder which (free, perhaps, from hydrogen) has a metallic lustre like graphite. No other species of vegetation presented this phenomenon; for the trunks of the Dicotyledons, notwithstanding the fierce heat of the climate, and the intensity of the light, are not blackened so much between the tropics as in the temperate zone. The trunks of the ferns, which, like the Monocotyledons, increase in bulk by the remains of the petioles, may be said to commence their decay towards the centre, and that, being deprived of cortical vessels, by which the elaborated juices descend to the roots, they are more readily charred by the oxygen of the atmosphere. I brought to Europe specimens of these lustrous metallic powders, taken from very old trunks of Meniscium and Aspidium.

As we progressively descended the mountain of Santa Maria, we
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found the ferns diminish, and the number of palms increase. The beautiful large-winged butterflies, the *Nymphalæ*, which fly to an amazing height, became more frequent. Every thing announced our approach to the coast, and to a zone of which the mean temperature, in the day time, is from 28 to 30 centigrade degrees.'—pp. 437, 438.

The Mission of Catuaro was situated in a wild and romantic country: lofty trees of the native forest still surrounded the church; and tigers prowled by night, to carry off the hogs and poultry of the Indians. The curate is described as a doctor in theology, a little meagre man, of a petulant vivacity, querulous, dissatisfied, and possessed of an unhappy passion for what he called metaphysics. His notions of the innate wickedness of the Negroes, and the benefits which they derived from this state of slavery among the Christians, were somewhat different from those of our author.

'The mildness of the Spanish laws cannot be denied, when we compare them with the Black Code of most other nations which have possessions in the two Indias. But such is the condition of those negroes, who are insulated in spots which are hardly cleared, that justice, far from protecting them during their lives, has no power to punish even acts of barbarity that have caused their death. If an inquiry be instituted, the slave's death is attributed to ill-health, to the influence of a moist and fiery climate, or to the wounds which he has received, but which are declared to have been at first neither deep nor dangerous. The civil authority has no controul over what concerns domestic slavery; and nothing can be a greater mockery than the highly vaunted effect of those laws, which prescribe the shape of the whip and the number of lashes allowed to be inflicted *at one time*. Those who have not lived in the colonies, or who have dwelt only in the West India islands, generally imagine, that the master's interest in the preservation of his slaves must render their life more comfortable, in proportion to the smallness of their number; yet, even at Cariaco, a few weeks before my arrival in the province, a planter who possessed but eight negroes, caused the death of six, by flogging them in the most barbarous manner; thus wilfully destroying the greater part of his property. Two of the slaves expired on the spot. He embarked with the other four, who appeared more robust, for the port of Cumana; they died in the passage. This cruel deed had been preceded, the same year, by another, the circumstances of which were equally revolting. Enormous crimes like these are perpetrated almost with impunity: the spirit that dictated the laws is not that which presides over the execution of them. The governor of Cumana was an upright and humane man; but the forms of justice are laid down, and the governor's power does not extend to a reformation of abuses inherent in almost every system of European colonization.'—pp. 443, 444.

On the arrival of our travellers at Cariaco, they found a great proportion of its inhabitants confined to their hammocks by intermitting fevers, which M. de Humboldt satisfactorily accounts for
from

from its situation. Lemonade, with infusions of the *Scoparia dulcis*, is usually given, and sometimes the *Cuspare*, or *Quinquina Angosturæ*. M. de Humboldt regrets the unhealthy state of this little spot, as many of its inhabitants appeared to possess more easy manners, and more enlarged ideas than those of any other place which he had yet visited. There seemed to prevail a marked predilection for the government of the United States; and here, for the first time, the name of Washington was mentioned with a kind of enthusiastic warmth—there was a restless and dissatisfied disposition, but nothing escaped them that was hostile or violent towards the mother-country; their longing after some future good appeared to be ardent, but took no determined direction: they were not happy, and yet appeared not to know why they should be otherwise. M. de Humboldt seems to think, that there is a moment in the conflict of the colonies, as in almost all popular commotions, when governments, if they are not blind to the course of human events, may, by a wise and provident moderation, restore the equilibrium and appease the storm. That moment we suspect has passed away; and the final issue of the struggle between the physical force of the mother-country and the moral tendency of the colonies towards emancipation is now in fearful arbitration.

Whole plantations of the cocoa-tree are to be met with in the Gulph of Cariaco; it is the olive of the country. The sea air seems indeed to be necessary to its growth; and M. de Humboldt says, that, in the Missions on the Oronoco, when they plant the cocoa-tree, a certain quantity of salt is always thrown into the hole which receives the nut; this intelligent traveller further observes, that, among the plants cultivated by man, there are but the sugar-cane, the plantain, the *mammea*, and the alligator-pear, which have the property of the cocoa, equally enduring to be irrigated with fresh and salt water.—Yet, our city agriculturists appear solicitous, at the simple sacrifice of a million and a half of established revenue, to enable the speculative farmer to salt his wheat and potatoe grounds—in other words, to put the two great staples of human subsistence to hazard, that the poor may season the beef and mutton which, in this case, they are not likely to get, more cheaply.

The ninth chapter, which treats of the physical constitution and the manners of the Chaymas, and of the people who inhabit New Andalusia, contains a sober, sensible, and well arranged view of the different tribes of people, and the dialects made use of in this part of the New World; and we are pleased to find, that those fanciful theories of the derivation of languages, from some slight similarity in the construction or composition of a few words, are now treated with as little ceremony by M. de Humboldt himself as, in a former

Article, we felt ourselves authorized to treat some hasty speculations of this gentleman on the same subject. The analogy of a few scattered points of resemblance is no proof, he now admits, that they belong to the same stock; and, in fact, what would be thought of a philologist who should maintain the common origin of the language of the Incas and of the Hindoos, because he found, after minute investigation, three nearly corresponding words in the two languages—*intai*, *munay*, *veypul*, in that of the former, and *indrê*, *munya*, *vipulo*, in that of the latter, signifying, respectively, *the sun*; *love*; *great*? The whole of this chapter is highly interesting, but our limits will not allow us to do it that justice which it deserves; and we must therefore content ourselves with extracting only the concluding paragraph. In speaking of the two great divisions of the people of the New World into the whites, which are the Esquimaux, and the copper-coloured, which include all the rest of this vast continent, he observes:—

‘Those nations which have white skins begin their cosmogony with white men; according to them, negroes and dark-coloured people have been blackened or embrowned by the intense heat of the sun. This theory, adopted by the Greeks, though not without opposition, has descended to our own times. Buffon has repeated in prose what Theodectes said in verse two thousand years before, “that nations wear the livery of the climates they inhabit.” If history had been penned by negroes, they would have maintained, what Europeans themselves have latterly advanced, that man was originally black, or of a deep olive colour; that he became white in some races, by civilization and progressive deterioration, in the way that animals, in the domestic state, pass from dark to lighter shades. In plants and animals, accidental varieties, formed under our own eyes, are become fixed, and are propagated without alteration; but, in the present state of human organization, there is no proof of the different races of men, black, yellow, copper-coloured, and white deviating materially from the primitive type by the influence of climate, food, or other exterior agents.

‘I shall have occasion to resume these general remarks, when we ascend the vast table-lands of the Cordilleras, which are four or five times higher than the valley of Caripe. It is sufficient for my present purpose to rest on the testimony of Ullon. This learned man has seen the Indians of Chili, of the Andes of Peru, of the scorching coasts of Panama, and also those of Louisiana which is situated under the northern temperate zone. He had the advantage of living at a period when theories were not so numerous as in the present day; and, like me, he was surprized at finding the indigenous native, under the line, as dark and swarthy in the cold region of the Cordilleras, as in the plains. When we observe differences of colour, they are peculiar to the race. We shall presently find, on the fiery banks of the Oronoco, Indians with skins inclining to white—*est durans originis vis*.”—501—503.

On their return to Cumana, our travellers remained there a month, preparing for their long expedition on the Oronoco and the

the Rio Negro; this afforded them an opportunity of observing an eclipse of the sun, which happened on the 28th of October, and of comparing the chronometer with its result. M. de Humboldt observes, that the days which preceded and which followed that of the eclipse of the sun presented some very remarkable atmospherical phenomena. It was what in these countries is called the season of winter; that is, of clouds and slight electric showers. From the 10th of October to the 3d of November a reddish vapour rose above the horizon and covered in a few minutes, as with a veil more or less dense, the whole azure vault of heaven—sometimes so light, that the stars near the zenith were seen to twinkle through it, and the spots on the disc of the moon were visible; but the hygrometer was in no way affected by these fogs.

‘ From the 28th of October to the 3d of November, the reddish mist had become denser than it had yet been; the heat of the night was oppressive, although the thermometer was no higher than 26°. The breeze which generally cools the air about eight or nine at night did not spring up. The atmosphere appeared on fire; and the burnt and dusty ground was cleft in all directions. On the 4th of November, about two in the afternoon, thick clouds of extraordinary blackness enveloped the lofty mountains of the Brigantine and the Tataraqual. They extended by degrees to the zenith. About four, we heard sharp and broken thunder over our heads, though at an immense height. At twelve minutes past four, the moment of the strongest electric explosion, there were two shocks of an earthquake; the second followed after an interval of fifteen seconds. The people ran shrieking into the streets. M. Bonpland, who was leaning over a table, examining some plants, was almost thrown down. I felt the second shock violently, though lying stretched in my hammock. What is rare at Cumana, its direction was from north to south. Some slaves, who were drawing water from a well more than twenty feet deep, close to the Rio Manzanares, heard a report like the explosion of a strong charge of gunpowder. It seemed to come from the bottom of the well, a very singular phenomenon, though sufficiently known indeed in most of the countries of America that are subject to earthquakes.’—512, 513.

The first shock was preceded by a violent gust of wind; and followed by an electric shower of large drops of rain; a dead calm succeeded, which continued all night. The sun setting in the thick gloom, having its disc enormously enlarged, disfigured, and undulating, presented a spectacle of extraordinary magnificence. The shock of the earthquake, the clap of thunder which accompanied it, the red vapour seen for so many days, were all regarded as the effect of the eclipse. About nine a third shock was felt, less strong than the two former, but accompanied by a subterranean noise. A few months before this period, the city of Cumana had been almost totally destroyed by an earthquake; and

it was not therefore surprizing, that the people should have regarded these unusual phenomena as the prognostics of a similar misfortune.

On the morning of the 12th November, between two and three o'clock, there appeared in the east a number of luminous meteors of a very extraordinary kind. Thousands of fire-balls and falling stars succeeded each other for the space of four hours; their direction invariably being from north to south. There was not a space in the heavens equal in extent to three diameters of the moon, which was not observed at every moment filled with fire-balls and falling stars. All these meteors left luminous traces from 8° to 10° in length; and the phosphorescent light of these luminous belts continued from seven to eight seconds. Many of the falling stars had a nucleus very distinct, as large as the disc of Jupiter, from which proceeded sparks of an extremely vivid splendour; the balls appeared to burst as if by explosion, but the largest, from 1° to $1^{\circ} 15'$ in diameter, disappeared without scintillation, and left behind them phosphorescent beams from fifteen to twenty minutes in breadth. The inhabitants of Cumana having risen before four o'clock to assist at the first mass, witnessed these phenomena with considerable alarm, the elder part recollecting that the dreadful earthquakes of 1766 had been preceded by similar appearances. They became more rare as the morning advanced, but a few were distinguishable by their white splendour and the rapidity of their motion, for a quarter of an hour after the sun had risen; this, however, our author considered as the less extraordinary, when he reflected, that in the year 1788, in the city of Papayan, the interior apartments of the houses were strongly illuminated in the middle of the day by an *aërolite* of an enormous size.

Our travellers afterwards found that these meteors had every where been observed and compared to artificial fire-works, even to the borders of Brazil, under the equinoxial line—but this distance was nothing when compared with that through which they had appeared, as they learnt on their arrival in Europe,—namely, over an extent of sixty-four degrees of latitude and ninety-one of longitude; on the equator, in America, to Labrador; and on the continent of Europe, at Weimar in Germany, and at Herrenhut in Greenland; the former of which is one thousand eight hundred, and the latter one thousand three hundred marine leagues from the Rio Negro, which, supposing the meteors to have been the same (and the time exactly corresponds) would prove their height above the earth's surface to be four hundred and eleven leagues. But we are strongly disposed to question their identity; to us it seems that their simultaneous appearance may be ascribed with far more probability to an identity of atmosphere than of bodies moving in that atmosphere, at such distances from the earth's surface; as, according to
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the present state of our knowledge, it seems doubtful whether light or heat, or substance of any kind, could be sustained in a state so very much attenuated as it must necessarily be at such a height.

‘ Those natural philosophers who have of late instituted such elaborate investigations into the nature of falling stars and their parallaxes, consider them as meteors belonging to the extreme limits of our atmosphere; as placed between the region of the aurora borealis and that of the lightest clouds. Some have been seen not higher than fourteen thousand toises, about four leagues; the most elevated appear not to exceed thirty. They are frequently more than a hundred feet in diameter; and such is their rapidity, that they traverse a space of two leagues in a few seconds. Some have been measured which had a direction almost perpendicular, or which formed an angle of fifty degrees with the vertical line. This very remarkable circumstance led to the conclusion, that falling stars are not *aérolites*, which, after floating a long while in space, like the heavenly bodies, take fire upon accidentally entering our atmosphere, and fall to the earth.*—p. 524.

From Cumana our travellers set out on a coasting voyage to the port of La Guayra. They descended rapidly the little river of Manzanares, the sinuosities of which are marked by cocoa-trees, as the windings of a river in our climate are by poplars and willows; the thorny bushes which by day presented only leaves covered with dust, glittered during the night with a thousand luminous and sparkling points. The number of phosphorescent insects (*M. de Humboldt* says) are greatly augmented in the hurricane months; when it is delightful to observe the effect of these moving and deep-red fires, which, reflected by the pellucid water, confound their figures with those of the starry vault of heaven. The following observations are very characteristic of our author's manner.

‘ We left the shores of Cumana as if we had been old inhabitants. It was the first spot we had touched under a zone, on which my thoughts had been fixed from my earliest youth. Nature, under the climate of the Indies, gives birth to an impression so deep and powerful that, after a few months' stay, we seem to have lived there a long succession of years. In Europe, the inhabitant of the North, and of plains, experiences a similar sensation, when quitting, even after a transient visit, the shores of the gulf of Naples, the delightful country between Tivoli and the lake of Nemi, or the wild and awful scenery of the Upper Alps and the Pyrenees. Yet throughout the temperate zone, there is but little contrast in the vegetable world. The pines and oaks which top the mountains of Sweden have a certain family likeness to those which flourish under the genial climes of Greece and Italy. Between the tropics, on the contrary, in the lower regions of the two Indias, the whole face of nature is new and wonderful. In the plains, or in the gloom of the

* ‘ *M. Chladni*, who at first considered falling stars as *aérolites*, has since abandoned this notion.’

forests, the remembrance of Europe is almost effaced; for it is by vegetation that the character of scenery is determined; it is this which acts upon the imagination by its mass, by the contrast of its forms, and by the splendour of its colours. Our new impressions, in proportion to their strength and freshness, destroy those we have hitherto received. Their force gives them the semblance of age. I appeal to those who, more sensible to the beauties of nature than to the charms of social life, have spent much time in the torrid zone. With what fond remembrance do they cherish for the remainder of their days the spot where they first planted their foot! A vague desire of seeing it again lingers in their thoughts to the most advanced period of life. Even now, Cumana and its dusty soil are oftener present to my imagination than all the wonders of the Cordilleras. Under the soft sky of the south, the earth, even where nearly destitute of vegetation, derives beauty from the light and enchanting hues of the atmosphere. The sun does not merely illumine every object, it colours, it throws around it an ethereal vapour which, without affecting the transparency of the air, renders the tints more harmonious, tempers the power of the light, and sheds throughout nature that calm which is reflected on our souls. To explain this vivid impression excited by the scenery of the two Indias, and this too upon coasts but thinly wooded, it may be sufficient to recall to mind, that the beauty of the sky from Naples to the equator augments almost as much as from Provence to the south of Italy.—p. 531.

La Guayra, which is rather a roadstead than a harbour, is compared with Santa Cruz in Teneriffe; the houses of the city are backed by a wall of steep rocks, between which and the sea the level ground is not more than a hundred and forty toises in width: this space is occupied by two parallel streets, containing a population of about eight thousand inhabitants. The place has something of a lonely and melancholy appearance; bearing more affinity to that of a rocky island, destitute of soil and vegetation, than to a continent covered with vast forests. From a suite of experiments with the thermometer, it appeared that the climate of La Guayra is one of the highest temperatures on the globe: but it was not considered to be remarkably unhealthy; and that dreadful scourge, the yellow fever, had not been known there above two years before M. de Humboldt's visit; that is, immediately after opening the port to foreigners in 1797. The North Americans, labouring under typhus, were received into Spanish hospitals, and it was soon spread abroad that they had imported the contagious disease; while the North Americans declared, in their turn, that their people had brought it from La Guayra. Be this as it may, neither country has been free from it since the period in question, and perhaps both of them may with propriety refer its origin to the coast of Africa.

The road leading from La Guayra to the Caraccas is said to resemble those of Saint Gothard, and the Great St. Bernard; the culminating point of the mountain is named *Las Vueltas*; and a

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sort of inn or halting place, near the summit, is called *La Venta de Guayavo*.

'The first time of my crossing this table-land on my way to the capital of Venezuela, I found a number of travellers, who were resting their mules, assembled round the little inn of Guayavo. They were inhabitants of Caraccas, and were wrangling about the insurrection in favour of independence, which had taken place a little time before. Joseph España had perished on the scaffold; and his wife was groaning in a cloister for giving shelter to her wandering husband, and not denouncing him to the government. I was struck at the irritation of their minds, and with the acrimonious discussion of questions upon which there ought never to be a difference of opinion among men of the same country. Whilst talking of the hatred of the mulattoes to the free negroes and the whites; of the wealth of the monks, and of the difficulty of holding the slaves in subjection, a cold wind, descending from the lofty summit of the Silla of Caraccas, enveloped us with a thick mist, and put an end to the angry dispute. We took shelter in the Venta of Guayavo. Upon entering the house, an old man, who had spoken with more calmness than the others, reminded them how imprudent it was, in these times of secret accusation, both on the mountain and in the city, to enter into political discussions. These words, delivered in a place so dreary, made a deep impression upon my mind: during our excursions to the Andes of New Grenada and Peru, impressions of the same kind were frequently renewed. In Europe, where nations decide their quarrels in plains, people climb the mountains to find seclusion and liberty. In the New World, the Cordilleras are inhabited twelve miles up; yet thither men carry with them their civil broils and their low and hateful passions. Gambling-houses are established on the ridge of the Andes, on the spot where the discovery of mines has led to the formation of cities; and in these vast wildernesses, almost above the region of snow, surrounded by objects calculated to elevate the mind, the news of the refusal by the court of a ribband or a title often disturbs the happiness of whole families.'—p. 561.

Caraccas is the capital of a country nearly twice as large as Peru, and little short in extent of New Granada. This country, known by the Spanish government under the name of *Capitania general de Caraccas*, or the United Provinces of Venezuela, contains nearly a million of inhabitants, of which about 60,000 are negro slaves. It consists of seven provinces, forming three distinct zones, stretching from east to west; that of cultivated land, that of savannas or pasturage, and that of forests; the last of which is penetrable only by means of the rivers which traverse it: and in these three zones M. de Humboldt sees the picture of the three conditions of human society—the life of the wild hunter, in the woods of the Oronoco—the pastoral life in the *llanos*, or savannas—and the agricultural, in the high valleys, and at the foot of the mountains bordering the sea-coast. The natives of what our author calls the first zone, from their mutual quarrels, and the inter-

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ference of the monks and the Spanish soldiers, are said to exhibit a melancholy picture of misery and privation; a tame uniformity prevails in the pastoral regions; the agricultural are, of course, the most civilized and the most social.

The native Indians of the *Capitania* are not numerous; the whites and the mestees therefore have nothing to fear from them, as they do not exceed one-ninth of the whole population, whereas in Mexico they are stated to amount nearly to one-half. Neither are the blacks of Venezuela considerable in number; but they become of importance by their accumulation in one spot: they constitute about the fifteenth-part of the whole population. Cuba, whose extent is eight times less than Venezuela, has about four times more slaves, the number in that island being 212,000. The great basin of the Atlantic, formed by the shores of Venezuela, of New Granada, of Mexico, of the United States, and the Antilles, is called by M. de Humboldt the American Mediterranean; and these he computes to contain about a million and a half of free blacks and slaves; but so unequally distributed, that there are very few in the south, and scarcely any in the west; their great accumulation being on the northern and eastern shores of this basin, or on the sides of it next to Africa. In the Spanish colonies the little commotions which have occasionally manifested themselves among the slaves have speedily been repressed; but the establishment of what is called freedom in St. Domingo has emboldened them to assume a menacing attitude, and created very considerable alarm;—well indeed it may! M. de Humboldt says that the gradual, or immediate abolition of slavery has been proclaimed in the different regions of Spanish America, less from motives of justice and humanity, than for the purposes of obtaining the aid of a race of men, intrepid, habituated to privations, and easily persuaded that the contest is for their own interests.

M. de Humboldt cautiously abstains from giving any opinion with respect to the probable termination of the present contest of the Spanish colonies with the mother-country; (of which we shall speedily present our readers with an interesting detail;) but he offers some very sensible remarks on this painful subject. He observes, that the desire of uninterrupted tranquillity, the dread of engaging in an enterprize that may miscarry, hinder all those connected with the Spaniards from embracing the cause of independence, or from aspiring to the establishment of a local and representative government, although dependent on the mother-country. One party, dreading all violent measures, flatter themselves that moderate reform might render less oppressive the colonial government; they see in a revolution the loss of their slaves, the spoliation of the clergy, and the introduction of toleration, which they consider as incompatible with

with the established worship. Others belong to that small number of families, which, in every community, whether by hereditary opulence, or by their ancient establishment in the colonies, exercise a real municipal aristocracy. 'They would rather,' says M. de Humboldt, 'be deprived of certain rights than let all participate in them; they would prefer even a foreign government to a power exercised by an inferior caste of Americans; they abhor every constitution founded on an equality of rights; above all, they dread the loss of those titles, which have cost them so much trouble to acquire, and which constitute so essential an ingredient in their domestic happiness.' There are yet others, and their numbers are not inconsiderable, who live on their estates, and enjoy that liberty which presents itself even under the most vexatious governments. These would, doubtless, prefer the ancient condition of the colonies, a national government, and full liberty of commerce; but this wish is not sufficiently strong to prevail over the love of repose, and the habits of an indolent life; to urge them, in a word, to long and painful sacrifices.

M. de Humboldt estimated the population of the Caraccas at forty thousand souls, in 1800; this had increased to fifty thousand when the great earthquake of the 26th of March, 1812, took place, and buried nearly twelve thousand of its inhabitants under the ruins of their houses: the political events which succeeded this catastrophe have reduced the population of this ill-fated city to less than twenty thousand. Caraccas contains eight churches, five convents, and a public theatre. The pit, in which the men are separated from the women, is uncovered, 'so that,' says M. de Humboldt, 'one may see at the same time the actors and the stars.'

A national author, Jose de Oviedo y Baños, has compared the site of Caraccas with that of the terrestrial paradise, and found in the Anauco, and the neighbouring torrents, the four rivers which watered the Garden of Eden; 'and what,' asks M. de Humboldt, 'can be imagined more delicious than a temperature which ranges, in the day-time, from 16° to 20° 8', and, in the night, from 12° 8' to 14° 4' of Reaumur, and which is favourable at once to the growth of the banana, the orange, the coffee, the apple, the apricot, and wheat-corn?' He admits, nevertheless, that the proximity of the lofty mountains of Avila and Silla give to the city a dull and heavy character, especially in the months of November and December.

^s But this prospect, so gloomy, so melancholy---this contrast between the serenity of morning and the cloudiness of evening does not exist in the middle of summer. In June and July the nights are clear and delicious: the atmosphere retains then that unbroken purity and transparency, which are peculiar to the table-mountains and all the up-land

land vallies in calm weather, so long as the winds mingle no currents of air of a different temperature. It is at this season that one enjoys all the beauty of a landscape which, at the end of January, I never saw perfectly clear, except for a few days. The two round heads of the Silla appear at Caraccas almost under the same angle of elevation as the Pic of Tenerife in the port of Orotava. The lower half of the mountain is clothed with a smooth turf; next comes the zone of evergreen shrubs, which a rosy light reflects at the flowering-time of the *Befaria*, the *Alpine Rose*-bay of equinoxial America. Above this woody zone rise two huge rocky masses in the shape of cupolas. Destitute of vegetation, they increase by their nudity the apparent height of a mountain, which, in the temperate part of Europe, would scarcely be considered in the line of perpetual snow. It is with this imposing aspect of the Silla, and the rugged disposition of the ground to the north of the town, that are agreeably contrasted the cultivated region of the vale, and the smiling plains of Chacao, of Petera, and La Vega.'—581.

A taste for literature is encouraged at Caraccas, and the inhabitants are particularly fond of music, which is cultivated with success, and which serves, as the cultivation of the fine arts seldom fails to do, to bring together the different classes of society; but the sciences have made little progress. It was only in the convent of St. Francis that our travellers met with a respectable old man, who had distinct notions on the state of modern astronomy; and he calculated almanacs for all the provinces of Venezuela. This great city had no printing press before 1806, when a Frenchman, of the name of Delpêche, introduced one.

In a journey to the summit of the peaked mountain of Silla, we have many curious and striking observations on the rocks, the vegetation, and the state of the atmosphere. Here, as afterwards among the Andes, the travellers sought in vain for a native rose-bush; and M. de Humboldt doubts if this charming plant is to be found in all South America, or even in the whole southern hemisphere. His elucidations on the distribution of plants, and the singular resemblance in the habit and physiognomy of plants under isothermal parallels, in regions the most distant from each other, are ingenious and interesting, but too long for us to give even an abstract of them. He deprecates all hypotheses on this subject, too lightly adopted by some, and declines substituting others, conceiving that the natural historian has performed his part in pointing out the facts and the order in which nature has distributed the vegetable forms. This is as it ought to be; and we heartily congratulate M. de Humboldt on his escape from the trammels of theory, which is at once the pride and the bane of science in the capital of France where he first imbibed it.

The view from the top of the Silla is thus described.

‘ Having gained the summit, we enjoyed, though but for a few minutes,

minutes, the heavens in all their serenity. Our eye stretched over a vast extent of country, plunging at once upon the sea in the north, and upon the fertile valley of Caraccas in the south. The barometer stood at 30 inches 7. 6 lines; the temperature of the atmosphere was $13^{\circ} 7'$. We were at an elevation of thirteen hundred and fifty toises. An expanse of sea, of thirty-six leagues radius, is embraced in one view. Those who are apt to become dizzy on looking down great depths, should remain in the middle of the small flat on the summit of the eastern cupola of the Silla. The mountain is not remarkably high, being nearly eighty toises lower than that of Canigou; but what distinguishes it from all the mountains I have crossed, is its immense precipice on the side of the sea. The shore forms but a narrow edging; and, in looking from the top of the pyramid upon the houses of Caravellada, the wall-sided rocks, by an optical illusion of which I have often spoken, appear almost perpendicular. The true inclination of the slope appeared to me, by an accurate calculation, $53^{\circ} 28'$. The mean inclination of the Pic of Tenerife is hardly $12^{\circ} 30'$. A precipice of six or seven miles, like that of the Silla of Caraccas, is a phenomenon much rarer than is imagined by those who traverse mountains without measuring their height, bulk, or declivity. Since the revival, in several parts of Europe, of experiments upon the fall of bodies, and upon their deflexion to the south-east, a wall-sided rock, two hundred and fifty toises of perpendicular height, has been sought in vain throughout all the Alps of Switzerland. The slope of Mount Blanc to the Allée Blanche does not make an angle even of 45° , although, in most geological works, Mount Blanc is described as cut straight down on the south.—p. 608.

It was night when they reached, in their descent, the savanna, which is more than nine hundred toises in height.

‘As there is scarcely any twilight between the tropics, perfect day-light is followed by sudden darkness. The moon was in the horizon: her face was covered from time to time by heavy clouds driven by a cold, impetuous wind. The steep declivities, clothed with yellow, withered grass, were at one time wrapt in obscurity, then, suddenly illumined, they looked like precipices which the eye sought to fathom. We proceeded in a long file, endeavouring to assist each other with our hands, to prevent rolling down in case of stumbling. The guides who carried our instruments left us one by one to go and sleep in the mountain. Among those who remained, was a Congo negro, who excited my admiration by the skill with which he carried upon his head a large dipping needle, keeping it always in equilibrium, notwithstanding the great steepness of the rocks. The mist began to clear away from the bottom of the valley. The lights which we saw scattered beneath us produced a double illusion—the steeps seeming still more dangerous than they really were, and, during six hours of continual descent, we constantly fancied ourselves near the farm-houses at the foot of the Silla. We heard, very distinctly, human voices and the shrill tones of guitars. Generally speaking, so strong is the upward propagation of sound, that, in an ærostatic balloon, the barking of dogs may sometimes be heard at the height of three thousand toises.’—p. 616.

This last observation is very just. From the edge of the Table Mountain,

Mountain, which is three thousand six hundred feet high, and the upper part of which rises perpendicularly at the distance of about a mile from Cape Town, every noise made in the town, and even the word of command on the parade, may be distinctly heard. Shakspeare therefore is probably more correct when he describes the crows and cloughs from Dover cliff to shew 'scarce so gross as beetles,' than when he says

————— the murmuring surge
That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafe,
Can scarce be heard so high.'

The volume concludes with some account of the attempts at working the gold and silver mines of the Caraccas, which were soon abandoned from the slender indications of these metals, and the high price of labour; but M. de Humboldt thinks that the question whether the province of Venezuela possesses mines worthy of being worked is by no means decided; and that although in countries where labour is dearer, the cultivation of the soil demands unquestionably the first care of government, the example of New Spain sufficiently proves that the working of metals does not always injure the progress of agricultural industry. 'The highest cultivated plains of Mexico, (he says,) those which recollect the recollection of travellers the most beautiful fields of France and the south of Germany, extend from Silao towards the Villa de Leon: they border on the mines of Guanaxuato, which alone produce the sixth part of all the silver of the New World.'

We have been copious in our extracts, in order more fully to exhibit M. de Humboldt's manner of treating his subjects. Being less scientific than the former part of the narrative, this volume is better adapted for the general reader; and, as M. de Humboldt knows so well to communicate an interest to every subject which comes under his view, we have very little doubt that his remaining volumes, which will conduct his readers along the Oronoco, the Cordilleras of the Andes, and the elevated plains of Mexico, will rise in interest with the importance and grandeur of his subject.

ART. VII. *A practical Inquiry into the Causes of the frequent Failure of the Operations of Depression, and of the Extraction of the Cataract, as usually performed; with the Description of a Series of new and improved Operations, by the practice of which most of these Causes of Failure may be avoided. Illustrated by Tables of the comparative success of the new and old modes of practice.* By Sir William Adams, &c. London. 1817.

THERE is less of the art of composition in this book than we usually meet with in the present day. The title-page has in no inconsiderable degree run away with the preface—and the dedication with the subject and the supplement. The periods are,
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in many instances, out of joint; the manner is too diffuse and desultory, and the pronoun of the first person somewhat more frequent in its appearance than is customary in the polished reserve of modern times. With all this, however, the work has a peculiar claim to attention, and we have read it with considerable interest. Its subject is highly important; its questionable points are discussed with great candour; it is enriched with the opinions and practice of the best and most skilful authorities of every country, not ostentatiously paraded, but fairly brought forward and compared, for the purpose of stating their respective merits and defects, and of showing the necessity of some improvement in the best modes of operating for the cataract which have hitherto been devised; and it is rendered still more valuable by the author's ingenuous disclosure of the practice which he is well known to have applied with success to the blind pensioners of Greenwich Hospital, as well as in the private course of his professional engagements.

The definition of the disease called Cataract is thus given in the opening paragraph of the work:—

'The term cataract is of Greek derivation, and signifies an opacity either of the crystalline lens, its capsule, or the interstitial fluid contained between the lens and capsule, which is called the Humour Morgagni, (*Humor Morgagni*) it having been first discovered by the eminent anatomist of that name. Cataract may exist in any of these parts separately, or they may all be at the same time opaque.' To which the author adds, (p. 4.) 'the capsule and lens are, however, much more frequently occupied by disease than the humour morgagni.'

We suspect that a *simple* cataract of Morgagni's interstitial fluid is rather a speculative than an actual disease; one that possibly may exist, rather than one that has been actually detected and described. Richter, so far as we are acquainted, is the only writer before Sir William Adams, who has ever noticed this species or variety; for at present we know not how to arrange it. The notice occurs, as in the volume before us, in the initiatory account of the disease, and is never touched upon or referred to afterwards. Nor do we recollect a single case of the kind described as an actual occurrence in any author whatever: and hence Plenck, who has made a very free use of Richter, and followed up the diseases of the eye through little less than *six hundred distinct species*, (to say nothing of the numerous varieties into which each of these species is still further divided,) and who may therefore be conceived to have given all that is needful, has omitted the interstitial cataract altogether.*

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* His definition being as follows.—'Cataracta—est cæcitas, quæ ab opacitate *lentic crystallinæ*, vel *ejus capsulæ*, provenit.—Respectu sedis, quam opacitas tenet, dividitur cataracta,

It is singular that the term cataract, though, as our author observes, of Greek derivation, and certainly of considerable antiquity, is not to be found either among the Greek or Roman writers; the first of whom called the disease *apochysis* (ἀπόχυσις) or *hypochysis* (ὑπόχυσις)—and the latter *suffusio*, which is the name employed by Celsus. Cataracta, however, is in frequent use among the Arabian authors, and is generally supposed to have been invented by Avicenna. That we derived it from the splendid caliph of Bagdad there can be little doubt. The term cataract, however, does not exactly signify an opacity, as is stated in the definition before us, nor disturbance or confusion of the sense of vision, as is its common interpretation. Cataractes, or catarhactes, (καταράκτης or καταρράκτης,) whence the Latin cataracta, is a genuine Greek term, importing a gate or door, or the bar which fastens it and proves an impediment to its being opened; and, as the eyes were called by the Greek philosophers the portals or windows of the mind,—

Dicere porro oculos nullam rem cernere posse,
Sed per eos animum ut foribus spectare reclusis,
Difficile est---

the elegant fancy of the Arabians applied the term cataracta to the disease before us, as forming a bar or shutter to those windows by which the mind obtains a view of external objects, or an external world.

One of the most difficult species of cataract to detect is that of the lenticular membrane or capsule, (the second of Plenck and of Sir William Adams,) when confined to its posterior part, or that immediately behind the lens itself, and which is hence, in a very considerable degree, concealed by it. From the depth of the opacity, covered by the healthy appearance and natural brilliancy of the lens, it is not surprizing that it should have puzzled many ophthalmists of considerable practice, and been mistaken by others for an ainaurosis or gutta serena, and consequently, while admitting of cure, been abandoned as an intractable disease.

* The opacity of the anterior part of the capsule can at all times be easily distinguished; but the posterior opacity is not easily detected, and has been known to elude the careful examination of several very experienced oculists, by whom it has been mistaken for gutta serena; and, although this species of cataract is mentioned by authors, it may be doubted whether they were, in reality, practically, aware of its existence. Indeed, without the assistance of the belladonna, or some other application capable of dilating the pupil, which class of applica-

cataracta, 1. In crystallinam, si ipsa lens crystallina est opaca. 2. In capsularem, quam alii membranaceam vocant, si capsula crystallinae lamina anterior, vel posterior, vel utraque, opaca redditur. 3. In crystallino-capsularem, si lens crystallina et ejus capsula simul opacantur.*

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tions were known to the ancient writers, but have been revived only within these few years, it is difficult, and sometimes impossible, to distinguish it. Richter, Wenzel, and Scarpa, who have written so largely upon cataract, and have published cases of its varieties on which they have operated, have not recorded any instance of this remarkable species: in which the posterior part of the capsule is alone affected with opacity, while the anterior part of that membrane, and the crystalline lens, remain perfectly transparent. In this country, at least, there is reason to believe, that it was practically very little known previous to the publication of my work on Cataract, &c. in 1812, in which a case of this kind is detailed at length, in a gentleman who had been blind eighteen years, seven of which he had been under the care of an eminent and experienced oculist, who considered and treated the disease as *Gutta Serena*.—pp. 6—8,

We have no doubt of the correctness of this statement, so far as relates to our own country, and concede to Sir William Adams the merit of having first practically called the attention of the English profession to this peculiar species of cataract, though the quotation we have just made from Plenck is a sufficient proof that the disease had been long known, and its seat distinctly laid down by writers on the continent.

It was formerly supposed, by one or two writers, that the crystalline humour has no proper capsule, and that the only membrane which invests it is a duplicature, or anterior and posterior extension of the membrane which incloses the vitreous humour, and which is commonly described by the name of *tunica aranea*, or *membrana hyaloidea*; but it had altogether escaped our attention that this anatomical mistake, as we must still venture to call it, had been unaccountably revived within the last five years by a distinguished surgeon of this metropolis, in a passage copied by the present writer, and plausibly asserted to be little more than a transcript from Anthony Maitre-Jan's *Traité des Maladies de l'Oeil*. It is not necessary to enter into the subject: the anatomy of the eye is too well known in the present day to render the point for a moment questionable; and if it were not, the cloud of authorities brought forward by Sir William Adams, in proof that the lens has a *tunica propria*, and that the species of cataract before us is seated in the posterior part of that tunic, would impel us to banish all hesitation whatever.

But we mention the fact for two reasons. First, because an error upon this subject is of great importance in a practical point of view; and secondly, if the position could be sustained for a moment, that the investing membrane of the lens is nothing more than an extension of the investing membrane of the vitreous humour, no writer has hitherto explained the proper meaning of the term cataract, as technically employed, or the real nature and extent of

the disease it indicates; since, instead of being limited, as we believe it has been by every one, to an opacity of the lenticular chamber, or its delicate walls, it would run indefinitely into the walls and chamber of another and very distinct portion of the eye-ball, and, consequently, confound diseases that have hitherto been held altogether discrepant and dissociate.

The cause of cataract—we mean that of the crystalline lens—has never hitherto been satisfactorily explained. It was at one time supposed to be most frequently a result of inflammation. Our author abandons this principle upon every occasion, and adopts its opposite—that of debility of the minute vessels of the lens: in other words, we are now to read atony instead of entony as its origin.

‘Indeed, it is a matter of doubt with me, whether the body of the lens is, under any circumstance, capable of taking on inflammation, although, both from disease and accident, the capsule is susceptible of it in a high degree: and I think it more probable, when opacity of the lens results from a blow upon the eye, without the capsule being ruptured, that it originates from the derangement produced in the minute vessels of the lens, which occasions the want of a sufficient supply of blood, rather than an excess of it.

‘This hypothesis (for such it must be considered) seems strengthened, by the manner in which cataract is supposed to occur in old persons, in whom the minute order of vessels, in common with those of every other part of the system, becoming obliterated, probably produces an opacity of the lens, from the want of nourishment, which, in consequence, being no longer influenced by the circulation of the blood, loses its vitality, and becomes opaque.’—p. 29.

This explanation is ingenious; yet as a cataract of the capsule produced avowedly by inflammation, in many instances extends to the body of the lens, it does not account for the means by which such extension is produced. In this case, the action seems to be one and the same—simple and continuous. But upon the hypothesis before us we are to suppose two opposite actions—excess of irritability operating on the capsule, and deficiency of irritability upon the lens; to contemplate the one as the cause of the other, and both these opposite actions as productive of a common result.

The progress of the disease is accurately sketched in the following passage:—

‘The first symptom of the approach of cataract is marked by a slight obscurity of vision, as if the patient was looking through a cloud, light smoke, or dirty glass, which is frequently accompanied with the appearance of black specks, cobwebs, flies, &c. flitting before his eye. At first, there is so small a change in the appearance of the crystalline lens, that no person, by examining that body, would be led to suspect the approach of cataract, as the dullness of vision perceived by the patient, I believe generally, if not always, precedes any observable change in the transparency of the lens, which frequently renders it
exceed-

exceedingly difficult to determine between the first approaches of gutta serena, and of cataract. Shortly afterwards the pupil loses its beautiful jet black colour, and assumes a turbid appearance, which muddiness increases by degrees, until at last the lens becomes entirely opaque, and of a white, yellow, or dark colour, constituting what is called a mature, or ripe cataract.

‘ During the whole of the advance of the cataract, unless it be complicated with any other state of disease, the natural functions of the iris are preserved, and no pain whatever is felt in the eye, or head. So little conscious, indeed, is the patient of the existence of cataract, when it attacks but one eye at a time, that he is frequently ignorant of the loss of sight in it, until, by accidentally covering the other, he finds himself wholly dark; or, from being unable to judge accurately of distances, he spills his wine in attempting to pour it into a small glass, or cannot, with certainty, snuff a candle, and is hence induced to examine his eyes separately. In one instance which I saw at Exeter, where cataract was produced by a blow from a bush, the wife of the patient soon after observed a whiteness of the pupil, which she did not mention to her husband, lest it should alarm him; and it was upwards of three weeks before he knew himself to be blind, in one eye, by accidentally putting his hand over the other.

‘ The disease generally commences at first in one eye, and, by the time it has made any considerable progress, the other eye becomes affected. This, however, is not always the case, as I have known ten, or fourteen years, to intervene between the production of cataract in one eye, and the subsequent formation of it in the other. There is an equal degree of uncertainty, in the period of time, required for the complete formation of cataracts. I have known them completely formed (and when not arising, apparently, from any particular exciting cause) in the short space of three months, whereas, in other instances, if I may credit the patients’ statement, they had been gradually losing their sight for upwards of ten years. The usual length of time is between one and three years, which embraces the period when the obscurity of vision first commences, until the cataract is completely formed. When, however, the cataract is produced by accidents, or arises from the application of any particular exciting cause, it will sometimes form in an almost incredibly short space of time.

‘ Richter mentions the case of a forester, who, labouring under the gout, had his feet exposed to a great degree of cold during the night: the gout suddenly retroceded in consequence, and he was entirely deprived of his sight the same night. He adds, “ I saw him next morning, and found a complete pearly-coloured cataract. Eschenbach relates a similar case.”

‘ Tartra, in his excellent Thesis on Cataract, mentions a case, related by Fabrice de Hilden, of a lady about fifty years of age, who, having wept a great deal for the loss of a relation, became blind from cataracts in one night, without pain or inflammation.

‘ He also mentions, that he was informed by Weidmann, a celebrated surgeon of Mayence, of a case of cataract, which suddenly

formed in the eye of a man on his quitting a feast very much intoxicated. Tenon states, that he had seen a lady with two cataracts, which were completely formed in one day. He also relates the case of a potter, who, going into his pottery while it was heated, came out with two perfect cataracts.*

All these cases import great irritative action, and suggest inflammation rather than atony as the cause. Indeed we can hardly conceive how the latter could produce so sudden an influence: and it is observed by our author himself immediately afterwards, that, 'when cataract results from age, or is produced by any other natural cause, the progress of the disease is much more slow.' We mean not, however, to say that local debility does not induce cataract, but only that it is not the sole inductive principle; and that cataract, like gangrene, and a variety of other diseases, may proceed from either extreme. It is very probable, indeed, as our author observes, 'that cataract in old persons, or those in whom the animal powers, according to the course of nature, are suffering by slow decay, is occasioned by an obliteration of the vessels that nourish the crystalline lens.'—p. 48.

It is not very surprising that a dexterous and successful operator should be forward in recommending, even from the first, a recourse to surgical rather than to medical treatment. We do not differ from our author in the main, but we think that he allows somewhat too little to the *possibility* of benefit from any plan of medical treatment that is either now known, or may be hit upon hereafter. The subject, however, is well put in the following passage:

'By whatever process the disorder may be produced, it is obvious, that it is not likely to be easily within the reach of medical treatment; and the almost uniform failure of general, and local remedies, leaves no other resource for the patient than an operation.

'It will be granted to me, without much hesitation, that no solid body, in any part of the system, admits of being removed by the absorbents, without first undergoing solution. A supposition to the contrary, involves the absurdity of believing, that the finest and most delicate series of vessels of the body, whose largest trunks are with difficulty made visible by dissection, and whose smaller tubes are not cognizable to the senses, and can only be proved to exist by analogical reasoning, should possess the mechanical power of abrading the solid substance of bone. The power of these vessels in absorbing fluids is undeniable; and it is equally certain, that portions of exfoliated bone are removed by them, and carried into the general system; but their structure shews the impossibility of their exercising a sufficient force, for this purpose, upon solid substances; it is, therefore, more than probable that solution takes place as a preliminary process to absorption. This reasoning applies with equal force to the absorption of solid cataracts, for, in proportion to the comparative size of the absorbent vessels, which the lens and capsule possess, the resistance will be equal to that which is offered

offered by bone to absorbent vessels of a larger size, in other parts of the body. One necessary step, therefore, to the removal of a solid, lenticular cataract, is, first of all, to effect its solution.

'To accomplish this, completely within its capsule, and without the solvent agency of the aqueous humour, must be admitted to be beyond the power of any internal, or external remedies.'—pp. 48, 49.

Now we cannot categorically consent to any such admission, although we are not, *at present*, acquainted with any medicine, or course of medicines which, whether generally or locally applied, will decidedly operate in removing the opacity. We object to the argument.

The cataract, or opaque lens, is here contemplated as a dead or inert body, surrounded by a living substance. It should first, however, have been proved that it is a dead or inert body. But granting that it is so, are we to suppose no other set of vessels at work to carry off this obstruction than the absorbents? We admit that in every case of this kind a solution of the dead matter, and consequently a solvent medium, is necessary: and in all common cases, even where a dead piece of bone is to be removed, we find this, or think we find it, in the new and correspondent action of the contiguous secernents thus keeping pace with the new action of the absorbents, and pouring forth a secretion that, being applied to the surface of the dead matter, dissolves, not indeed the whole substance at once, so as to convert it into a mass of pus, or of any other fluid, but only that part of it with which it is in immediate contact, and which hereby becomes fitted for absorption, and is absorbed accordingly. And as the same double and harmonious action is continued upon every fresh surface of the dead matter that thus becomes exposed, the whole is at length carried off, and a cavity produced where before was solid substance.

This reasoning, which is meant to embrace and exemplify the doctrine of Mr. John Hunter upon the general subject before us, applies to the opaque lens contemplated as a dead or inert substance alone. But it is not necessary thus to contemplate it in every case of lenticular opacity; for it is possible, and indeed probable, that, in many instances, it becomes nebulous from the secretion of a morbid and non-transparent fluid by its own minute secernents; and, in such cases, a return of the diseased vessels to their wonted healthy action is all that is necessary to remove the opacity, and consequently to carry off the cataract.

Whether there actually exist, in the wide region of therapeutics, any description of medicines capable of exciting this return of healthy action, or of stimulating the surrounding systems of secernents and absorbents to a removal of the entire lens when absolutely dead or inert, is a question altogether distinct from

the present consideration, which is merely designed to shew, that the general principles of the animal economy, so far as we are acquainted with them, and as they apply to the subject before us, are in favour of curative trials by medicine, rather than adverse to them upon the ground of physiological absurdity. That the crystalline lens, in a state of health, is a living and active substance; and that a change in its organization is perpetually taking place will not be disputed by any physiologist in the present day. Internal agents, apparently of various kinds, which lie far beyond the prying power of the nicest research, have a considerable influence upon this change, and hereby, indeed, not only produce the opacity which we call cataract, but all the peculiar characters by which one species or variety is distinguished from another, and the cataract is rendered black or white, or ferrugineous, or green, or amber in respect to colour; or hard, horny, soft, or even fluid and milky, in respect to consistence. And if internal agents be possessed of these powers, it is possible, whether we be acquainted with them or not, that external agents may also exist, capable of producing effects as considerable. The specific medicines we are acquainted with are not many, and their course of action is entirely concealed from us: yet they are sufficiently numerous, and their influence upon particular organs is sufficiently direct and unequivocal, to induce a belief that other specifics may yet exist, possessing as clear and undeniable a power over other organs of the animal system. Nor can we, even at present, altogether discredit the benefits which are stated by writers of the first character, to have resulted occasionally from a judicious application of some of the remedies in common use.

We are nevertheless ready to admit, and even with a high degree of satisfaction, that the judicious and ingenious improvement given by Sir William Adams to most of the operations for cataract, in whatever way it be intended to remove it, renders all attempts at curing or relieving the disease by medicine of far less consequence than they have been in former times.

The ordinary operations employed for the removal of cataract are the three following:—that of couching, or depression; that of extraction; and that of absorption. Each of these is described at length, as well historically as practically, in the work before us; their respective advantages and disadvantages are very candidly brought together from the best practical writers on the subject: and the dangers and the difficulties, and the various inconveniences accompanying each, being forcibly and alarmingly detailed, not from writings hostile to the particular method investigated, but, for the most part, from the verbal admissions of its chief advocates and patrons, our author proceeds to point out the means by which the

the greater part, and not unfrequently the whole of these evils may be avoided by his own method of operating, which he describes with a perspicuity and an ingenuousness that does equal credit to his head and his heart.

Of the three ordinary modes of attempting to remove the cataract, and which we have just adverted to, that of depression or *couching*, as it is colloquially called, is abandoned by our author altogether; and for reasons which we confess are sufficiently satisfactory to ourselves, and we have no doubt will prove sufficiently satisfactory to the profession at large. The operation for absorption appears to be Sir William's favourite mode of practice. It is in effect more extensively applicable than any other operation for cataract, and will probably hereafter be allowed, in every instance, to supersede the use of the depressing process, wherever the cataract is capable of division; as the process of extraction, with our author's new mode of placing the lens in the anterior chamber, and then drawing it away through an opening on the outer side, instead of the inferior part of the cornea, will, in like manner, be employed to supersede the same process, wherever the cataract is indivisible from its hardness. We were much pleased with the author's valuable improvement on Cheselden's operation for artificial pupil; it bids fair to be accompanied with very extensive success.

Hitherto most operators, having made their election of a particular mode of practice, have confined themselves to that mode alone, and rejected every other as of inferior value. It is to the credit of Sir William Adams that he employs, without prejudice, such mode as appears best adapted to the peculiarity of the case.

'Those,' says he, 'who practise the older mode of extraction, in general confine themselves exclusively to that operation, whatever may be the age of the patient, the consistence of the cataract, or its complications. From the various species, varieties, and combinations of the disease, described in the first chapter of this book, it must appear evident that no one operation can be equally applicable to all. It is the duty, therefore, of the surgeon to investigate the causes of the difficulties and embarrassments, which give rise to the frequent failures which must necessarily result, when the same operation is indiscriminately employed, and to exert his ingenuity, in order to devise means by which the causes of failure may be avoided. Such has been my endeavour, and I trust that it will not be deemed presumptuous in me, to express the hope, that these objects are in a great measure accomplished, by the adoption of a series of operations, which vary in their nature according to the species of disease to be operated upon.'

'The leading principle of my practice is, that the operation effecting the solution and absorption of lenticular cataract, should be performed in all ages, and in every combination, of that species of disease, in preference to all other operations, when it can be done with safety. This, as already mentioned, is always practicable, when the consistence of the cataract

admits

admits of free division; in which case, I afterwards place a part, or the whole of the fragments in the anterior chamber, where they become absorbed in the space of a few weeks, without producing either pain or inconvenience. But as, unless the cataract admits of having its *nucleus* divided, it requires a considerable time to effect its absorption, and sometimes also several operations, in order to obviate these inconveniences, I now, in such cases, at once extract it. In performing the operation of extraction, as just described, I have the great advantage of first ascertaining with the needle, whether the cataract admits of division or not, which is not possible where the usual method of extraction is performed; when, however ill adapted the case may be to that operation, or however favourable to the absorbent practice, the patient is, nevertheless, exposed to dangers peculiar to extraction, and from which dangers the absorbent practice is wholly exempt.—pp. 142—144.

We cannot but regard this volume as a very valuable accession to the surgical library, not of our own country alone, but of Europe. It requires, as we have already observed, to be methodized and condensed; but it is written with an air of candour, with a spirit of research, with a full and comprehensive knowledge of the subject, an ardent love of it, and a successful pursuit of it, which deservedly place its author in the first rank of ophthalmic surgery.

The volume closes with a Supplement, for which we are sorry that there should have been any occasion.—It is entitled, ‘A Letter to the Right Honourable and Honourable the Directors of Greenwich Hospital, containing an Exposure of the Measures resorted to by the Medical Officers of the “London Eye Infirmary,” for the purpose of retarding the Adoption and Execution of Plans for the Extermination of the Egyptian Ophthalmia from the Army and from the Kingdom, submitted for the approval of Government.’

Into this we cannot possibly enter, and especially with only one side of the question before us. The case is certainly a very strong one, and drawn up with a manly spirit and deep feeling of injustice. The party, against whom the Letter is directed, will necessarily reply to its charges: but we sincerely lament that, in an honourable profession, and amidst the medical officers of establishments so valuable as those before us, any other contest should exist than the generous one of striving how the public may be best benefited by the means such institutions so extensively possess, and by the talents they are so well calculated to elicit.

ART. VIII. *Naufrage de la Frégate La Méduse, faisant partie de l'Expédition du Sénégal, en 1816.* Par J. B. Savigny, Ex-chirurgien de la Marine, et Alexandre Corréard, Ingénieur-Géographe; tous deux Naufragés du Radeau. Paris. 1817.

THIS well-authenticated little volume presents the details of a scene of horror that can scarcely be conceived to have taken place.

place among men in a state of civilized society. 'Never,' says a French critic on the subject, 'was there a recital more terrible; it makes one shudder in every page, and tremble at every line. The subterraneous scenes of Ann Radcliffe, and all the imaginary horrors of our melodramas and our tragedies, shrink to nothing before the real horrors of this dreadful catastrophe.'

The French possessions on the west coast of Africa, extending from Cape Blanco to the mouth of the Gambia, having been restored at the general peace, an expedition, consisting of a frigate and three other vessels, was sent, in the month of June 1816, to take possession of them. It was complete in all its parts, as the French expeditions usually are, including men of science, artisans, agriculturists, gardeners, miners, &c. amounting, with the troops, to nearly four hundred persons, exclusive of the crews. The naval part was entrusted to M. de Chaumareys, who had the command of the frigate, *La Méduse*, of forty-four guns.

Owing to a very relaxed state of discipline, and an ignorance of the common principles of navigation which would have disgraced a private merchant ship, this frigate was suffered to run aground on the bank of Arguin. Attempts were made to get her off, attempts, however, which, according to the narrative before us, were as inefficient and discreditable to the naval officers, as the gross ignorance which had carried the ship into that situation; and it was soon discovered that all hopes of saving her must be abandoned, and that nothing remained but to concert measures for the escape of the passengers and crew. Some biscuit, wine, and fresh water were accordingly got up and prepared for putting into the boats, and upon a raft which had been hastily constructed; but, in the tumult of abandoning the wreck, it happened that the raft, which was destined to carry the greatest number of people, had the least share of the provisions; of wine, indeed, it had more than enough, but not a single barrel of biscuit. No embarkation list had been made out—no disposition of any kind for the distribution of those on board.

There were five boats; in the first were the Governor of Senegal and his family, in all thirty-five; it might (say our authors) have carried twice as many: the second took forty-two persons; the third twenty-eight; the fourth, the long-boat, eighty-eight; the fifth, twenty-five; and the jolly-boat, fifteen, among whom were M. Picard, his wife, four children, and three young ladies. The military had, in the first instance, been placed upon the raft—the number embarked on this fatal machine was not less than one hundred and fifty; making, with those in the boats, a total of three hundred and ninety-seven.

On leaving the wreck, M. Corréard, geographical engineer, (one
of

of the writers of the Narrative,) who had volunteered to accompany his men on the raft, wishing to be assured that proper instruments and charts for navigating it had been put on board, was told by the captain that every thing necessary had been provided, and a naval officer appointed to take charge of it: this naval officer, however, jumped into one of the boats, and never joined them.

The boats pushed off in a line, towing the raft, and assuring the people on board that they would conduct them safely to land. They had not proceeded, however, above two leagues from the wreck when they, one by one, cast off the tow-lines. It was afterwards pretended that they broke; had this even been true, the boats might at any time have rejoined the raft; instead of which, they all abandoned it to its fate, every one striving to make off with all possible speed.

At this time, the raft had sunk below the surface to the depth of three feet and a half, and the people were so squeezed, one against another, that it was found impossible to move; fore and aft, they were up to the middle in water. In such a deplorable situation, it was with difficulty they could persuade themselves that they had been abandoned; nor would they believe it until the whole of the boats had disappeared from their sight. They now began to consider themselves as deliberately sacrificed, and swore to be revenged of their unfeeling companions, if ever they gained the shore. The consternation soon became extreme. Every thing that was horrible took possession of their imaginations; all perceived their destruction to be at hand, and announced by their wailings the dismal thoughts by which they were distracted. The officers, with great difficulty, and by putting on a show of confidence, succeeded at length in restoring them to a certain degree of tranquillity, but were themselves overcome with alarm on finding that there was neither chart nor compass, nor anchor on the raft. One of the men belonging to M. Corréard had fortunately preserved a small pocket-compass, and this little instrument inspired them with so much confidence, that they conceived their safety to depend on it; but this treasure, above all price, was speedily snatched from them for ever; it fell from the man's hand, and disappeared between the openings of the raft.

None of the party had taken any food before they left the ship, and hunger beginning to oppress them, they mixed the biscuit, of which they had about five-and-twenty pounds on board, with wine, and distributed it, in small portions, to each man. 'Such,' say the narrators, 'was our first repast, and the best which we made during our whole abode upon the raft.' They thought themselves, however, not quite lost; and the hope of speedy vengeance on those who had so basely deserted them tended to revive their courage.

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They succeeded in erecting a kind of mast, and hoisting one of the royals that had belonged to the frigate.

Night at length came on, the wind freshened, and the sea began to swell; the only consolation now was the belief that they should discover the boats the following morning. About midnight the weather became very stormy; and the waves broke over them in every direction.

‘During the whole of this night,’ say the narrators, ‘we struggled against death, holding ourselves closely to the spars which were firmly bound together. Tossed by the waves from one end to the other, and sometimes precipitated into the sea; floating between life and death; mourning over our misfortunes, certain of perishing, yet contending for the remains of existence with that cruel element, which menaced to swallow us up; such was our situation till break of day—horrible situation! how shall we convey an idea of it which will not fall far short of the reality!’

In the morning the wind abated, and the sea subsided a little; but a dreadful spectacle presented itself—ten or twelve of the unhappy men, having their lower extremities jammed between the spars of the raft, unable to extricate themselves, had perished in that situation; several others had been swept off by the violence of the waves: in calling over the list it was found that twenty had disappeared. ‘Already,’ says the narrator, with exquisite simplicity, (after informing us that the only feeling from which they derived consolation in their awful condition, was the hope of revenge,) ‘already was the *moral* character of the people greatly changed!’ Two young seamen threw themselves into the sea, after deliberately taking leave of their comrades; some fancied that they saw the land; and others, ships approaching to rescue them.

All this, however, was nothing to the dreadful scene which took place the following night. The day had been beautiful, and no one seemed to doubt that the boats would appear in the course of it, to relieve them from their perilous state; but the evening approached, and none were seen: from that moment a spirit of sedition spread from man to man, and manifested itself by the most furious shouts: night came on; the heavens were obscured with thick clouds; the wind rose, and with it the sea; the waves broke over them every moment; numbers were swept away, particularly near the extremities of the raft; and the crowding towards the centre of it was so great, that several poor wretches were smothered by the pressure of their comrades, who were unable to keep on their legs.

Firmly persuaded that they were all on the point of being swallowed up, both soldiers and sailors resolved ‘to sooth their last moments by drinking till they lost their reason.’ They bored a hole in the head of a large cask, from which they continued to swill till the salt water, mixing with the wine, rendered it no longer potable.

Excited

Excited by the fumes, acting on empty stomachs and heads already disordered by danger, they now became deaf to the voice of reason; boldly declared their intention to murder their officers, and then cut the ropes which bound the raft together: one of them, seizing an axe, actually began the dreadful work—this was the signal for revolt; the officers rushed forward to quell the tumult, and the man with the hatchet was the first that fell—the stroke of a sabre terminated his existence.

The passengers joined the officers, but the mutineers were still the greater number; luckily they were but badly armed, or the few bayonets and sabres of the opposite party could not have kept them at bay. One fellow was detected secretly cutting the ropes, and immediately flung overboard; others destroyed the shrouds and halyards, and the mast, deprived of support, fell on a captain of infantry, and broke his thigh; he was instantly seized by the soldiers and thrown into the sea, but was saved by the opposite party. A furious charge was now made upon the mutineers, many of whom were cut down: at length this fit of desperation subsided into egregious cowardice; they cried out for mercy, and asked forgiveness on their knees. It was now midnight, and order appeared to be restored; but after an hour of deceitful tranquillity, the insurrection burst forth anew: the mutineers ran upon the officers like desperate men, each having a knife or a sabre in his hand, and such was the fury of the assailants, that they tore their flesh and even their clothes with their teeth: there was no time for hesitation; a general slaughter took place, and the raft was strewed with dead bodies.

Some palliation must be allowed on account of their miserable condition; the constant dread of death, want of rest and of food had impaired their faculties—nor did the officers themselves entirely escape. A sort of half-waking dream, a wandering of the imagination, seized most of them: some fancied they saw around them a beautiful country, covered with the most delightful plantations; others became wild with horrors, and threw themselves into the sea. Several, on casting themselves off, said calmly to their companions, ‘I am going to seek for assistance, and you shall soon see me return.’

‘In the midst of this general madness,’ says the narrative, ‘one saw these unhappy men rushing upon their companions, sword in hand, and demanding from them the *wing of a chicken* to appease the hunger which was preying upon them; others asked for their hammocks, that they might go between decks and get a little sleep; many imagined themselves to be still on board the *Méduse*. Even after this fatal night many imagined themselves, in the morning, to have awaked from a frightful dream, in which battles and slaughter had disturbed their rest.’

On the return of day it was found, that in the course of the preceding

ceding night of horror, sixty-five of the mutineers had perished, and two of the small party attached to the officers. One cask of wine only remained. Before the allowance was served out they contrived to get up their mast afresh; but having no compass, and not knowing how to direct their course, they let the raft drive before the wind, apparently indifferent whither they went. Enfeebled with hunger, they now tried to catch fish, but could not succeed, and abandoned the attempt.

‘It was necessary, however, that some extreme measure should be adopted to support our miserable existence; we shudder with horror on finding ourselves under the necessity of retracing that which we put in practice; we feel the pen drop from our hands; a deadly coldness freezes all our limbs, and our hair stands on end—Readers, we entreat you not to entertain, for men already too unfortunate, a sentiment of indignation; but to grieve for them, and to shed a tear of pity over their unhappy lot.’

The ‘extreme measure’ was, indeed, horrible: the unhappy men, whom death had spared in the course of the night, fell upon the carcasses of the dead and began to devour them; some tried to eat their sword-belts and cartridge-boxes; others devoured their linen, and others the leathers of their hats; but all these expedients, and others of a still more loathsome nature, were of no avail.

A third night of horror now approached; but it proved to be a night of tranquillity, disturbed only by the piercing cries of those whom hunger and thirst devoured. The water was up to their knees, and they could only attempt to get a little sleep by crowding closely together, so as to form an immoveable mass. The morning’s sun shewed them ten or a dozen unfortunate creatures stretched lifeless on the raft; all of whom were committed to the deep with the exception of one, destined for the support of those who the evening before had pressed his trembling hands in vowing eternal friendship. At this period, fortunately, a shoal of flying fish, in passing the raft, left nearly three hundred entangled between the spars. By means of a little gunpowder and linen, and by erecting an empty cask, they contrived to make a fire; and mixing with the fish the flesh of their deceased comrade, they all partook of a meal, which, by this means, was rendered less revolting.

The fourth night was marked by another massacre. Some Spaniards, Italians, and negroes, who had taken no part with the former mutineers, now entered into a conspiracy to throw the rest into the sea. The negroes had persuaded the others that the land was close to them, and that once on shore they would answer for their crossing Africa without the least danger. A Spaniard was the first to advance with a drawn knife; the sailors seized and threw him into the sea. An Italian, seeing this, jumped overboard; the rest were easily mastered, and order was once more restored.

Thirty

Thirty persons only now remained, many of whom were in a most deplorable state, the salt-water having entirely removed the epidermis of their lower extremities, which, with contusions and wounds, rendered them unable to support themselves. The remains of the fish and the wine were calculated to be just enough to support life for four days; but in these four they also calculated that ships might arrive from St. Louis to save them. At this moment two soldiers were discovered behind the cask of wine, through which they had bored a hole, for the purpose of drinking it through a reed; they had just before all pledged themselves to punish with death whoever should be found guilty of such a proceeding, and the sentence was immediately carried into execution by throwing the culprits into the sea.

Their numbers were thus reduced to twenty-eight, fifteen of whom only appeared to be able to exist for a few days; the other thirteen were so reduced, that they had nearly lost all sense of existence; as their case was hopeless, and as while they lived they would consume a part of the little that was left, a council was held, and, after a deliberation at which the most horrible despair is said to have presided, it was decided to throw them overboard. 'Three sailors and a soldier undertook the execution of this cruel sentence: we turned away our eyes and shed tears of blood on the fate of these unfortunate men; but this painful sacrifice saved the fifteen who remained; and who, after this dreadful catastrophe, had six days of suffering to undergo before they were relieved from their dismal situation.' At the end of this period, a small vessel was descried at a distance; she proved to be the *Argus* brig, which had been dispatched from Senegal to look out for them. All hearts on board were melted with pity at their deplorable condition.—'Let any one,' say our unfortunate narrators, 'figure to himself fifteen unhappy creatures almost naked, their bodies shrivelled by the rays of the sun, ten of them scarcely able to move: our limbs stripped of the skin; a total change in all our features; our eyes hollow and almost savage; our long beards which gave us an air almost hideous—we were in fact but the shadows of ourselves.'

Such is the history of these unfortunate men! Of the hundred and fifty embarked on the raft, fifteen only were received on board the brig, and of these six died shortly after their arrival at St. Louis; and the remaining nine, covered with cicatrices, and exhausted by the sufferings to which they were so long exposed, are stated to have been entirely altered in appearance and constitution. We are shocked to add, that such were the neglect and indifference of their shipmates who had arrived there in safety, that had it not been for the humane attention of Major Peddy and Captain Campbell, they would in all probability have experienced the fate of their unfortunate companions.

Of

Of the boats, two only (those in which the governor and the captain of the frigate had embarked) arrived at Senegal: the other four made the shore in different places, and landed their people. They suffered extremely from hunger and thirst, and the effects of a burning sun reflected from a surface of naked sand; with the exception, however, of two or three, they all reached Senegal.

The governor, recollecting that the *Méduse* had on board two hundred thousand francs in specie, sent off a little vessel to visit the wreck; but (that no one part of this wretched expedition might reflect disgrace on another) with only eight days provisions on board; so that she was compelled to return without being able to approach it: she was again sent out with twenty-five days provisions, but being ill found, and the weather bad, she returned to port a second time. On the third attempt she reached the wreck, fifty-two days after it had been abandoned; but what were the horror and astonishment of those who ascended it, to discover on board three miserable wretches just on the point of expiring!

It now appeared that seventeen men had clung to the wreck when the boats and the raft departed; their first object had been to collect a sufficient quantity of biscuit, wine, brandy and pork for the subsistence of a certain number of days. While this lasted, they were quiet; but forty-two days having passed without any succour appearing, twelve of the most determined, seeing themselves on the point of starving, resolved to make for the land; they therefore constructed a raft, or float, which they bound together with ropes, and on which they set off with a small quantity of provisions, without oars and without sails, and were drowned. Another, who had refused to embark with them, took it into his head, a few days after, to try for the shore; he placed himself in a hen-coop, dropped from the wreck, and at the distance of about half a cable's length from it, sunk to rise no more. The remaining four resolved to die by the wreck; one of them had just expired when the vessel from Senegal arrived; the other three were so exhausted, that a few hours more would have put an end to their misery.

It is impossible not to be struck with the extraordinary difference of conduct in the officers and crew of the *Méduse* and those of His Majesty's ship *Alceste*.* These two frigates were wrecked nearly about the same time—the distance from the nearest friendly port pretty nearly the same—in the one case all the people were kept together, in a perfect state of discipline and subordination, and brought safely home from the opposite side of the globe;—in the other, every one seems to have been left to shift for himself, and the greater part perished in the horrible way we have just seen.

* See No. XXXIV. Art. VIII.

In the one case, the representative of His Majesty voluntarily put himself on the same stinted allowance, and most cheerfully shared the same fate with the meanest of the crew.—In the other, the representative of his Most Christian Majesty was the first to take care of himself—but we will not pursue the parallel.

ART. IX. *Mandeville: a Tale of the seventeenth Century in England.* By William Godwin. 3 vols. Edinburgh. 1817. pp. 989.

THIS is, in our opinion, a very dull novel and a very clever book. Mandeville is one of those unhappy beings whose minds are so irritable and liable to disorder, as never to be clearly and securely rational, nor, except in occasional paroxysms, wholly and decidedly mad. We who enjoy, or flatter ourselves with thinking that we enjoy, our sober senses, cannot, of course, pretend to describe the internal operations of minds of this class, nor to explain by what strange perversion of intellect they see in all mankind a conspiracy against them, and by what stranger ingenuity they account for and justify to their own glimmering reason the follies and crimes of their insanity. But the character is unfortunately but too frequent in this country, to leave an accurate observer in utter ignorance of what passes in the minds of these unhappy persons. We certainly have seen them in different stages of the malady, and from the best judgment which we are enabled to form of a subject, which we hope we understand but superficially, we should say that Mr. Godwin's delineation is admirable—faithful in its conception, forcible in its expression; and, in a word, the most lively and tangible image which we have ever seen of the waywardness of a selfish temper and the wanderings of a depraved understanding.

Our readers will easily believe, that we do not mean to trespass on their patience with any detail of the history, or any quotation of the prodigal rhapsodies of such a character. We could not do full justice to either, without following the minute and evanescent links by which the real events connect themselves with the infirmity of Mandeville; besides, the history of this gloomy spirit is, from the very ability and intimacy, if we may use the expression, with which it is drawn, not only unamusing but painful. Mandeville is the relater of his own story, and he indulges to its fullest extent the privilege of wearying his auditors with a detail of his own thoughts, hopes, fears, vanities, injuries and crimes: those who wish to know what it would be to live with such a being may consult Mr. Godwin; but those who have not that melancholy curiosity will abstain from his course of morbid anatomy.

It appears to us somewhat singular, that this gloomy style should have

have such charms for Mr. Godwin, that it should be, in fact, the one in which he seems to feel himself most truly in his element; but so it is; all the heroes of all his novels are infected with this malady. 'Falkland,' 'St. Leon,' and 'Mandeville' are members of the same family, and their portraits are painted with the same melancholy force and disgusting accuracy; but Falkland is accompanied by rational beings, and it is a rational being who describes the scenes in which Falkland plays a part.—Here then is some relief to the mind; and the contrast between the innocence of some of the personages, the deep villainy of others, and the insane and therefore almost pardonable atrocities of the hero, form altogether in 'Caleb Williams,' one of the most interesting stories amongst our British novelists. But when Mr. Godwin makes the Bedlamite not only the hero but the relater of the tale, it is evident that all contrast is lost, all interest vanishes, the characters are all seen by the same discoloured eye, and all described by the same rambling tongue; 'they come like shadows, so depart,' and nobody feels about them any thing but that they are the inventions and colourings of a madman's brain.

We are therefore obliged to pronounce this work intolerably tedious and disgusting, though its author has proved himself intimately skilled in the perversity of the human mind, and in all the blackest and most horrible passions of the human heart.

ART. X. *An Argument for construing largely the Right of an Appellee of Murder, to insist on Trial by Battle; and also for abolishing Appeals.* By E. A. Kendall, Esq. F. A. S. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London. 1818. 8vo. pp. 307.

ON the last occasion when that extraordinary mode of trial called *Wager of Battel* was allowed in Westminster Hall, Sir Henry Spelman informs us that the circumstance created no small degree of perturbation among the gentlemen of the long robe. The battel was instituted, he says, 'non sine magnâ jurisconsultorum perturbatione.*' In that case, however, the question related only to a civil right; the parties interested were not to fight in person, but by their champions; and, the dispute having been in fact compromised before the day of battle, the champions met only as a matter of form. A more remarkable occasion seems now to present itself, when a person solemnly accused of an atrocious murder has challenged his accuser to 'prove the charge with his body,' and when the challenge, if allowed and accepted, can scarcely fail to terminate in the death or serious injury of one or both parties. Should the duel take place, it will be indeed a sin-

* Gloss. 103. & vid. 3 Blackst. Com. 22.

gular sight to behold the present learned and venerable judges of the court of King's Bench, clothed in their full costume, sitting all day long in the open air in Tothill Fields, as the umpires of a match at single-stick. Nor will a less surprising spectacle be furnished by the learned persons who are to appear as the counsel of the combatants, and who, as soon as *the ring is formed*, will have to accompany their clients within the lists, and to stand, like so many seconds and bottle-holders, beside a pair of bare-legged, bare-armed, and bare-headed cudgellists.

The subject, ludicrous as it seems, is one of considerable seriousness and importance. That a person, tried on an indictment for murder, and acquitted by a jury, should undergo a second trial for the same charge at the instance of the relations of the deceased, is itself an occurrence of a most striking nature. Such is the simple effect of the appeal of murder now pending, even supposing the plea of wager of battle to be disallowed, and the party accused to be tried in the ordinary manner. But when on the singularity of an appeal of murder is grafted the additional singularity of a judicial combat, the case is more than striking—it is really deplorable. The reflexion that, in the nineteenth century, a human life may be sacrificed to a practice which might have been conceived too absurd, impious, and cruel to have outlived the dark ages, cannot be entertained without pain. Nor can it fail of producing an anxious wish that the speedy interference of the legislature may abolish this barbarous absurdity, and purify the criminal law of England from a blot which time and civilization have strangely failed to wear away.

The question as to the propriety of abolishing appeals of murder (and, if the appeal of murder were abolished, the wager of battle must fall with it) has already occupied, on repeated occasions, the notice of parliament; or, at least, that of the House of Commons. On those occasions, however, it came before the House, blended with matter of a political nature, and failed to receive the calm and comprehensive examination due to it, and that final disposal which it imperiously requires. The strange circumstances of the appeal now pending will, as we cannot but believe, once more draw the attention of the legislature to the subject; and it is fervently to be hoped, that any measures which shall be adopted with respect to it, may be founded in the fullest inquiry and consideration. It is with the desire of contributing our quota of suggestions to the discussion, that we have undertaken the present Article. We are not, indeed, able to present our ideas in the most advantageous form of which, imperfect as they are, they may be susceptible. Much more time would be requisite for that purpose than

than we can now command; and, on the other hand, the probability that the question will be agitated, before another opportunity is afforded us of stating our sentiments on it to the public, forbids delay.

The same circumstance will, we trust, be considered as an adequate apology for the superficial view which alone we can supply of the publication that gives this Article its title. The first edition of it, which appeared in November, 1817, we did not happen to see. The second, which seems to have received such additions and improvements as nearly to entitle it to the character of a new work, has emerged from the press while we write;* and we can review it on no other condition than that of submitting to the reader the impression produced by a rapid perusal. This, under ordinary circumstances, would hardly be proper; but the author is laudably anxious that his endeavours may produce an influence on public opinion, previously to the consideration of the question he discusses, by the Houses of Parliament; and, in seizing the very first opportunity of introducing his 'argument' to the notice of the general reader, we trust we may be forgiven for shewing ourselves anxious to do justice rather to his object than to his work.

We might be more reluctant to deliver any opinion respecting the publication of Mr. Kendall, had not our short acquaintance with it impressed us, on the whole, very favourably. It seems an acute, vigorous, and spirited production; replete with matter of curious research; and every where bespeaking a fearless independence of mind. In its leading conclusions, also, we should be disposed to acquiesce; though not without a fair allowance for occasional dissent; nor without some little reservation for doubts, which might, perhaps, be ripened into dissent by a more leisurely perusal. The haste with which the work was originally composed (and thus far, at least, we have a fellow-feeling with the author) is apparent even in its improved state. With no want of the external marks of method, it is considerably immethodical; and its voluminous notes, not satisfied with their proper province of supporting the march of the text by a numerous flying-artillery of antiquarian black-letter, are apt very ungraciously to intrude on the conduct of the main battle. The author disclaims, and in fact was not obliged to study, professional accuracy in treating of legal subjects; nor are we aware that he has fallen into any material errors in this department; yet there are one or two *casualties* which may as well be repaired on any favourable occasion that offers. Thus, he asserts (and this even to the injury of his argument, p. 119.) that,

* It came to our hands on the 26th Jan. 1818.

in our modern courts of equity, a single oath to a fact, on the side of the *plaintiff*, is conclusive; whereas the notorious rule of those courts is, that a plaintiff can never have a decree on the evidence of a single oath, if that oath is contradicted by the oath of the defendant; and, consequently, if the single oath of either party is to be considered as conclusive, it is that of the *defendant*.

A more serious complaint might be made of the work, on the score of its evincing a sharpness of manner, bordering on resentment. The author seems impressed with the notion that a stupid and irrational prejudice in favour of appeals of murder prevails among the members of the community in general; and this prejudice he has set himself to encounter with a warmth and excitability not unlike its own. *Saxos compescuit ignibus ignes*. But he should remember that irritation and intemperance are never to be destroyed by their own weapons; they have no real opposite but extreme calmness; and, considering his indubitable superiority in information and argument, he might the less have been expected to feel the contagion of that unsuitable vehemence to which he is opposed.

Before we glance at any of the topics which this subject presents, it may not be improper to recall to the remembrance of the reader some of the leading features of the very singular case from which the whole discussion took its rise. Mary Ashford, a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a peasant at Erdington in Warwick, having been found dead, and to all appearance murdered with circumstances of great atrocity, Abraham Thornton, a bricklayer, then residing in the neighbourhood, and the last person seen in her company, was indicted for the murder, and on this indictment was tried at Warwick in the summer of last year, when, after a trial of twelve hours and a half, the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty.—William Ashford, the eldest brother and heir of the deceased, has since *appealed* Thornton of the murder of his sister. To this charge, Thornton has pleaded Not Guilty, and that he is ready to defend the same by his body, and has thrown down his glove in open court as a gage of battle. Then Ashford has *counter-pleaded*, alleging that there are circumstances which induce the most violent presumption of Thornton's guilt, in which case the law is that the person appealed against is not to be permitted to wage battle, but must be tried by his country. To this counter-plea, again, Thornton has *replied*, stating all the facts in his favour (which were proved at the trial); then setting out the indictment and acquittal, and concluding with an averment that these matters furnish stronger presumptions of his innocence than the facts stated on the other side afford of his guilt. Thus far the proceeding has now advanced; though it will have travelled a further stage before these observations become public.

public. The next step will be for Ashford to give some sort of *rejoinder*; and, probably, it will then rest with the judges to decide whether Thornton is to be allowed the trial by battle which he seeks. If he may not, he must be tried again by a jury. If he may, the appellant Ashford will have either to decline or accept the challenge. If he declines it, he must be *non-suited*, that is, there is an end to the suit; and the appellant, for having failed to prosecute it, may be fined at the discretion of the judges.* If he accepts it, the battle must take place; in which, if the appellant is defeated, he is subject to a year's imprisonment and a fine, and besides must make restitution in damages; but if the appellant turns *craven*, that is, gives up the battle from cowardice, he becomes infamous and loses the privileges of a freeman. On the other hand, if the defendant is defeated, he is to be executed instantly, nor can the King pardon him; but if he is victorious, or can maintain the fight till the evening, he is to be honourably acquitted.

Such is the outline of this proceeding; concerning which, it is to be observed, that great mistakes are made. Of these mistakes, the most common, and perhaps the most natural, is to suppose, that the whole proceeding is an *appeal from the verdict* already given, with a view to have that verdict reversed. This idea is indeed very agreeable to the sense which the word *appeal* commonly bears in modern times; but, were the reading part of the community as well acquainted with Blackstone's Commentaries as they ought to be, they would know that the word in question had another sense.† It was derived from the French verb *appeller*; and signified a *summons* or *challenge*. It was in fact nothing more than the injured person *calling* or *summoning* the supposed offender to take his trial for the offence. It had therefore no reference to any previous trial; but was in itself a complete and substantive proceeding. In the present instance, Ashford might equally have brought his appeal of murder against Thornton, whether Thornton had before been indicted and acquitted or not; although it should be observed on the other hand that, had Thornton been first tried and acquitted on the *appeal*, he could not afterwards have been brought to trial on the *indictment*.‡

As an illustration of the difference between this meaning of the word *appeal*, and that which the same word bears in modern use, we may remark that an appeal of murder can be brought only within a year and day after the offence committed; whereas an indictment may be brought at any distance of time. This could not be the case, if the appeal were, according to the common

* Vid. 2 Hawk. P. C. 204. and the authorities there quoted.

† 4 Bl. Com. 312.

‡ 2 Hawk. c. 35. s. 7.

mistake, an appeal *from* the indictment. The truth is, that an appeal, being considered as the personal and private right of an injured party to redress, is, like other personal and private rights, lost by delay. But an indictment is a suit by the King as the representative of the public; and the public right to punish an offender never expires during his life.

It is further curious to observe, that before the enactment respecting appeals in the reign of Henry VII. (a law which throws great light on this whole subject,) so far were appeals from being considered as *derivative* or *consequential* proceedings, that an indictment for murder could not be had until either an appeal had been brought and had failed for want of prosecution, or until the year and day for bringing appeals had expired. By the enactment in question, it was ordered that the suit by indictment might be taken at any time, either within the year and day, or after; not prejudicing, however, the right of the party to appeal.* The occasion of this regulation professedly was that instances often occurred in which appeals were compounded for; and that, in the mean time, the public prosecution, being suspended for a year, often went to sleep altogether, so that the murderer escaped with impunity. To redress this evil, it was then for the first time enacted, that the King's suit should not wait the suit of the private party. The enactment is greatly and justly commended by Lord Bacon,† who yet does not seem to have exactly apprehended its merits. The truth is, that this change in the criminal practice of the country indicated a striking improvement in the theory and principles of legislation. Before this time, we see that the punishment of murder was considered rather as the right of the private relations of the deceased, than as the duty of the state: at least, it was considered as the duty of the state, *subject* to the prior right of the relations. No principle, surely, can more strongly savour of barbarism than this; it was, in fact, a legitimate relic of our old Saxon constitution, according to which all homicides might be expiated by a pecuniary satisfaction to the heir or representative of the deceased. The modern and the evidently just doctrine is, that the life of every citizen is the property of the state; and that therefore the punishment of murder is a debt due not to individual revenge, but to public justice. This doctrine was, for the first time, recognized in British practice by the law we have mentioned; and, though we must concede to our author, that considerable mischief has incidentally arisen from that law, and that its operation has been to reduce our criminal justice, in cases of homicide, to a strangely anomalous state, yet we cannot but be strongly of opinion that the good which it has done in *civilizing* (if

* 3 H. VII. c. 1.

† Hist. Hen. VII.

we may so speak) this important part of jurisprudence, has greatly exceeded all the injuries with which it may be thought chargeable.

But the march of laws, like that of justice, is tardy; and vestiges of the old barbarism even yet remain. That the private right of appealing for murder should subsist at all, is perhaps very little to the credit of British refinement. But, what is far worse, at a period long subsequent to the reign of Henry the Seventh,—nay, we believe, even down to the present moment,—the priority of the public over the private right in cases of murder, has by no means been distinctly established. On the contrary, Sir Matthew Hale lays it down as law in his day, and we presume it to be law still, that ‘if a man be indicted and appealed before the same justices for the same murder or other felony, the party shall be arraigned *upon the appeal first, and not upon the indictment, in favour of the appellant.*’* What is this but to say that, whenever the public and the private rights clash together, the private right shall have the preference?

From what has been observed, however, it is impossible not to infer the high antiquity of appeals for murder. They were evidently considered as a great common-law right of the subject, and one with which the public claims, or rather (as they were deemed) the king’s claims, were to be very tender of interfering. In effect, the learning of appeals (comprising not only appeals of murder, but those of various other injuries) constituted a very copious title in the ancient English law. Blackstone, indeed, deduces the origin of appeals of murder from the Saxon *weregild*, which was a composition paid by the murderer to the relations of the deceased. The permission of such a composition he appears to consider as a proof of the constitutional mildness of the Saxon laws;† but some legal process was necessary to recover the *weregild*, and, when the offence of murder grew no longer redeemable, then he conceives that the private process was still continued, in order to ensure the punishment of the offender. If we understand the learned author, he means to say that the appeal was in fact intended as a public proceeding, though, for the sake of convenience, the form of it was adapted to the private process before used for the recovery of the *weregild*. It is rather the weakness of this great man, that, under the professional, and, in its place, just notion of founding the liberties of Englishmen on the ground of ancient right, he is perpetually disposed to magnify the polity of our Saxon ancestors, and to charge all the sins of the old law on the Norman invaders. Nothing, we think, can be plainer, than that the ancient appeal was, not in form only, but in substance and in origin, a private process; and it seems to us almost equally certain that, so far from

* 2 P. C. 221. Vid. *etiam* Dyer, 296.

† Compare 4 Bl. Com. 313 & 419.

the appeal having superseded the taking of the weregild, it was, at least in its rudiments, coeval with, or antecedent to, that barbarous practice. Almost all rude nations hold the principle that the death of a murdered man is to be revenged by his surviving relatives. The rule is, *blood for blood*;—but the unthriftiness of savages, which makes the supply of the wants of the passing day so important to them,—their low estimate of the value of human life—and the uncertainty and inconstancy of their relative affections—easily admit of an exception to the rule, whenever the murderer offers a bribe. Here therefore, if we only interpose a few rude judicial forms, we have at once the principle of the appeal and that of the weregild; and the sole peculiarity in the Saxon constitution seems to have been that, in process of time, the exception swallowed up the rule.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that we would degrade the doom-books and digests of our Alfreds and Edwards into a comparison with the barbarous judicature of a South-sea island or a tribe of Esquimaux. The merits of those eminent law-givers may be said to be *graven with an iron pen* in the English constitution even as it now stands. But the progressive refinement of laws is necessarily limited by that of manners. Every great legislator must, like Solon, content himself with giving the people not the best government, but as good a government as they can bear; and, if the English code, even as at present constituted, betrays symptoms of its rude original, we surely cannot wonder at finding much stronger marks of remaining barbarism in the jurisprudence of the Anglo-Saxons.

Hitherto we have spoken of appeals simply considered; but they become a much more interesting subject of inquiry, when taken in connexion with the wager of battle. The appeal, indeed, and the battle, though very generally thought to be connected, are not necessarily so; at least they have not been necessarily so for some centuries past. An appeal may often be brought where no wager of battle is allowed. The books lay it down, that an appellant is not obliged to accept the challenge to battle, if he is an infant, or a cripple, or an old man, or a priest, or a citizen of London. Women are stated to have the same privilege; but the most observable case of exception is that which is contended to have occurred in the appeal now actually pending, namely, where there is a violent presumption of guilt against the party accused. Where no presumption, or proof to this effect exists—where all human means of ascertaining the truth seem to fail, and a *dignus vindice nodus* is conceived to arise—an occasion on which the immediate interposition of Providence may be expected. But, where the proofs of guilt are on the face of them glaring, the decision may be left

left to the ordinary exercise of human judgment, without demanding a miracle.

Such at least are some of the common doctrines on this subject ; but our author denies these doctrines to be agreeable to the old law ; and he has supported his proposition with great learning, acuteness, and force. He maintains that, originally, the appeal and the battle were not merely connected, but were one and the same thing ; and, if they differed at all, it was only as the challenge to a fight differs from the fight itself. He maintains that an appeal was neither more nor less than the *demand of a battle* ; and that where there was no battle there was no appeal. He maintains also, that the battle thus demanded was not originally considered as an *ordeal*, or a reference of the decision of the contest to heaven ; that it had not a religious but a secular character, and was in fact only that appeal to the fortune of arms which forms the whole sum of the jurisprudence of savages. Lastly, he maintains, that the exceptions to the allowance of wager of battle were originally all exceptions in favour of the person accused, although, under 'our mongrel and disgraceful system,' (as he is pleased somewhat strongly to term it,) they have, by a very strange perversion, entirely shifted sides.

On these very curious points we fear to hazard the delivery of an extemporaneous opinion. The first impression certainly is one of assent, at least it is so with regard to the author's leading positions ; but much consideration would be requisite to the formation of a definitive judgment. As to the practical utility of these speculations, we do not conceive that they would produce much effect on those who are content to cling to the law of England, such as it has existed for the last two or three hundred years—on those who draw their knowledge from Hale and Holt, and, at all events, have no ambition to soar beyond the times of Bracton and Fleta. Yet, as many persons profess the most profound admiration for the law of appeal, and would have us cherish it as an invaluable legacy from our Saxon ancestors, while at the same time they condemn the trial by battle, as an enormity worthy only of Gothic and Norman barbarism, there is undoubtedly some use in showing that the sweet and the bitter streams sprang from the same source, and that no argument from antiquity can be employed in favour of the appeal, which does not in the same degree sanctify the battle.

In the particular conclusions, however, which the author draws from the curious knowledge he has collected, he does not appear to us always exact. Indignant at the preference which is often shown to the appeal over the trial by battle, he insensibly becomes almost the apologist of the latter ; and, amongst other remarks,

says,

nor any other for me, whereby the law of God may be depressed and the law of the devil exalted. So help me God.' And then, after proclamation of silence under pain of imprisonment for a year and a day, the combat is to begin, and to continue, unless either party yields or is vanquished, till the stars appear in the evening. The effect of defeat or surrender, on either side, has before been mentioned.

The many absurdities of this ceremonial do not require to be particularly pointed out. Yet it seems perfectly conceivable that in rude and superstitious times, the force of conscience might often make the proceeding efficacious in the detection of crime. Some author remarks that probably the ordeal of the *corsned* (which was a morsel of bread taken by a person accused, with a solemn imprecation that it might choke him if guilty) seldom proved fatal. On the contrary, we are persuaded that, to the guilty, it frequently proved fatal. Fear alone greatly affects the organs of deglutition; much more would a guilty fear, immediately directed to the imminent danger of not performing the act, operate in the same manner. The judicial combat was probably of still superior efficacy. On the one hand, conscience would make a coward of the criminal; and, on the other, the accuser would seldom subject himself to the hazard of an equal battle, unless he were animated by revenge or enthusiasm to such a pitch of determination as seldom fails to verify its own auguries.

Agreeably to this idea, stories are handed down of the conviction of criminals, through the means of battle, by antagonists far inferior to them in strength or expertness. The most curious example probably on record is one cited from the '*Mémoires sur les Duels*,' in Montfaucon's '*Antiquités de la Monarchie Française*,' vol. iii. p. 69. The author before us has given a translation of the story; but the reader may be amused by an extract from the original. We may observe that the same incident is related in St. Palaye's '*Mémoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*,' and in Colombrin's '*Théâtre d'Honneur et de Chevalerie*,' and that an engraving of it, from an ancient representation in the Castle of Montargis, is given by Mr. Johnes in the supplementary volume to his translation of Monstrelet. The theatres also, both of Paris and London, have, within these few years, exhibited pieces founded upon it.

The Chevalier Macaire, jealous of the favour shewn by the king to the Chevalier Aubri de Mondidier, took an opportunity of murdering the latter in the Forest of Bondi, while accompanied only by his dog, an English blood-hound. The dog, however, remained by his master's grave several days; and, when compelled to quit it by hunger, went to the house of an intimate friend of Aubri's;

Aubri's; whom, by his cries and significant actions, he drew to the spot; where, on a search being made, the body was found. Afterwards, the dog on all occasions assaulted Macaire; till, at length, suspicion was excited, and the king ordered a judicial combat between Macaire and his dumb accuser.

* Macaire et le chien furent tous deux mis dans le camp comme deux champions, en presence du Roy et de toute la cour: le gentilhomme armé d'un gros et pesant baston, et le chien avec ses armes naturelles, ayant seulement un tonneau percé pour faire ses relancements. Aussitôt que le chien fut lasché, il n'attendit point que son ennemi vint à lui, il sçavoit bien que c'étoit au demandeur d'attaquer: Mais le baston du gentilhomme étoit assez fort pour l'assommer d'un seul coup: ce qui l'obligea à courir cà et là, à l'entour de luy pour en éviter la pesante cheute. Mais enfin, tournant, tantost d'un côté et tantost d'un autre, il prist si bien son temps, que finalement il se jetta d'un plein saut à la gorge de son ennemy, et s'y attacha sy bien quil le renversa parmi le champ, et le contraignit à crier *Misericorde*, et à supplier le Roy qu'on luy otast ceste bete, et qu'il droit tout. Les juges s'estant approchez, il confessa devant tous qu'il avoit tué son compagnon, sans qu'il y eut personne qui l'eust put voir, hormis ce chien, duquel il se confessoit vaincu.*

It will be observed, in favour of the theory of Mr. Kendall, on the subject of appeals, that, in the above extract, the dog, who was the accusing party, or appellant, is considered also as the *demandeur*, or challenger. Indeed, the meaning of an appeal, as we have before observed, is a challenge; and, in the old chronicles, the term *appellant* is constantly used for one who challenges another to battle.

With respect to the form and manner of the judicial duel, we feel one difficulty, the solution of which we cannot command sufficient leisure to seek. It is well known that the jurisdiction, which our ancient Court of Chivalry possessed *within* the realm, was confined to matters concerning war and military honour, and did not extend to pleas or appeals determinable by the common law. In the 'palmy time,' indeed, of feudal and baronial grandeur, that court was perpetually transgressing its limits; within which, however, it was driven back by repeated statutes.* It follows, that appeals of murder or other felony within the realm, in which knights or other persons of high degree were concerned either as appellants or as defendants, fell under the cognizance of the courts of common law. Cases, therefore, might frequently occur, in which such personages would be called to wage battle according to the forms already described; for knights, unless they were peers, were not exempt. Indeed Bracton, in describing the proceedings in a common-law trial by battle, expressly states some slight diffe-

* 8 R. II. c. 5. 13 R. II. c. 2. 1 H. IV. c. 14.

rence of ceremonial, according as the party accused was of *mean or noble rank*.^{*} This difference of ceremonial, however, does not appear to have extended to the habits or weapons of the combatants. All who fought, fought with the baton and target. On the other hand, it is notorious that, in battle on an appeal of felony, the parties could not employ champions, but were obliged to fight in their own proper persons. Here, then, arises the difficulty to which we alluded. Is it imaginable that knights, or even esquires of gentle blood—persons habituated to rein the horse, to throw the lance, and to joust in complete armour—should condescend to play publicly a match at single-stick, with bare heads, bare legs, and arms bare up to the elbows? Alciat, in speaking of the judicial combat, is indignant that men of birth and rank should deign to wage battle even on foot:—‘*Omnium more receptum est*’ (he says) ‘*nobili et generoso viro magis convenire, ut eques et quidē loricatus congregiatur, quā mercenariorum peditum more, cum equestri militia nostris moribus dignior sit, et nobilium usū frequentior.*’† Here, indeed, he is a little fastidious; for it was a very usual practice with knights of the highest rank, and the most chivalrous honour, not merely in mortal quarrels, but in the generous encounters for fame peculiar to those romantic times, to stipulate that they should meet on foot, armed with battle-ax, sword, and dagger. But what would Alciat have said, had he beheld the *nobiles et generosi* of England, drubbing each other, in the guise of half-clad rustics, with staves of an ell long?

Montesquieu, it is to be observed, states, that ‘in France only villains fought with the buckler and baton, gentlemen armed at all points.’ Whether this account be perfectly accurate, or not, such limited research as we have been able to make does not qualify us to say. Monstrelet, however, we perceive, describes a wager of battle, on a charge of murder, in the court of Duke William, Count of Hainault. The duke, he says, presided at a mortal combat (*teint un champ mortel*) in which Brunecte, a gentleman of Hainault, charged Soltier Bernaige, a gentleman of Flanders, with the murder of one of his near relatives. The parties fought with lances and swords, and Brunecte overcame his adversary, and

^{*} Facto siquidē sacramento in hūc formā, statim committatur defensor duobus militibus vel legalibus hominibus aliis, secundū quod appellatus nobilis fuerit persona vel ignobilis, &c. Lib. iii. cap. 21. We take the liberty of here adding that Blackstone, when, in his account of a trial by battle on a writ of right, he describes the champions as introduced by two knights, seems to us to have erred, in stating that to have happened *always*, which Dyer and Spelman, his authorities, state only to have happened in a specific instance. We should rather conceive that it was only when the litigant parties were persons of some distinction, that their champions were introduced by knights; and that, in other cases, they were ushered in by inferior freeholders, or, as Bracton in the passage just cited says, *legales homines alii*.

† Alciat, c. 39 and 40, apud Dugd. Orig. Judic. 77.

forced him to confess the crime of which he had been appealed; upon which he was, by the duke's order, beheaded without delay.* Now had these brave gentlemen fought in England, all authorities seem to agree that they must have thrown aside their spears and swords, and beat one another with sticks tipped with horn. It is, however, extremely hard to believe that the chivalry of England, the flower of the courts of Cœur-de-Lion and the Black Prince, the countrymen of Chandos and Talbot, should have been less nice on the point of knightly rank and etiquette than their brethren on the continent. How then is this difficulty to be solved? Must we suppose that the persons in question, on the plea of their military character, found ways and means of carrying all their combats into the Court of Chivalry, where, it is well known, the judicial battle was fought in complete armour? We profess ourselves unable to decide these questions.

But, in these inquiries of mere curiosity, we are forgetting a far more important topic, and indeed the very topic which we chiefly proposed to ourselves on the present occasion. That some alteration of our criminal law with respect to appeals and trials by battle is imperiously called for, seems very generally thought; and we take it for granted that the subject will be considered during the present session of Parliament: but it is not very easy to determine how far the new-modelling ought to extend. All indeed agree that the monstrous opprobrium of *wager of battle* cannot too soon be removed; but an opinion has been suggested that the *appeal of murder* might be allowed to remain, provided only it be made to undergo such modifications as shall turn it into a *new trial* of the person accused, granted by competent authority. It is this question on which we would wish to say a few words.

In the discussion of this point, thus abstractly and nakedly put, we regret that the author before us does not afford us so much assistance as might have been hoped. That *some change or other* ought to be made in the law of appeal, his argument cannot fail to enforce on the mind of every unprejudiced reader; and in this view, his work seems to us very valuable. Nor is he slow to deliver his opinion, that the very principle of a second criminal trial is altogether unsound and monstrous. But, when his reasoning is traced, it will be found that he so blends this principle with the absurdities actually attached to it in the practice of English law, as to afford no distinct view of the merits of the principle itself. At the same time it would be doing him an injustice not to notice the grounds on which he *intimates* rather than *argues* that the principle ought to be condemned.

He repeatedly propounds it as a great and sacred maxim of the

* Chroniq. c. 23.

common law, that no man shall be put into jeopardy of his life oftener than once upon the same charge. The authority of the common law we certainly feel no great disposition to question; but it may be fair to ask, of *what* common law? If by common law be here meant what is usually opposed to statute law,—or that great body of consuetudinary rules which formed our jurisprudence, before parliaments are known to have sate, or at least to have sate to any purpose,—we ask whether it was not another great and sacred principle of the same law, that all suits, civil and criminal, should be decided by sticks and swords?—And again, that no accused person should be acquitted, who on being thrown into a pond, did not instantly sink?—And again, that a person was innocent of every possible crime, if, on being dared to it, he could swallow a crum of bread without being choked?—But, if by the common law is meant the whole of our municipal code as it now stands, then we would beg leave to observe that this very code, while it sanctions the inadmissibility of second criminal trials as a rule, yet allows their lawfulness as an exception; and, if we are to argue, not from reason, but on the bare naked ground of authority, the allowance in the one case seems as good as the sanction in the other.

Besides this reference to the authority of the common law, the writer has another objection to second criminal trials; for he considers them as ‘violating’ the trial by jury. He very ingeniously argues, that the trial by jury in some sense succeeded to the trial by ordeal, and was intended as an appeal, not merely to the judgment of man, but to that of the Deity; and, on this ground, he accounts for the use of the response, ordinarily put into the mouths of persons arraigned, who, on being asked how they will be tried, are directed to reply, ‘*by God and their country.*’ The derivation has great probability; for it seems very natural to suppose that our ancestors adapted both the trial by battle, and that by jury, to their favourite notion of an ordeal. But when the author proceeds to infer that it would therefore be impious to renew a criminal trial, because it would be to ask the divine judgment a second time, and when, on this account, he would retort the charge of impiety on the opponents of the trial by battle, he is, of course, only indulging in a sarcasm *ad hominem*. For surely such a sentiment, gravely held, would be unworthy of the good sense and acuteness which the work elsewhere exhibits.

In proceeding to deliver our own sentiments on the alternative question of abolishing appeals of murder, or so modifying them as to convert them into new trials, the first remark that occurs is, that the abolition of the wager of battle would alone reduce the appeal nearly to what is suggested.

By our present practice, the defendant in an appeal of murder
may

may wage battle, unless the presumption against him is violent. That is, he is not obliged to put himself on his trial before a jury, unless the judges of the King's Bench are of opinion that the *prima facie* evidence of his guilt is vehemently strong. Now abolish the absurd mummery of the wager of battle, leaving to the defendant *in favorem vite* his advantage of exemption from trial, unless the judges are of the opinion just mentioned as to his guilt; and enact further, that no appeal shall lie, unless (as in Thornton's case) the party has previously been acquitted of the same charge on an indictment; and by these means the appeal will become in effect a new trial granted by the court on the ground that the prisoner was improperly acquitted. We do not mean to say that a few more changes would not be necessary; as, for example, the granting the power of appeal to all other persons as well as to the heir; the exemption of the appellant from the penalty of imprisonment in case of an acquittal; the conferring on the crown the power of pardon in case of a conviction, which power the crown now does not possess in this proceeding, appeals being considered as private suits; together with other modifications of less moment. All we mean to say is, that the appeal might be new-modelled as required, with a very considerable retention of its present forms and modes of procedure.

If such a change were effected, it cannot be denied that some of the chief objections to this anomaly in our criminal jurisprudence would be removed. The appeal of murder would no longer be—what it altogether was originally, and what it still is liable to be—individual revenge borrowing the arm of the law. It would no longer subject those who might have honourably resisted the attack of public prosecution to a fresh struggle for life against the attempts of private malice. It would, to be sure, be a new trial after an acquittal; but a new trial granted only in extreme cases, and instituted by the highest judicial wisdom.

In civil cases, it is well known that our judges grant new trials almost daily. If a verdict has been given against evidence,—if some piece of evidence material to the issue was improperly admitted or excluded,—if excessive damages have been given,—if the judge who tried the cause misdirected the jury, and they erred in consequence of such misdirection,—the case is again sent to be examined and decided on by the country. It comes to a fresh jury, who, stimulated by the very circumstance that a mistake is supposed to have been before committed, which it belongs to them to correct, may be supposed to hear with peculiar attention, and to determine with peculiar care. Nor does any thinking person doubt that this *revising power* in the superior courts forms a most salutary and important part of our civil jurisprudence.

In a certain degree, the same revising power already exists in the practice of our criminal as well as our *nisi-prisus* law. Where any just exception lies to an indictment, *judgment* (in technical language) is *arrested*; in which case, the party is liable to a new trial, though not sent to it as a matter of course. In the lighter criminal cases, if a verdict of *guilty* is given in direct opposition to the evidence, a new trial may be granted. In cases of a graver nature, if the same thing happens, or if the verdict has been rightly given but circumstances of mitigation appear, the crown, the fountain of justice, may interpose a pardon. But let it be observed that, in all these cases, the reversal of judgment operates only on a prisoner improperly or harshly convicted. For the opposite case of an improper *acquittal*, (except sometimes in actions on penal statutes, or where, under the form of a criminal proceeding, a civil right is in fact tried,) our legal practice affords no remedy whatsoever.

The question therefore under consideration is, why there should be no remedy for this evil, as well as for the former? Juries may acquit, as well as condemn wrongfully; and why should we not have the means of repairing their errors in the one case as well as in the other? But, if a revising power in such cases is to be exercised at all, it can only be by giving the judges a jurisdiction to send the party, when they see fit, to be tried before another jury. For it never would be borne, that, after a person accused had been acquitted by his peers, any other authority than that of his peers should reverse his acquittal and pronounce him guilty. Therefore the proposed question comes to this, whether the court shall have power to grant new trials in cases of an acquittal for murder?

Before we enter on this question, we cannot help saying that it would not be easy to give the court this power in cases of acquittal, without giving them a like power in cases of conviction. If we are to increase the risk of detection to the guilty, there is no reason why we should not increase the chances of escape to the innocent. It is indeed true that persons are very seldom convicted of a heavy offence without good grounds; for, if there is any doubt about the charge, juries lean to the side of mercy. And, even where an improper conviction takes place, the sentence is not executed; for the friends of the party represent the case to the privy council, and a pardon is gained. Still, if it were formally enacted that an acquitted prisoner might be sent back to undergo a new trial for his life, the public would hardly be satisfied unless the act also said that a condemned prisoner might, in certain cases, demand a new trial for his deliverance. And, though it might not be very reasonable in the public to expect this, yet very plausible arguments might be used for asking it;—arguments which perhaps it would

not

not be wise to resist, considering how important it is to have public opinion on the side of the administration of justice.

Now if we are to have new trials on convictions as well as on acquittals, it is very plain that convicted persons ought not to undergo the sentence of the law, until a certain time had been allowed them to move for a new trial. If it be asked *how much* time, the answer is, exactly as much as it is thought proper to allow for the bringing an *appeal* against persons acquitted. The same length of time must be given in each case; and the convict must in the meanwhile be respited.

The inconveniencies of such a system it requires no great sagacity to perceive. The trouble,—the delay,—the expense,—the temporary indecision,—are all very plain, and very undesirable. But none of these evils, nor all of them together, form a decisive objection to the plan, if it can be shewn to answer the objects of justice in the end. It is very true that promptitude is of great importance in judicial proceedings. But promptitude is a relative word. It only means that we are to decide as fast as we can decide correctly; otherwise we merely sacrifice the end to the means. The great object is to be right at last. In the small matters, indeed, that come before the courts day by day, dispatch is generally of such moment to the suitors, that it may be better to decide quickly, even at the peril of occasionally making mistakes. But it is not so in those awful exigencies which are to dispose of the life and character of a human being. Here, other virtues are required than those of alacrity and expedition. Here, we must be cautious, deliberate, and circumspect; and perhaps should rather feel afraid of doing wrong than eager to do right.

But it may perhaps be said that it would be hard to oblige those who have once endured the torment of a capital trial, to undergo that cruel ordeal a second time on the same charge. Undoubtedly this would be hard; but the first question is, whether it is necessary. It should be remembered that if the plan were properly carried into effect, the hardship complained of would never be inflicted except where there was a very strong presumption of guilt. The power of granting new trials would rest, not with private individuals, but with the judges, acting on the maturest consideration. It would therefore never be exercised, except in very strong cases; and surely it is better that persons covered with appearances of guilt should be exposed to the hazard of a trial for life twice, than that the lives of the rest of the community should be exposed to the danger of assassination.

In short, objections drawn from public and private convenience can never be considered as conclusive against a system which is intended for the furtherance of public justice. But, on the other hand, if the system *fails* of effecting that end,—if public justice is

not furthered after all,—then great weight may be due to these objections. And, in fact, we think the utility of this plan very doubtful, and that it might possibly be not only useless but injurious.

In settling the merits of such a plan, the points to be considered are, whether it would make innocence more sure of acquittal and guilt of punishment, than they now are? As to the first of these, we believe that innocence is very sure of acquittal already. Our juries are not apt to be sanguinary:—the civilized part of mankind are never apt to be sanguinary, unless they are under some strong personal excitement. ‘The law holds (says Blackstone) that it is better that ten guilty persons escape than that one innocent suffer.’ This maxim, which we believe to be as wise as it is humane, (for it is founded on that regard for individual security which lies at the root of all social order,) has long been completely established in the practice of our juries. Fatal exceptions, it must be acknowledged, have sometimes occurred;—there are instances in which the innocent have suffered the last penalty of the law. But this is owing to the imperfection of human nature, from the influence of which even the best judicial system cannot be wholly free. And besides, the science of criminal law, like other sciences, is progressive. Such distressing examples as those alluded to are not likely to happen again; for we have been instructed by the effect of our mistakes. This remark may be illustrated by a case which is probably familiar to many of our readers. ‘I would never (says Sir Matthew Hale) convict any person of murder or manslaughter, unless the fact were proved to be done, or at least the body found dead, for the sake of two cases.’—The two cases to which he refers are very curious, especially one of them. A young girl, who lived with her uncle, (who was also her heir at law,) was overheard to say, ‘Good uncle, do not kill me!’ Very soon afterwards, the child disappeared; and the uncle, being committed on suspicion of having murdered her, was admonished by the judges of assize to produce her against the next assizes. When the next assizes came, the uncle produced a child whom he declared to be his niece, and who certainly resembled her extremely; but who was proved by witnesses well acquainted with the person of the real niece to be not the same. On these presumptions, the uncle was found guilty, condemned, and executed. But, some years after, the real niece, who had been induced to run away by the ill treatment of her uncle, and had been received and brought up in a distant part of the country by a benevolent stranger, appeared, and, being now of age, laid claim to her inheritance. Her identity was established on the clearest evidence, and her claim allowed.* This is a shocking story indeed; but it is very clear that such an occurrence could not now take place. In the present state of the country, a

* 2 Hale’s P. C. 290.

child absconding in this manner could hardly have lain hid; nor could the persons who harboured her have failed to hear of and to prevent the fatal effects of her disappearance. But at all events, so long as the important rule which Sir Mathew Hale has deduced from this very case continues in force, (and we believe it is now always observed,) there exists a very strong security against the recurrence of so dreadful a mistake.

For the reasons already given, therefore, and perhaps for others that may appear in the sequel, it seems that appeals of murder are not wanted for the sake of the innocent. The next point is, whether they would increase the chances of detection to the guilty.

The office of a jury trying a murderer is among the most painful to which an ordinary member of society can be exposed. Between indignation at the crime, and the fear lest, through a mistaken verdict, another innocent life should be destroyed, their situation is most difficult. To act well in such a situation, men cannot be fortified with too strong a feeling of responsibility. It needs an intense sense of obligation to keep the judgment steady amidst so much excitement. At present, juries sitting on cases of this nature know that their decision is to be FINAL. If they convict unjustly, a fellow-creature may fall a sacrifice to their mistake. If they acquit improperly, they let loose a murderer on society. In either case, though in a different way, blood may be said to lie at their door. The feeling of this heavy responsibility keeps down the influences of mere passion or sentiment over their minds, and severely impels them along the path of duty.

But if it were settled that their decisions in such cases should be final no longer, as their sense of responsibility would necessarily be weakened, so they might be apt to maintain a less firm guard on their feelings. Let them know that, if they should chance to be misled by a generous ardour against crime, or a humane prejudice in favour of the accused, their mistake will be open to the correction of another jury;—would this produce no effect on the *state of mind* in which they listened to the evidence, and drew their conclusion from it? In some instances would not a feeling of severity—in many more, would not one of false, or at least misplaced humanity—be too readily indulged? It is true that the obligation of an oath would remain; and far be it from us to under-rate the effect of such an obligation on the minds of our countrymen. But, in cases like those we are now speaking of, cases in which the exercise of severe reason is peculiarly needed, and which yet, by a strange fatality, peculiarly move the passions, surely no motive can be considered as superfluous. It is fitting therefore that the obligation on the juror's conscience should be heightened by the strongest possible conviction of the seriousness and solemnity of the duty which he is called to discharge.

If these views be just, it follows that the idea of there being an opportunity for a new trial might occasionally lead juries to convict too hastily; but much oftener perhaps it would tempt them to flinch from the performance of a painful duty, and to be too hasty in acquitting. They would acquit in the anticipation of a new trial; but it is very material to observe, that the new trial might not come after all. Even in civil cases, new trials are not granted—it is manifest that they could not be granted—in every instance in which the judges disapprove of the verdict given; for this would be to substitute the opinion of the judges for that of the jury—a substitution the more absurd as, in nicely balanced cases, the jury, who hear and see the witnesses, must be much more competent to decide on the effect of their evidence than the judges sitting in Westminster-Hall, who know it merely from report. It is only therefore where the verdict is glaringly, or very probably erroneous that the matter is sent down to a new jury; and, if this be the practice in cases purely civil, much more would the court be inclined to observe the same caution and delicacy in directing a person acquitted on a charge of murder to be re-tried on the same charge. Besides this, it would be necessary, we presume, that the new trial should be moved for by some appellant or prosecutor; but is it certain that such a person would always be found? Would not indolence, or a want of means, or the invidious nature of the task, deter even those who were dissatisfied with the verdict from taking steps to set it aside?

It is therefore at least possible that this change in our criminal practice might relax the severe attention of juries, under the idea of a remedy being provided for their mistakes, without at the same time incurring the application of that remedy. In mentioning, however, this objection to the plan, we rather wish to suggest it for consideration, than to propose it as decisive. On a subject so important and serious dogmatism is peculiarly to be avoided; but we may be allowed to observe that, before any great change is introduced into the conduct of our criminal jurisprudence, a strong case of expediency should be made out. It is not enough that grounds for the alteration should *exist*, or even should *appear*; they must be *palpable*, in order that we may be secure of that co-operation from public opinion which is always conducive, and sometimes is essential, to the success of judicial reforms. Happily, however, this advantage is sufficiently ensured to us by the popular nature of our constitution, which makes it impossible to introduce any great innovation into our legal practice, without subjecting the measure in its progress to the closest inspection, both in an assembly which concentrates and reflects the good sense and the feeling of the people at large, and in one which either embodies, or immediately commands, all our living resources of judicial wisdom and experience.

ART.

ART. XI.—*Narrative of a Voyage to Hudson's Bay, in His Majesty's Ship Rosamond, containing some Account of the North-eastern Coast of America, and of the Tribes inhabiting that remote Region.* By Lieut. Chappell, R. N. 8vo. London. 1817.

THE arctic regions are at this moment, from many circumstances, so peculiarly interesting, that we took up the present volume in the hope of meeting with some new or striking observations on the geography, hydrography, or meteorology of a part of the northern seas which of late years has not been much visited by men of nautical science: but we have been disappointed; and we cannot help thinking that the author has been extremely ill advised to publish with such slight materials. In the 'Voyage to Hudson's Bay' there is literally nothing worth communicating to the public at large; nothing in the slightest degree connected with professional subjects, unless it be the discovery (which is not a new one) that the Admiralty charts of Hudson's Bay are very defective, and those of the Hudson's Bay Company much better, but reserved for their own exclusive use. Lieut. Chappell, however, is as close as the Hudson's Bay Company, for not a hint escapes him in what the badness of the one or the goodness of the other consists. Indeed, he might just as well have written his little volume on a voyage to the South Seas as to Hudson's Bay, for any thing nautical which is to be found in it respecting this bay;—the 'Voyage,' in fact, was confined to a passage to Fort York and back, a voyage which has been made annually for the last hundred and fifty years. With regard to the Esquimaux, of whom personally he could know little or nothing—of the Hudson's Bay Company's establishments, which he never saw—of tribes of Indians, in the interior, whom he never visited—of Lake Winnipeg, which he never approached within five hundred miles,—and of many other matters of which he treats, but in which he had not the smallest concern—we do not think it worth while to trouble our readers with any observations upon them, more especially as by looking a little farther to the northward we shall meet with 'metal more attractive.'

Among the changes and vicissitudes to which the physical constitution of our globe is perpetually subject, one of the most extraordinary, and from which the most interesting and important results may be anticipated, appears to have taken place in the course of the last two or three years, and is still in operation. The convulsion of an earthquake and the eruption of a volcano force themselves into notice by the dismay and devastation with which, in a greater or less degree, they are almost always attended: but the event to which we allude has been so quietly accomplished,

that it might have remained unknown, but for an extraordinary change which a few intelligent navigators remarked in the state of the arctic ice, and the reports of the unusual quantities of this ice observed in the Atlantic. As it is a subject in which the British islands are particularly interested, we shall enter into some detail of the facts and of their probable consequences.

It is generally admitted that, for the last four hundred years, an extensive portion of the eastern coast of Old Greenland has been shut up by an impenetrable barrier of ice, and, with it, the ill-fated Norwegian or Danish colonies, which had been established there for more than an equal length of time preceding that unfortunate catastrophe, and who were thus cut off at once from all communication with the mother-country;—that various attempts have been made from time to time to approach this coast, with the view of ascertaining the fate of the unfortunate colonists, but in vain, the ice being every where impervious; and that, all hope being at length abandoned, that part of this extensive tract of land which faces the east took the appropriate name of *lost Greenland*.

The event to which we have alluded is the disappearance of the whole, or greater part of this vast barrier of ice. This extraordinary fact, so interesting to science and humanity, appears to rest on no slender foundation. Both its disappearance from its long long-rooted position, and its re-appearance in a more southern latitude, have been witnessed by various persons worthy of credit. It had been observed in the summer-months of the year 1815, and more particularly in those of 1816 and 1817, by ships coming from the West Indies and America, as well as by those going out to Halifax and Newfoundland, that islands of ice, unusual in magnitude and number, occurred in the Atlantic, many of them as far down as the fortieth parallel of latitude. Some of these were detached ice-bergs, from a hundred to a hundred and thirty feet above the surface of the water, and several miles in circumference; others were flat islands of packed ice, presenting so vast an extent of surface, that a ship from Boston is said to have been three days entangled in it, near the tail of the Great Bank of Newfoundland. The ship of the *Unitas Fratrum*, proceeding to the missions on Old Greenland, was, last year, eleven days beset, on the coast of Labrador, with the ice-bergs, many of which had huge rocks upon them, gravel, soil, and pieces of wood. The packet from Halifax passed, in April last, a mountain of ice nearly two hundred feet in height, and at least two miles in circumference. By accounts from Newfoundland, Halifax, and other northern ports of America, it would appear, that greater quantities of ice were seen in the months of May, June, and July, than had ever been witnessed by the oldest navigators; and that the whole island of Newfoundland was so completely

pletely environed with it, that the vessels employed in the fishery were unable to get out to sea to follow their usual occupations. The source from which these enormous masses proceeded could not long be concealed. It was well known to the Greenland fishermen, that from Staatenhoek, the southern promontory of Old Greenland, an uninterrupted barrier of ice stretched north-easterly, or parallel nearly to the coast, approaching frequently to the very shores of Iceland; and that the small island, situated in lat. $71^{\circ} 11'$ long. $5^{\circ} 30'$ W. called Jan Mayen's island, (a sort of land-mark which those engaged in the seal fishery always endeavour to make,) had of late years been completely enveloped in ice; and that from this point it generally took a more easterly direction, till it became fixed to the shores of Spitzbergen, from the 76th to the 80th degree of latitude.

The more central parts of this immense area of ice, which occupy the mid-channel between Greenland and Spitzbergen, separate from time to time into large patches, and change their position according to winds and tides; but the general direction in which they move with the current is from north-east to south-west, or directly towards that part of Old Greenland where the Danish colonies were supposed to be established, and which are immediately opposite to Iceland. Here it would seem those masses became a kind of fixed nucleus, round which a succession of floating fields of ice attached themselves, till the accumulated barrier, probably by its own weight and magnitude, and the action of the impeded current, at length burst its fetters, and has been carried away to the southward. This at least appears to be the most probable conjecture, though another circumstance will hereafter be adverted to, not unworthy of attention, in endeavouring to account for the phenomenon.

It had been conjectured by philosophers that the remarkable chilliness of the atmosphere, during the two last summers, and more particularly with westerly winds, could only be owing to the accumulation, or rather to the approximation of the polar ice to the southward. The reports of the Greenland fishermen, on their return in August 1817, connected with accounts of the ice seen in the Atlantic, corroborated this hypothesis. In that month there appeared in the newspapers a paragraph, stating, that, 'in the course of the season, the commander of a brig from Bremen, after making Jan Mayen's island, in about 71° N., stood to the westward in quest of seals; that in 72° he found land to the westward; that he then sailed nearly due north along this coast without seeing ice, observing the bays and inlets and other appearances of the land, till he came to lat. $81^{\circ} 30'$, when he found that he could steer to the westward, which he did for several days; that he then lost sight of land, and directed his course to the southward and eastward, and in 78° N. fell in with the first fishing vessels he had seen.' We took some pains to ascertain

ascertain the truth of this statement, and found it corroborated in almost every particular by five different masters of whalers belonging to Aberdeen and to London, to whom, at different times, Olof Ocken, (the person alluded to,) master of the *Eleanora* of Hamburg, (not of Bremen,) had given an account of the course which he steered along the eastern coast of Greenland, from Jan Mayen's island to the degree of latitude above mentioned; and it appears, from the joint testimony of the captain and surgeon of the *Princess of Wales* of Aberdeen, that 'the reckoning in his log-book was worked at the end of every watch, a practice which is also common among British whalers after making the ice;' and that 'both the master and mate were very intelligent navigators.' Since that time we have received from Hamburg a copy of Captain Ocken's log, a chart of his route, and a letter addressed by him to Messrs. Elliott and Co. of Hamburg; from all which it appears that he coasted Greenland with the land in sight, and among loose ice, but that the most northerly point which he saw was about 80° N. lat.

But we have the direct testimony of Mr. Scoresby the younger, a very intelligent navigator of the Greenland seas, for the disappearance of an immense quantity of arctic ice. In a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, he says, 'I observed on my last voyage (1817) about two thousand square leagues (18,000 square miles) of the surface of the Greenland seas, included between the parallels 74° and 80° , perfectly void of ice, all of which has disappeared within the last two years.' And he further states, that though on former voyages he had very rarely been able to penetrate the ice, between the latitudes of 76° and 80° , so far to the west as the meridian of Greenwich, 'on his last voyage he twice reached the longitude of 10° west;' that, in the parallel of 74° , he approached the coast of Old Greenland; that there was little ice near the land; and adding 'that there could be no doubt but he might have reached the shore had he had a justifiable motive for navigating an unknown sea at so late a season of the year.' He also found the sea so clear in returning to the southward, that he actually landed on Jan Mayen's island, which is usually surrounded with a barrier of ice, and brought away specimens of the rocks.

Another fact deserves to be mentioned. Dr. Olinthus Gregory, who sailed from Shetland to Peterhead in the *Neptune* of Aberdeen, on her return from the fishery, is said to have reported that Driscoll, the master, not only landed on the east coast of Greenland about the latitude of 74° , but found and brought away a post bearing an inscription, in Russian characters, that a ship of that nation had been there in the year 1774; which post with its inscription was seen on board by Dr. Gregory.* It would seem indeed that the northern

* We strongly suspect, however, that instead of the *east coast* of Greenland, we should read the coast of *East Greenland*; a name which the whalers commonly give to Spitzbergen.

part of the east coast of Greenland has been approached at various times by different nations—Dutch, Danes and English. Hudson, in 1607, saw the coast nearly in the same latitude as that where Driscoll is supposed to have landed; and actually sent a boat on shore in $80^{\circ} 25'$. It is from Hudson's 'Hold with Hope' in about 72° to Cape Farewell that the ice fixed itself to the land from which it has recently been detached.

That this is the case we can state from the best authority:—intelligence was received at Copenhagen, from Iceland, in September last, of the ice having broken loose from the opposite coast of Greenland, and floated away to the southward, after surrounding the shores, and filling all the bays and creeks of that island; and this afflicting visitation was repeated in the same year, a circumstance hitherto unknown to the oldest inhabitant.

We have said that the most probable cause for the sudden departure of all this ice, is that of its having broken loose by its own weight. It has been observed, however, as a remarkable coincidence, that its removal was contemporaneous with the period about which the variation of the magnetic needle to the westward became stationary. It is well known that in the sea of Baffin (gratuitously called a *bay*) the compass is affected in a most extraordinary manner; and that the variation is greater there than in any other known part of the world; so great indeed, as to lead to the belief that *one* of the magnetic poles must be situated in that quarter:—But how does this, it may be asked, furnish a clue for the disappearance of the ice, which it would seem has also floated from thence in greater quantities than usual?

The connexion is certainly not very obvious, though there is reason to believe that it exists. The aurora borealis, for instance, is supposed to owe, if not its origin, at least its intensity to the changes which take place either in the freezing, thawing, or collisions of the polar ice; and in winter, even in Sweden, this intensity is so powerful, and the motions of the aurora so rapid, that a crackling noise is heard not unlike that of the furling of a fan, or the emission of sparks from the cylinder of an electric machine. At such times the magnetic needle has been observed to be so much affected, as to vibrate violently with a tremulous motion, and sometimes to fly round the whole circumference of the horizon. The theory of Dr. Franklin to account for the phenomenon of the aurora is not inapplicable to the present state of the polar ice. He supposes this meteor to be owing to the vast quantity of electricity accumulated in the atmosphere, and unable to pass off into the earth on account of the non-conducting substance of ice with which the land and sea are there incrustated; this theory might serve to explain the first notice of the aurora borealis about a century after the
fixing

fixing of the ice along the coast of Greenland, as well as the rarity of its appearance of late years. At any rate, however, if the electricity of the atmosphere has so extraordinary an effect on the magnetic needle, and the changes which take place in the ice on atmospherical electricity, it would seem not unfair to infer, that the departure of the immense fields and mountains of ice, which for so many centuries have covered the arctic seas, may have had some effect in stopping the career of the western declination of the needle. We merely throw out the hint, to draw the attention of those scientific men, who may be employed on the expedition of discovery now in preparation; in the mean time, in our present ignorance of the immediate cause, we must be satisfied to ascribe the revolution that has taken place to the decree of Providence, who, as Paley observes, 'is the author of infinitely various expedients for infinitely various ends;' to consider it as the result of one of those prospective contrivances, which are appointed to correct the anomalies, and adjust the perturbations of the universe.

The fact, however, of the disappearance of the ice being established beyond any doubt, it becomes a subject of no uninteresting inquiry, Whether any and what advantages may arise out of an event which for the first time has occurred, at least to so great an extent, during the last four hundred years?

Among other objects which present themselves as worthy of research, the following are no less interesting to humanity than important to the advancement of science and the probable extension of commerce.

First—The influence which the removal of so large a body of ice may have on our own climate. Secondly, the opportunity it affords of inquiring into the fate of the long-lost colony on the eastern coast of Old Greenland. Thirdly, the facility it offers of correcting the very defective geography of the arctic regions in our western hemisphere; of attempting the circumnavigation of Greenland, a direct passage over the pole, and the more circuitous one along the northern coast of America, into the Pacific.

1. It would be a waste of words to enter into any discussion on the diminution of temperature, which must necessarily be occasioned by the proximity of vast mountains and islands of ice. The authentic annals of Iceland describe that island as having once been covered with impervious woods; and numerous places still bear the name of *forest*, which produce only a few miserable stunted birches of five or six feet high, and in which all attempts to raise a tree of any kind have for ages proved unavailing. The most intelligent travellers,* who, in our time, have visited this island, bear

* Sir Joseph Banks, M. Von Troil, Sir John Stanley, Sir George Mackenzie, Mr. Hooker, Doctor Holland, &c.

testimony

testimony to the fact of large logs of wood being dug out of bogs, and found between the rocks and in the valleys. It is also said that good culinary vegetables were once produced on it; but the cab-bages seen there by Mr. Hooker, in the month of August, were so diminutive that a half-crown piece would have covered the whole plant. Nothing but a deterioration of climate could have wrought these changes; and this can only be explained by the vast increase of floating ice, 'which,' says Hooker, 'not only fills all the bays, but covers the sea to that extent from the shore, that the eye cannot trace its boundary from the summit of the highest mountains.' Sometimes it connects the island in one continued mass with Greenland, when the white bears come over in such alarming numbers, that the inhabitants assemble and wage a national war against them. These masses of ice drive about with such rapidity, and rush against one another with so much violence, that the floating wood brought along with them is said sometimes to take fire by the friction. During this conflict, the weather is unsettled and stormy; but when once the ice becomes fixed to the land, the air thickens, and dense fogs, accompanied by a moist and penetrating cold, destroy all vegetation, and the cattle perish.

Similar effects, but to a less extent, are said to have been experienced in Switzerland. So little is it there doubted that the progress of cold has kept pace with the progressive encroachment of the glaciers on the valleys, that the first prize of the Society of Berne for improving Natural Knowledge is appropriated to the best essay on this subject. In the absence of direct proof from thermometrical observation of the increasing chilliness of the climate, it is asserted, on the authority of their annals, that many parts of the Alps, now bare, once afforded good pasturage; that both historical evidence, and remaining traces, prove the existence of forests in places where no tree, at present, can vegetate; and that the lower limit of perpetual frost is constantly descending. The same effect has been experienced in North America. In the year 1816 the mays, or Indian corn, did not ripen along the whole coast from Pennsylvania to Massachusetts—a circumstance which had not happened before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant:—at this time the ice was floating down the shores of the Atlantic as far as the fortieth parallel.

If such be the facts, and they cannot well be questioned, with regard to these countries, it is equally clear that our own climate, though in a less degree, must have been affected by this vast accumulation of ice on the east coast of Greenland. The distance between the centre of Iceland and Edinburgh is not more than twice, and that from Iceland to London not above three times, the distance between Iceland and the east coast of Greenland.

That

That our climate has been more particularly affected, in the course of the last three years, by the descent of the ice into the Atlantic, and more especially in the summers of the years 1816 and 1817, is a matter of record; for on comparing, by the meteorological register of the Royal Society, the four summer months, May, June, July, and August, of 1805, 1806, and 1807, with the four corresponding months of the last three years, it will be seen that a very considerable diminution of temperature has taken place in the latter periods.

	1805		1815		1806		1816		1807		1817	
	Great- est height.	Mean height.	Great- est height.	Mean height.	Great- est height.	Mean height.	Great- est height.	Mean height.	Great- est height.	Mean height.	Great- est height.	Mean height.
May	72°	62.4°	66°	58.0°	73°	57.8°	64°	53.3°	84°	57.9°	64°	51.8°
June	75	67.7	70	61.6	83	62.5	70	56.2	77	60.3	81	62.8
July	79	62.1	72	62.9	81	64.5	69	58.8	85	66.5	70	60.8
Aug.	79	63	69	63.5	81	64.5	69	61	80	66.7	69	59.6

Here we find a difference of 11°, 12°, and 13°, between the highest temperature of August, July, and June, in the year 1806 as compared with 1816; 16° and 17° between July and May of 1807, as compared with the highest degree of heat in the corresponding months of 1816; and no less than 20° in the month of May 1807 and 1817; and the mean temperature of the four months is invariably less by several degrees in 1816 and 1817, than in either 1806 or 1807, excepting in the month of June 1817, when ten or twelve hot days occurred with the wind at *east*; the only ones we had during the summer. In the summers of both years the mercury invariably fell with westerly winds. It can scarcely be doubted, therefore, that the remarkable chilliness of the atmosphere in the summer months of those two years was owing to the appearance of ice in the Atlantic; and if this be admitted, as little can it be doubted that the destruction of so many thousand square leagues of ice holds out a rational and not an unpleasant prospect, of our once again enjoying the genial warmth of the western breeze, and those soft and gentle zephyrs, which, in our time, have existed only in the imagination of the poet.

The invention of the thermometer and the registry of the temperature are of too recent a date to enable us to compare the state of the atmosphere, before and after the accumulation of ice on the coast of Greenland; but there are reasons for believing that, previously to the fifteenth century, England enjoyed a warmer *summer* climate than since that period. It is sufficiently apparent that, at one time, vineyards were very common in England; and that wine, in very considerable quantity, was made from them. Tacitus states that vineyards were planted by the Romans in Britain; and Holin-
shed

shed quotes the permission given by Probus to the natives to cultivate the vine, and make wine from it. The testimony of Bede—the old notices of tithe on wine, which were common in Kent, Surrey, and other southern counties—the records of suits in the ecclesiastical courts—the inclosed patches of ground attached to numerous abbeys, which still bear the name of vineyards—the plot of ground called East Smithfield, which was converted into a vineyard, and held by four successive constables of the Tower, in the reigns of Rufus, Henry and Stephen, ‘to their great emolument and profit,’ seem to remove all doubt on this question. The Isle of Ely was named, in the early times of the Normans, *He de Vignes*, the bishop of which received three or four tons of wine, yearly, for his tenth. So late as the reign of Richard II. the little park at Windsor was appropriated as a vineyard, for the use of the castle: and William of Malmsbury asserts, that the vale of Gloucester produced, in the twelfth century, as good wine as many of the provinces of France. ‘There is no province in England hath so many, or such good vineyards, as this country, either for fertility or sweetness of the grape; the wine whereof carrieth no unpleasant tartness, being not much inferior to French in sweetness.’ It is remarkable enough that in a park near Berkeley, in this county, tendrils of vines are found springing up yearly among the grass, from one of which a cutting is now flourishing in the garden of Sir Joseph Banks. But wine is known to have been made in England at a much more recent period. Among the MS. notes of the late Peter Collinson, (to whom the European world is indebted for the introduction of some of its choicest plants,) is the following memorandum. ‘Oct. 18th, 1765. I went to see Mr. Roger’s vineyard, at Parson’s Green, all of Burgundy grapes, and seemingly all perfectly ripe. I did not see a green half-ripe grape in all this great quantity. He does not expect to make less than fourteen bogs-headers of wine. The branches and fruit are remarkably large, and the vines very strong.’ These facts completely set aside the idea that the vineyards of England were *apple-orchards*, and that the wine was *cider*.

Nor is England the only country that has lost its wines by deterioration of climate; as the following fact, on which we can depend, testifies: ‘Between Namur and Liege, the Meuse flows through a narrow valley, which, for picturesque scenery, and high cultivation is, perhaps, unequalled by any country in the world. The richest corn-fields and plantations of tobacco, and other luxuriant vegetables, occupy the space on both sides close to the river; while hop plantations and a series of vineyards are seen creeping towards the very summit of the rocks on the left bank. The vineyards appeared to be in a most luxuriant state when I saw them,

them, (in September, 1817,) but there was not a single bunch of grapes on any of them. I had conversation with many of the people, who all assured me that formerly they made most excellent wine, both red and white; but that for the last seven years they had not made a single bottle; yet they still went on from year to year in the cultivation of the vine, in the hope that favourable seasons might again return to what they had known them; or, which would be still better, to what they are said to have been some forty or fifty years ago.* But to us, at least, a prospect far more gloomy than the mere loss of wine had begun to present itself by the increasing chilliness of our summer months. It is too well known that there was not sufficient warmth in the summer of 1816 to ripen the grain; and it is generally thought, that if the ten or twelve days of hot weather at the end of June last had not occurred, most of the corn must have perished. This comes more home to the business and bosoms of the present generation, than the loss of 'those golden days when Bacchus smiled upon our hills.' It was sufficiently alarming to be told that 'Pomona is about to desert our orchards; and that on ground where the clustering vine once flourished, the apple has, of late years, scarcely ripened,' and that 'it is now sixteen years since the orchards have afforded a plentiful crop; that 'at no very remote period, our posterity may, in all probability, be in the same situation in regard to cider that we are now placed in with respect to wine; when the apple-tree, like the vine, will only afford a penurious supply of sour fruit, and will be cultivated in forcing-houses to supply the tables of the rich.'*

From these melancholy forebodings, however, we feel ourselves considerably relieved by the removal of the principal cause, in the destruction of the vast fields of ice, of which we have been speaking; and think it is not unreasonable to presume that our summer climate (and winter too, when the wind blows from the western quarter) may henceforward improve; for though we are aware that the changes of temperature depend on a variety of causes, yet the single effect of an atmosphere chilled and condensed over a surface of at least 50,000 square miles of ice, rushing directly upon the British islands from the westward, may have been equal in its diminishing power to all the rest. That cause being now removed, so far from indulging in the gloomy prospect held out by the writer in the *Journal* we have just quoted, we are rather disposed to join in the recommendation of the Latin poet,

* *Insere nunc, Melibæ, pyros, pone ordine vitæis.*

2. A central ridge of lofty mountains, covered with perpetual snow, and stretching from south to north, divides Old Greenland into two

distinct parts, called, by the ancient Norwegian and Danish colonists, the East Bygd and West Bygd; between which all communication is totally cut off by land, and by sea also since the fixing of the icy barrier. The colony on the west side increased to four parishes, containing one hundred villages; but being engaged in perpetual hostility with the Esquimaux, the whole were ultimately destroyed by them. The ruins of some of the edifices were still visible in 1721, when that pious and amiable man, Hans Egede, went out with his whole family to settle there, on the re-establishment of a colony on that coast by the Greenland Company of Bergen in Norway. It still exists, and the population, taken but imperfectly in 1802, was found to amount to 5,621 souls; and we have since learnt that, including the Moravian establishments and the natives, who have mostly been converted to Christianity, the total population of the western coast of Greenland may now be estimated at not less than 20,000. They have a few cattle, and a considerable number of sheep, for whose winter subsistence they cut the grass in the summer months and make it into hay; but they have hitherto in vain endeavoured to breed hogs, these animals being unable to stand the severity of winter.

The Danish colony on the eastern was still more extensive than that on the western side. According to the Iceland Annals, it appears that it was first settled in the year 983, by Erick the Red; that the country was named Greenland, from its superior verdure to Iceland; that churches and convents were built, and a succession of bishops and pastors sent over; and that, from the latest accounts, it consisted of twelve parishes, one hundred and ninety villages, one bishop's see, and two convents; that, in the year 1406, when the seventeenth bishop was proceeding from Norway to take possession of his see, the ice had so closed in upon the coast, as to render it inaccessible. From that period, till last summer, all communication seems to have been cut off with the unfortunate colonists. It is related, however, by Thormoder Torfager, in his History of Greenland, that Bishop Amand, of Skalholt in Iceland, as he was returning from Norway to that island about the middle of the sixteenth century, was driven by a storm on the east coast of Greenland, off Herjolsness, immediately opposite to Iceland, which the vessel approached so near that the people on board could distinguish the inhabitants driving their cattle in the meadows; but the wind coming fair, they made all sail for Iceland, which they reached the following day, and came to anchor in the Bay of St. Patrick.—Of all the attested relations, this of Bishop Amand, says Hans Egede, 'deserves most to be credited:' 'by this,' he continues, 'we learn that the colony of the eastern district did flourish about a hundred and fifty years after the commerce and navigation ceased between

Norway and Greenland; and, for aught we know, is not yet wholly destitute of its old Norwegian inhabitants.'

It has been supposed, by some writers, that the black death, which, in 1348, desolated Europe, extended its ravages to Greenland; but this assumption, as Mr. Egede observes, is without any foundation, as an uninterrupted intercourse appears to have been maintained with the colony for fifty-eight years after this dreadful malady had ceased. He thinks, however, that, partly by the change of the government in Queen Margaret's reign, and partly from the continual wars which ensued between the Danes and the Swedes, the Greenland colonists may have been neglected; for it does not appear that any steps were taken for a century, after the unsuccessful attempts of the bishop to land, when the *Christians* and the *Fredericks*, calling to mind these remote and long-neglected possessions, took measures for inquiring into the fate of their unfortunate subjects. One Mogens Heinson, a celebrated seaman of those days, was employed among others on this service. After many difficulties he got sight of the coast, but could not approach it; and the reason he assigned, on his return, was, 'that his ship was stopped in the midst of its course by some loadstone rocks bidden in the sea.' Many subsequent attempts were made, but all proved ineffectual.

Endeavours were also used to ascertain their fate from the colony on the western side, by coasting round Staatenhoek; and in one of these expeditions Egede himself embarked, but was obliged to return without being able to effect his humane purpose. The *Esquimaux* pretend that they are afraid to approach the eastern shore, which they say is inhabited by a tall and barbarous race of men, who live on human flesh.—Thus has terror or malice created cannibals on every unknown or uncivilized part of the globe! After so many attempts, both public and private, how the Danes can now pretend to doubt, as one of their writers affects to do, whether there ever was a colony on the eastern side, is, to us, quite inexplicable, unless it be to palliate their negligence at the first approach of the ice, and their want of humanity since. The Danish government however entertained no such doubts; for so late as the year 1786, Captain Lowenorn, of the Danish navy, was sent out for the express purpose of re-discovering the old colony on the eastern coast. The particulars of this voyage, we believe, were not made public; but the following extract of a letter from Mr. Fenwick (the British consul) to the secretary of the Admiralty, dated Elsinour, 9th September, 1786, proves its failure:—'Captain Lowenorn repassed, three days ago, for Copenhagen, after a fruitless search, of about two months, to find out the Old Greenland; not having been able to penetrate to where it is supposed to be, on account of endless shoals of ice. He left, however, Lieutenants Egede and Rhode, in the *New Experiment* fishing dogger, to seize any more favourable opportunity

tunity which may offer, better than he met with, for penetrating farther, if practicable, to operate any new discoveries after his departure, though entertaining very poor hopes of any success. These lieutenants, we believe, never once got sight of the land.

It has fallen to the lot of the present age to have an opportunity, which we are sure will not be neglected, of instituting an inquiry into the fate of these unfortunate colonies. If, as is most probable, the whole race has perished, some remains may yet be found, some vestiges be traced, which may throw light on their condition after the fatal closing of the ice upon them. It is just possible that some tradition may have been handed down through a succession of a mixed race of descendants; or some inscriptions may, perhaps, be discovered on the remains of the cathedral, or the convents, which are said to have been built of stone. But even if no traces should be found, the research is an object of rational curiosity; and it would be satisfactory, at least, to have all doubt removed on a subject of so interesting and affecting a nature.

5. Any event that tends to encourage the attempt to amend the very defective geography of the arctic regions, more especially on the side of America, may be hailed as an important occurrence. The removal of the ice may be considered to afford a fair opportunity for prosecuting discoveries in that quarter—for endeavouring to circumnavigate Old Greenland, and to settle the long disputed question as to its insularity, or its connexion with the American continent—to examine the sea usually named Baffin's Bay on the charts—and to attempt the solution of that interesting problem, whether a free and uninterrupted communication exists between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, round the northern coast of North America.

Several circumstances may be adduced in support of the opinion that Greenland is either an island or an archipelago of islands, in which case Baffin's Bay must be expunged from the charts. A perpetual current, setting down from the northward, along the eastern coast of America, and the western shores of Old Greenland, affords a strong presumption, that between Davis's Strait and the great polar basin, there is an uninterrupted communication; for if Greenland were united with the continent of America, and Davis's Strait terminated in Baffin's Bay, it would be difficult to explain how any current could originate at the bottom of such a bay, much less a current that is stated to run sometimes with a velocity of four and even five miles an hour. But this is not the only argument in favour of the continuance of an open sea to the northward. Vast quantities of drift-wood are floated down this northern current, as well as down the eastern side of Greenland, sometimes filling all the bays on the northern coast of

Iceland. None of this could have grown to the northward, as not a stick of wood, beyond what a dwarfish coppice of birch may produce, is to be found in a growing state, for many degrees below the places where these logs are cast up, much less to the northward from whence they come. That many of them have recently been in a growing state appears from the fragments of bark and branches still adhering to them; that they have been floating in a warmer climate would also appear from some of them being eaten by the worm, and others having the marks of the workman upon them. They consist of fir, larch, birch, aspen, and other trees, which are, in fact, the produce both of Asia and America, and, in all probability, have been floated down the numerous rivers of both these continents, (some, perhaps, through Behring's Strait,) into the great polar basin, and carried thence by the circumvolving current through the outlet into the northern ocean. It is fair, therefore, to conclude that there must exist a free and open passage between this basin and Davis's Strait. The fact of several vessels having been as high as Baffin without observing the least appearance of land removes all doubt as to the non-existence of the *bay*, as drawn in the charts. The master of the *Larkins*, of Leith, gave out that he had been, last year, as far up as 80° ; but on a reference being made to Mr. Wood, the owner, he closely examined him, and found occasion to conclude that he had not proceeded higher to the northward than 77° , but that the sea was clear and no land in sight. In the same year Captain Lawson, of the *Majestic*, having passed the ice, ran in an open sea as high as 76° , without being obstructed by land.

A third argument in favour of the insularity of Old Greenland may be adduced from a fact, well-known to the fishermen, that whales, struck with harpoons on the coast of Spitzbergen, are very commonly killed in the Strait of Davis with these harpoons in their bodies, and *vice versâ*; there can be no mistake here, as the names of the vessels, and the ports to which they belong, are always cut into the sockets of their harpoons. Captain Franks, in 1805, struck a whale in Davis's Strait, which was killed near Spitzbergen by his son, who found his father's name on a harpoon sticking in its body; and the same year, in the same place, Captain Sadler killed a whale with the harpoon of an Esquimaux in it. The distance which these wounded whales would have to run round the north of Greenland, is so much shorter, and whales are so rarely seen to enter the Strait of Davis round Cape Farewell, that the probability is altogether in favour of the former supposition.

To ascertain the existence of a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific is peculiarly a British object. It engaged the attention, and obtained the encouragement, of the first literary characters,

characters, and of the most respectable mercantile men in the earliest periods of British navigation. Since that time the attempt has been patronized by sovereigns and parliaments; the former having appropriated their own ships, and the latter tendered a reward of 20,000*l.* for effecting a discovery interesting to humanity, to science, and to commerce. The reign of George III. will stand conspicuous and proudly pre-eminent in future history, for the spirit with which discoveries were prosecuted, and the objects of science promoted; and a dawn of hope appears, that, ere its close, the interesting problem of a north-west passage will be solved, and this great discovery, to which the Frobishers, the Hudsons, the Davises, Baffins, and Bylots so successfully opened the way, be accomplished. Little, if any thing, has been added to the discoveries of these extraordinary men, who, in the early periods of navigation, had every difficulty to struggle against—without science and without instruments, feeling their way in small miserable barks among unknown lands, and amidst mountains and fields of ice.

It is a humiliating fact, that the last four expeditions, fitted out for discovery in this quarter, brought no accession to that knowledge of the geography of those seas and islands, which had been acquired two hundred years before. We have heard it hinted, with sufficient illiberality, that the chief cause of failure was owing to their being under the command of naval officers.* Nothing would be more unfair than to attach blame on a whole body of men for the improper conduct of a few; nor does the failure militate, in the slightest degree, against the employment of officers of the royal navy on this service: for in the instances alluded to, it so happened that one of them was suspected to have acted under the influence of his old masters, the Hudson's Bay Company, who were averse from all interference with what they are disposed to consider their exclusive privilege; another was addicted to drinking; a third took fright at the ice; and a fourth was totally incapacitated by a violent attack of fever. The circumstance most to be apprehended from the appointment of naval officers is that of attempting too much rather than too little; but as the navigation among ice is itself a science, to be learned only from practice, prudence will necessarily dictate that every ship employed on this service shall be supplied with an experienced Greenland fisherman, to act as pilot in those seas.

The grounds for the existence of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific are similar to those for the insularity of Greenland, and are at any rate sufficiently strong to justify the renewal of an enterprise for its accomplishment.

* Captain Middleton, Lieutenants Pickersgill and Young, and Mr. Duncan, master in the navy.

The annexed diagram, constructed on the plane of the pole, will assist the reader in the explanation of the notions we entertain on this interesting subject:—



As the northern coast of America has been found to terminate at the mouths of Mackenzie's river, and of the Copper-mine river, about the 70th parallel of latitude; as Icy Cape appears to be the extreme point of America, on the west; and as no one has traced its termination, on the east, beyond the arctic circle, or 67° at farthest—it is reasonable to conclude that the general trending of that coast, from one extremity to the other, may keep within the 60th and 71st parallels of latitude; and this is rendered the more probable by the Asiatic coast running, with the exception of one or two points, nearly along those parallels. The whole distance from the eastern to the western extremity of America, or from A. to B., is little more than four hundred leagues, in which the coast has been seen to terminate at three different and nearly equidistant points;

points; so that it may almost be said that the *fourth point only* remains to be discovered. The doubling of this fourth and unknown point, A. is the great difficulty to be got over; and it would certainly prove an insurmountable one, if, as in some charts, the continent of America was found to be united with Old Greenland; but the circumstance of the wounded whales and the constant current from the northward render (as we have already observed) such a supposition highly improbable.

Equally so, we are persuaded, is the hypothesis raised by some of the continental geographers,—that the island or main land of *New Siberia* (as they call it) sweeps round to the eastward, and unites with North America; and still more improbable the opinion, that Old Siberia is connected with America, forming a deep bay, into which Behring's Strait is the entrance. As the latter idea, which seems to have been recently broached by Captain Burney, would render all attempts for the discovery of a north-west passage completely nugatory, it is of importance, that the ground on which it rests should be examined, in order, if possible, to get at the truth.

It is hardly necessary to premise that, since the general introduction of chronometers into the navy, the East India Company's service, and other private ships, and of the very extensive practice of deducing the longitude from lunar distances, the numerous currents of the ocean have been more correctly ascertained:—by the ability and indefatigable industry of Major Rennell, they will, no doubt, speedily be reduced to something like system. From what we already know, however, it appears that, in every part of the ocean, the waters are either in a progressive or circular motion independent of the tides, which exist only near the shores, among islands, or in straits and narrow seas. This universal motion of the great deep is, no doubt, one of those wise dispensations of a kind Providence, by which it is preserved in a state of purity. 'Thy way,' says the Psalmist, 'is in the sea, and thy path in the deep waters; and thy footsteps are not known.'

These footsteps, however, we are perhaps not without the means of tracing from the Pacific into the Atlantic, round the north coast of America. The direction of the current, as marked in the great polar basin of the diagram, is of course conjectural; but not so that which sets *into* this basin through Behring's Strait, and *out* of it into the northern Atlantic. By these two openings a constant circular motion and interchange of waters between the Pacific and the Atlantic seem to be kept up in the northern, as they are known to be round the Capes of Good Hope and Horn, in the southern, hemisphere. We are fully aware, that the principal ground of objection to a free communication between the Pacific and the polar basin arises from Captain Cook having found little or no

current to the northward of Behring's Strait. Our answer to this is, that there is little or no current in a mill-dam, though its waters may be rushing out with the greatest violence under the flood-gate. The inclination of the shores of Asia and America towards each other forms such a dam, into which currents have been observed to set with extraordinary velocity along the west coast of America, and the eastern shores of Japan and Kamischatka.* The impenetrable barrier of ice, which stopped the progress of Cook's successors, may be considered as the temporary head and flood-gate of this dam; and, as it was eight or ten feet above, it could not be less than fifty or sixty feet below, the surface of the sea; but the water was more than a hundred feet deep below this, affording ample space for its escape, which it might do with great velocity, without being in the smallest degree perceptible on the surface. It would be difficult to explain the perpetual egress of a current from the polar basin into the Atlantic, which is a well authenticated fact, without admitting a supply through the only remaining opening into that basin, to answer the demand of this current; those who could suppose the melting of the ice to afford such a supply would betray a total ignorance of the very little influence which an arctic summer exerts on fields of ice, perpetually surrounded, as they are, with a chilly, and mostly with a freezing atmosphere created by themselves. Besides, the southerly current setting into the Atlantic on both sides of Greenland is perpetual, not only when the ice is melting, but also when the sea is freezing. Lieutenant Parry, of the navy, in returning last year from Halifax, met with an island of ice more than a hundred and fifty feet high, and two others of a smaller size, in latitude $44^{\circ} 21' N.$ so early as the 2d April. These ice-bergs must have floated out of the polar basin in the middle of winter, unless they stopped by the way. It has been suggested, we believe, that the disproportion of the opening into the polar basin through Behring's Strait, and those out of it through Davis's Strait, and between Greenland and Spitzbergen, is fatal to the theory we have assumed; but when we reflect on the vast disproportion that occurs in the breadth of rivers in different parts of their course, and that where widest they are very often found to be deepest, the objection, we think, will not be deemed conclusive, especially if it should be found, as we apprehend it will, that the currents of the ocean, where no land intervenes, are entirely superficial. The Gulf-stream between the Bahamas and East Florida is very little wider and perhaps not much deeper than Behring's Strait; and yet the water rushing through this passage is of sufficient force and quantity to put the whole northern Atlantic in motion, and to make its influence to be

* Cook's last voyage.

felt in the distant Strait of Gibraltar and on the more distant coast of Africa. It must also be recollected, that several of the largest rivers of Asia, and two or three of North America, discharge a very copious supply of water into the polar basin.

The same circumstance of whales struck with harpoons in the sea of Spitzbergen, or in the Strait of Davis, being found on the north-west coast of America, as far down as Nootka Sound, affords an additional argument for a free communication between the Atlantic and Pacific; unless it should be contended that such wounded whales took the long and circuitous route by Cape Horn. It was a fact of this kind which, at a very early period, led to the conjecture of a passage from the sea of Japan to the northern Atlantic. Mr. M'Leod mentions the fact, which he got from Grozier, who had it from the 'Recueil des Voyages,' which took it from Hendrick Hamel's 'Unfortunate Voyage of the yacht *Sparwer*, in the year 1653: this vessel was wrecked on the island of Quelpaert, and the crew carried to Corea, where they were kept prisoners for more than thirteen years. Hamel says, 'In the sea to the north-east of Korea, they take every year a great number of whales, in some of which are found harpoons and striking-irons of the French and Dutch, who practise the whale-fishery at the extremities of Europe; whence we infer (he adds) that there is surely a passage between Korea and Japan which communicates to the *Strait of Waigatz*.'

The cause of failure in every attempt, either to make the passage, or to ascertain its impracticability, appears of no difficult explanation. Owing to the great depth at which ice floats in water, it must take the ground at a considerable distance from the shore, where, as we have already observed, it becomes a nucleus for floating patches to form round it; and the summer sun having little power on such enormous masses, they accumulate in magnitude, and spread over a wider surface from year to year; and if large fragments were not frequently torn from them and borne away by the currents, the whole surface of the straits and narrow seas would in process of time be covered with ice. Owing to this circumstance, we find the bays and harbours of Newfoundland, of Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton, the Strait of Belleisle, and the shores of the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, every year choked up with ice, though all of them are more to the southward, and some of them many degrees to the southward of London. The more northerly straits and islands, which form the passages into Hudson's Bay, are of course never free from mountains and patches of ice; and yet all the navigators, proceeding on discovery, have either entered these straits, and had to struggle against the ice and currents, and tides on the east coast of America, or have kept so close to the
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land on the west coast of Greenland, as to encounter the same obstacles; so that, on the former, the highest point ever reached is the arctic circle, or at most the 67th parallel, which is three or four degrees short of the point A., near which, as we have before stated, the north-eastern extremity of America may be expected to be found.

The mid-channel of Davis's Strait, on the contrary, is known at particular seasons to be free of ice in much higher latitudes. Mr. Graham Muirhead, master of the *Larkins* above mentioned, after passing the ice and reaching the latitude $75^{\circ} 30' N.$, the coast of Greenland then in sight to the eastward, stood from hence to the westward, in that parallel, three hundred miles, the sea entirely free, with the exception of here and there a detached ice-berg floating to the southward. At this point he observed a yellow sky, or what is usually termed the *land-blink*, to the south-west. The position of the ice, however, is constantly changing. The same year the *James*, of Whitby, meeting with a compact body of ice in latitude 75° , turned back and came home; but the *Larkins*, as we before stated, persevered and got through, when she proceeded as high as 77° , found plenty of whales, and the sea clear of ice.

Spitzbergen is usually surrounded with ice; but the sea to the northward is generally so open, that it is a prevailing idea among the whale fishers, that there would be no difficulty of approaching the pole from that quarter. The late Mr. Daines Barrington collected much curious information on this point, and was so well satisfied of the practicability of approaching the pole, that he prevailed on the president and council of the Royal Society to recommend to Lord Sandwich a voyage of discovery towards the north pole; the suggestion was adopted, and the command of the expedition given to Captain Phipps, (afterwards Lord Mulgrave,) who obviously failed by getting entangled in the ice near Spitzbergen. It is this accumulation of ice round the land, rather than the degree of latitude, that causes the extreme cold and tempestuous weather about Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla: 'it is not the nearness of the north pole,' says De Veer, in his preface to Barentz's *Three Voyages*, 'but the ice that cometh in and out from the Tartarian sea that causeth us to feel the greatest cold.' Instead therefore of coming near the land, or endeavouring to pass through narrow straits, it will be prudent to avoid the land, and to keep as much as possible in the open sea, and in or near to the edge of the current, where the sea may be expected to be free. This last year the *Neptune*, of Aberdeen, before mentioned, reached the latitude of $83^{\circ} 20'$, in the sea of Spitzbergen, which is within four hundred miles of the pole, the sea open and clear of ice: Dr. Gregory found the master a clear-headed, cautious seaman, and supplied
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with the ordinary instruments for nautical purposes. We have heard of several other whalers who reached beyond 81° north.

The surface of the sea, in fact, is not easily frozen in any latitude; the thermometer of Fahrenheit must be down to 27° before a pellicle of ice can be formed; and it will not form even at zero, unless the weather be calm and the surface unruffled; and then only what the whalers call *pancake* ice. We have frequently the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer below zero, yet who ever saw the English channel frozen over, or any part of the Atlantic on this side? It is the narrow seas only, and those without tides or currents, that freeze over. The ice-bergs, or mountains of ice, are generated on the land, either in valleys, or against steep shores; they are avalanches: and it is a remarkable fact, that all the ice, brought by the south-west current round Spitzbergen, is field-ice; whilst that which comes down Davis's Strait is mountain-ice. It is on this ground that we have marked on the diagram the undefined land, which has been named *New Siberia*, as the probable source of ice-bergs; and if this be so, the sea, through which these massy mountains float, must be open; and where *they* can float, a ship will find no difficulty in sailing. If whole fleets bound to and from Archangel annually double the North Cape in the 72d or 73d parallel, without interruption from ice, why should the polar basin be obstructed in the same or in lower latitudes? Captain Cook was well aware that the ice in Behring's Strait was not permanently fixed, and would probably have succeeded the following year in passing into the basin had his life been spared. It is well known that the Strait of Belleisle is one day so closed up that waggons may pass it, and the next so open, that no ice is to be seen: the same may be the case with Behring's Strait. Lieutenant Kotzebue, it seems, has found no difficulty in passing this strait, nor in entering a deep bay beyond it; to what extent his discoveries may subsequently have proceeded, we have yet to learn. Not a word is mentioned in his report of obstruction from ice, which would appear, indeed, to have also broken up in this eastern quarter, from the multitude of white bears which infested the peninsula of Kamtschatka, at the time when they usually seek their food on the ice, the resort of seals and sea-horses in the spring. The Russians have for some time been strongly impressed with the idea of an open passage round America; and the Kamtschatka frigate, commanded by Captain Golovnin, who was a prisoner in Japan, has proceeded on the same discovery, at the public expense, which Kotzebue is employed on by the private liberality of Count Romanzoff. It would be somewhat mortifying, if a naval power but of yesterday should complete a discovery in the nineteenth century, which was so happily commenced by Englishmen

men in the sixteenth; and another Vespucci run away with the honours due to a Columbus. There is, however, little to fear on this score. Two expeditions, of two small ships each, are fitting out for northern discoveries and scientific researches; the one, we understand, is to proceed northerly into the polar basin, and to endeavour, by passing close to the pole, to make a direct course to Behring's Strait; the other is to push through Davis's Strait for the north-east coast of America; and, if successful in discovering and doubling the unknown point A., to proceed to the westward, with the view of passing Behring's Strait.

From one or both of these expeditions lively hopes are entertained, that this curious and important problem in geography, which engaged the attention of our early navigators, will be solved; and, if a practicable passage does exist, that it will not much longer remain undiscovered. The character of the several officers who have been appointed, and the men of science who, we understand, are to embark on this grand enterprize, and the means in preparation, afford the strongest presumption, that whatever talent, intrepidity, and perseverance can accomplish will be effected.

Four merchant-vessels have been hired, and rendered as strong as wood and iron can make them. Their names are the *Isabella* and the *Alexander*, the *Dorothea* and the *Trent*; the first two being intended to proceed up Davis's Strait, under the command of Captain Ross; the other two by the route of the north pole, under Captain Buchan, and all four to make the best of their way to Behring's Strait. The *Alexander* and the *Trent* are two brigs, the former commanded by Lieutenant Parry, the latter by Lieutenant Franklyn, with a junior lieutenant to each of the four vessels, and two midshipmen, who have served their time and passed their examinations, one assistant-surgeon, and a purser. To each vessel have also been appointed a master and a mate, well-experienced in the navigation of the Greenland seas and Davis's Strait, who are to act as pilots among the ice. All the men to be employed on this bold and hazardous enterprize are to be volunteers, and both they and the officers are to receive double pay. Every preparation has been made of fresh provisions, wine, spirits, medicine, and warm clothing, in the event of their being obliged to winter in the ice, or on the coast of America.

Captain Ross was long and actively employed in the Baltic, and, having twice wintered there, is well trained to the cold and the ice; he has also been as far to the northward as Cherry, or Bear island in the Greenland seas. Lieutenant Parry, who accompanies him, served for several years on the coast of America, is an excellent navigator, theoretical as well as practical, and has published a valuable treatise, for the use of the young officers in the fleet,
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on nautical astronomy. Captain Buchan is an active and enterprising officer, who for many years has been accustomed to the navigation of the icy seas in the neighbourhood of Newfoundland, and received his promotion to the rank of commander for his zeal and good conduct on that station. He also made a land journey, over ice and snow, into the very heart of Newfoundland, in order to obtain an interview with the natives, being the first European who ever ventured among them. Lieutenant Franklyn, who accompanies him as second in this expedition, was brought up under the late Captain Flinders, and is well acquainted with nautical surveying and the use of instruments. The junior lieutenants in each of the brigs are the sons of two eminent artists, and both good draughtsmen, the one the son of the late Mr. Hoppner, who conducted Lord Amherst and his party in the open boats to Batavia, after the wreck of the *Alceste*; the other of the present Sir William Beechy.

It probably may not strike the reader at first, that the distance from Shetland islands to Behring's Strait, by pursuing the route of Davis's Strait, and supposing a passage along the northern coast of America, on the parallel of 72° , is just half as long again as that from the same point on a meridian passing through the pole; such, however, is the case; the former being 1,572 leagues, and the latter only 1,048 leagues.* The distance by the polar route, from the mouth of the Thames to Canton, is much less than half of that by the usual track round the Cape of Good Hope, being only 2,598 leagues, while the other is 5,500 leagues.

If an open navigation should be discovered across the polar basin, the passage over the pole, or close to it, will be one of the most interesting events to science that ever occurred. It will be the first time that the problem was practically solved with which the learners of geography are sometimes puzzled—that of going the shortest way between two places, lying east and west of each other, by taking a direction of north and south. The passage of the pole will require the undivided attention of the navigator. On approaching this point, from which the northern coasts of Europe, Asia, and America, and every part of them, will bear *south* of him, nothing can possibly assist him in determining his course, and keeping on the right meridian of his destined place, but a correct knowledge of the *time*, and yet no means of ascertaining that time will be afforded him. The only *time* he can have with any degree of certainty, as long as he remains on or near the pole, must be that of Greenwich, and this he can know only from good chrono-

	lat.	long.
* The northern extremity of Shetland islands	$60^{\circ} 47'$	$1^{\circ} 0' \text{ W.}$
Centre of Behring's Strait	$66^{\circ} 50'$	$169^{\circ} 0' \text{ W.}$
		meters—

meters—for, from the general hazy state of the atmosphere, and particularly about the horizon; and the sameness in the altitude of the sun at every hour in the four-and-twenty, he must not expect to obtain an approximation even of the apparent time, by observation, and he will have no stars to assist him. All his ideas, respecting the heavens and the reckoning of his time, will be reversed, and the change not gradual, as in proceeding from the east to the west, or the contrary, but instantaneous. The magnetic needle will point to its unknown magnetic pole, or fly round from the point of the bowl in which it is suspended, and that which indicated north will now be south; the east will become the west, and the hour of noon will be that of midnight.

These curious circumstances will probably be considered to mark the passage by the pole as the most interesting of the two, while it will perhaps be found equally easy. We have indeed very little doubt, that if the polar basin should prove to be free from land about the pole, it will also be free of ice. A sea of more than two thousand miles in diameter, of unfathomable depth (which is the case between Greenland and Spitzbergen) and in constant motion, is not likely to be frozen over at any time. But if all endeavours to discover a passage to the Pacific by either route should prove unavailing, it will still be satisfactory to have removed every doubt on this subject by ascertaining the fact. In making the attempt, many objects, interesting and important to science, will present themselves to the observation of those who are engaged in the two expeditions. That which proceeds up Davis's Strait will have an opportunity of adjusting the geography of the north-east coast of America and the west coast of Greenland; and of ascertaining whether the latter be not an island or an archipelago of islands; and much curious information may be expected from both. They will ascertain—what is as yet but very imperfectly known—the depth, the temperature, the saltness, and the specific gravity of the seawater in those high latitudes—the velocity of the currents, the state of atmospherical electricity in the arctic regions, and its connexion, at which we have glanced, with the inclination, declination, and intensity of force of the magnetic needle, on which subject alone a collection of facts towards the upper part of Davis's Strait would be worth a voyage of discovery. It has indeed long been suspected, that one of the magnetic poles will be found in this neighbourhood, as in no part of the world have such extraordinary phenomena been observed, or such irregularities in the vibration and the variation of the needle. Captain Muirhead, before quoted, states that, by several good observations, he found the variation in latitude $75^{\circ} 30'$ no less than eight points; that is to say, when the sun was on the meridian at midnight the needle pointed to the east. A comparison

parison of the magnetic influence near the pole with what it has been observed to be on the equator, might lead to important results; and the swinging of a pendulum as near to the pole as can be approached, to compare with the oscillations observed in the Shetland islands and in the southern hemisphere, would be a great point gained for science.

In conclusion, we cannot help thinking, that the problem of a north-west passage and the approach to the pole would have been solved long ago if the Act of the 16th Geo. III. which holds forth such liberal encouragement for the discovery of either had been differently framed, or so far amended as, by a graduated scale, to proportion the reward to the distance discovered; as many whaling vessels, when unsuccessful in the fishery, would then be induced to make the attempt, for the chance of earning a small reward, which they are now deterred from doing, as, in case of failure, after whatever risk, they would be entitled to nothing. It might be well also to new model the custom-house oath, which requires the master and owner of every Greenland ship to swear, that 'the master and ship's company shall proceed and use their utmost endeavours to take whales, or other large creatures, living in the seas, and on no other design or view of profit.' Under this oath, the encouragement meant to be given by the legislature is a complete nullity; and the attempt of the master of a whaler to avail himself of it must be made at the hazard of his ears.

ART. XII. *Panorama d'Angleterre, ou Ephémérides Anglaises politiques et littéraires.* PUBLIÉES par M. Charles Malo, de l'Athénée des Arts, des Académies de Lyon, de Douai, &c. Tom. I. Paris. 1817. pp. 332.

IT has been our fortune to introduce to the notice of our readers two couple of travellers, namely, Sir John Carr and Miss Plumtre, and General Pillet and Lady Morgan; to which we believe we may say that the annals of literature cannot add a third. M. Charles Malo, however, pleads strongly to be admitted into this delectable society.—To say nothing of our inability to provide a suitable partner for him, we must hesitate to grant him this distinction on his own account—he is, to be sure, as credulous, as silly, and almost as ignorant as the objects of his emulation; but he has neither the impiety, indecency, nor jacobinism of the latter, nor the absurd and self-complacent vanity of the former pair; and, moreover, though he affects to describe England, it is not very clear that he ever visited it, and it is certain that the work *published* by him is almost wholly *written* by others. These circumstances are more than sufficient for our justification, and M. Charles Malo must therefore be content,

tent, at present, to stand aside.—But though we cannot admit him into such high company, he really has some little merits of his own which will divert our readers, and make them perhaps lament that, instead of borrowing from bad English publications, he had not trusted to his own original and highly amusing talents for absurdity and misrepresentation.

We would first call the reader's attention to the inimitable naïveté with which he selects, as the motto to his description of England, the two words '*Nihil Anglicum.*' As M. Charles Malo appears to be a member of the institution called the Athénée, we must presume that he knows the meaning of these words, and we can therefore only attribute to the amiable candour of an ingenuous mind this early confession, that in his description of England there is '*Nothing English*'—and this is no accidental admission; for the first lines of his text are equally modest: 'For ages past,' says he, 'the English have been writing about France, and the French about England; and the only care of each party seems to be the rivalling the other in dreams, inventions and romances.'—p. 1.—and while he admits that his book is a compilation from these visions, he candidly owns that his endeavours have been 'to compose a work on England *eminently French.*'—p. 3.

The *eminently-French* manner of describing foreign countries is so well known, that it seems somewhat tautological to promise us *that* style of writing, after having just before prepared us for 'reveries and romances.' M. Charles Malo, however, thinks he never can say enough in proof of his candour, for he adds, that he looks upon this volume 'as the first stone of a monument which he wishes to erect to the national character of his country.' This noble sentiment may show his impartiality and fitness for the task he undertakes; but—as he very earnestly solicits criticism—we would venture to submit to him whether the spot on which he has thought proper to found this national monument is well chosen? and whether it would be perfect good taste to erect a monument to Buonaparte at Waterloo, or a statue of Marshal Davoust in the Exchange of Hamburg?

We will be however as candid as M. Charles Malo, and frankly admit that this blunder is merely verbal, and that if he had called the great work which he is building, a monument of the inferiority of England to France, it would not have been so liable to criticism: that this is his real intention appears from a circumstance to which we solicit the attention of our readers, namely, that the quarries from which he draws the chief materials for this *anti-anglican* monument are the *opposition newspapers of England.*—He, however, does not entirely confine himself to them.—He begins by translating Bishop Burnet's tract addressed to the Elec-

tress

tress Sophia upwards of a century ago, and he adds what he calls *copies textuelles* of Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Habeas Corpus Act, and the acts of Navigation and Settlement. These *copies textuelles* are not copies but translations, and such translations as might be expected from M. Charles Malo, who has the misfortune of being wholly unacquainted with the English language. It is this little defect which makes him mistake the petition of right in the reign of Charles I. for the Bill of Rights in 1689; and it is pleasant enough to see all the praises which different authors have bestowed on the latter lavished on a paraphrase of the former.

But M. Charles Malo soon attempts a more intelligible topic—the characters of our eminent public men. He finds them ready made to his hand in a publication which he does not name, but which we believe to be the ‘Independent Whig.’ We are sorry that we have not at hand the means of verifying this fact; but whencesoever they may be borrowed, they are the joint result of the lowest party malignity, and the most entire ignorance of the personages described; indeed M. Charles Malo himself suspects as much, for he introduces them with this note:—

‘These portraits at first sight will appear to be dictated by an independent spirit; but the angry and decided tone, jokes alike gross and ill-founded, and, above all, an ill-disguised partiality, should put us on our guard against believing in the likeness which the author pretends to have caught.’—p. 87.

And yet M. Charles Malo thinks it consistent with the ‘*neutralité de son rôle*’ to present to his countrymen these gross, ill-founded, angry, and partial daubings as the genuine portraits of the public men of England! We venture to believe, however, that M. Charles Malo has, here and there, added some touches of his own; at least we cannot conceive how any Englishman could say—‘that Mr. Wellesley Pole and Mr. Croker play the most prominent parts in the House of Commons;’ (p. 94.) and yet, that the former gentleman owes his chief consequence to his brothers, one of whom (can this be Lord Wellesley?) is ‘*un magistrat d’un très grand mérite*;’ and the other (meaning, we apprehend, the Duke of Wellington) ‘*un militaire fort respectable*,’ (p. 95.)—that Mr. Canning’s oratory is particularly deficient in flow and in brilliancy, (p. 119.)—and that ‘*il se retranche prudemment derrière une gravité lourde*,’ (p. 119.)—that Mr. Tierney once enjoyed such a popularity, that ‘*de nobles députés MM. Alcock et Favall dansèrent presque de joie en entendant les oracles qui sortaient de sa bouche; quand un seul de ses regards suffisait pour métamorphoser le plus sale district de Southwark en un lieu de fête, un théâtre de la joie*;’ but that—so fleeting is popularity—these very people,

people, to show their contempt, soon after called their *dogs Tierneys*.'—p. 113.

He next undertakes to give his countrymen a view of the police and manners of London, and for this purpose he extracts from Mr. Colquhoun's work, and the Parliamentary Reports on the Police and Mendicity of the metropolis, all the extraordinary and often exaggerated anecdotes which they contain—God knows there is but too much vice and misery in all great towns! and, as London is by much the greatest in Europe, it may naturally happen that there is a *proportionate* quantity of wretchedness to be found in its streets; but we firmly believe that there is no more than its *proportion*. If we were to take the pains of collecting all the instances of atrocity and misery which are related of Paris in various works, and in the daily journals, we are afraid M. Charles Malo's *monument* would not have much superiority to boast: and what would the result be, if a free and fearless committee of the Chamber of Deputies could carry the light of public inquiry into the Circean styes of the Palais Royal, and the gloomy recesses of the Cité and of the faubourgs?

M. Charles Malo's next chapter is on reform in parliament.—This precious essay, and a plan for a constitutional reform, though always proceeding in the first person, as '*I think*,' '*I propose*,' are copied, without any avowal on the part of M. Charles Malo, who seems to have expended all his candour in his preface, from an English pamphlet; and to this luminous piece M. Charles Malo adds, on the same authority, as a '*pièce justificative et irrécusable*,' a most curious document, quite unknown in France, namely, a list of the members of the House of Commons, the places for which they sit, and the patrons who return them.

Our readers may perhaps like to see a specimen of this authentic and *irrécusable* document, which, after having been largely distributed for the information of the populace of England, is now translated for the improvement of the statesmen and the literati of France. It states, for example, that the representation of the county of Bedford is sold (*vendu*) to the Duke of Bedford and Lord St. John;—that of Berkshire, and its two representatives Mr. Neville and Mr. Dundas, to Lord Craven;—that the city of Carlisle, with Sir James Graham and Mr. Curwen, is sold to the Duke of Norfolk;—that Derby town and county, and the four members, are sold to the Duke of Devonshire;—that Dorsetshire is sold to Lord Rivers;—Herefordshire and Radnorshire to Lord Oxford;—Worcestershire, with Lord Elmsley and the Honourable Mr. Lyttelton, to Lord Foley:—these, amongst an hundred instances equally convincing, cannot but prove to England and France,

France the immediate necessity of a parliamentary reform; which, indeed, M. Charles Malo represents as so undeniable, 'that it is thought, by well-informed persons, that the government itself means to introduce *his* system of reform, or, at least, some parts of it, into the next elections;' (p. 170.) which is not surprizing, as much of the plan is supported, he says, by the doctrines '*du célèbre Blackstone*,' as well as by those '*d'un autre célèbre juris-consulte très connu, Sir William*.' (p. 152.)

The next division of M. Charles Malo's work is the '*Red Book of England—the looking-glass of John Bull*.' This is also a copy from some of the jacobin catchpennies of the day; in which, in a list of *placemen*, *pensioners*, and *sinecurists*, are included the names of not only all the public men now alive, but of several who have been long dead, of others who never had places nor pensions, and of all the bishops, deans, and other dignitaries of the church. This valuable document is introduced to the reader by an extract of a speech of John Horne Jooke (so M. Charles Malo carefully spells the name) to the electors of Westminster, in 1796, and all the speeches of Mr. Jooke, and of such others, are quoted as '*irré-usable*' evidences of the general corruption of England. How well fitted M. Charles Malo is for treating these matters, our readers will judge from hearing that Lord Ellenborough is clerk in chief to the court of King's Bench; that Sir Philip Stevens, Baron, has not been dead these fifteen years, as we supposed, but is at this hour a commissioner for executing the office of admiral of the fleet with a salary of 1,500*l.* per annum; that all the official persons whose names are in the patent of the Board of Controul have 1,500*l.* per annum each from that department, &c. We have no doubt M. Charles Malo will say that he found all this in the '*Independent Whig*,' or some similar work: we only quote them as instances of the talents and information which he brings to the work of building a monument to the glory of France on the inferiority of England.

The pleasantest account, however, which he gives, is of the bishoprics. He has found in some old calendar the ratings of them in the *king's books*, and on this authority he sagaciously states—'that, in 1782, all the bishoprics of England put together only cost the government 21,000*l.*; but that now they occasion an expense to the *government* of 169,000*l.*—that is, an increase of 137,000*l.* in thirty-five years. But this (he adds) is not the only reflection which this table excites.' (p. 247.) The last observation suggests *one reflection* which perhaps is not amongst those to which M. Charles Malo alludes, namely, that it is hardly possible to make more mistakes in a small space than he has here contrived to assemble.

M. Charles Malo's next division is 'Miscellaneous;' and here again, though he only copies or translates from English newspapers, he contrives to show that he understands English pretty much as Lady Morgan does French. Of a gross caricature of the 'order of the bomb' M. Charles Malo gives us an engraving; and yet, with this engraving before his eyes, which, God knows, seems intelligible enough, he so little comprehends the filthy equivoque on which it is founded, that he assures us it is only a quiz upon the insignificant part which the *bomb-vessels* played in the attack on *Algiers*; which M. Charles Malo represents as one of the most ridiculous, ineffectual, and deceptive parades that was ever made.

Then follow thirty-one pages of extracts from the daily papers, full of such important information as the following:—

'2d Sept. There was no exchange yesterday, being the anniversary of the fire of London.

'30th Sept. A watch-maker, of Northampton, having been lately called to examine a clock which had stopped, found in it a mouse's nest which had interrupted the movements.

28th Dec. The new pantomime of the Christmas Pie, produced last night, was successful: the plot is taken from an old nursery story.

'16th Jan. The daughter of a celebrated physician has died lately of an inflammation of the bowels, caused by a plum-stone which she had swallowed.

'30th Jan. The Duke of Marlborough died this morning, aged 84: his eldest son, the Marquis of Blandford, succeeds to his titles and estates.

7th April. To-day the Lord Mayor gives his usual dinner.'

Such is the rare intelligence which M. Charles Malo preserves in his perennial pages from the too hasty fate which awaits it in the public journals.

But he also adds a few remarks on the fine arts, which are just what our readers would expect. 'In the last exhibition of sculpture at the Royal Academy, there were only three pieces worth looking at, or at which any body looked, and they were all three by foreigners, two by Canova and one by M. Goblet, a Frenchman,'—p. 292. Mr. Chantry's group, it seems, attracted no attention. In painting, his taste is equally good. Sir Lawrence and Sir Beechy he thinks moderate (*médiocres*); but he assures us that Mr. Phillips is in England compared to Titian, on account of his extreme high finish.

The only trace we can find in this whole volume, of the author's having been in England, we think it fair to give.

He says, that having gone into the pit of the Circus, he regretted to find himself in such bad company, until he was astonished and pleased to hear the persons behind him addressing one another as *gentlemen* and *ladies*. He looked round for this good company,
and

and was quite surprized to see two persons, of the lowest class, who were amusing themselves, in an interval of the entertainment, with a bottle of gin and a piece of cheese. 'In spite,' M. Malo adds, 'of the English apathy and phlegm, no, never did I laugh so heartily!'—p. 58.

We do not exactly see why the English phlegm should have impeded the Frenchman's inclination to laugh; but we readily admit that the promiscuous use of the terms lady and gentleman is ridiculous enough: but has M. Charles Malo never heard a *poissarde* and a *fort de la Halle* address one another as *monsieur* and *madame*? and does he not know that the lowest ranks of people in France bandy these titles from one to another with the most punctilious ceremony? thus this, which is the only fruit we see of M. Charles Malo's visit to England, is one which he might have found in still greater perfection in all the blind alleys of Paris.

But our readers are tired of M. Charles Malo, and so are we. They have long since seen that he is a poor, catchpenny scribbler, who makes a book with the assistance of the last year's newspapers, a pair of scissors and a little paste. We have noticed his impudent *maiseries*, for the same reason which induced us to chastise the malignity of General Pillet and Lady Morgan. We are anxious to cultivate a good understanding between France and England; they are (whenever the morals and politics of the revolution do not infect them) worthy of each other's esteem and respect; and it is the duty of the *honnêtes gens* of both countries to expose the prejudices, follies and falsehoods which a horde of ignorant scribblers and a nest of exasperated jacobins so industriously propagate in each country to the disparagement of the other.

ART. XIII.—*Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Watson, D.D. Bishop of Landaff, written by himself at different intervals, and revised in 1814. Published by his Son, Richard Watson, LL.B. Prebendary of Landaff and Wells. 4to. 1817.*

THIS is an original and unblushing account of a character, which has had no parallel in the compass of the English hierarchy. The eccentric and extravagant conduct of Bishop Watson, as a politician and as a prelate, the undisguised boldness of his conversation, and the incessant clamours of disappointment with which he deafened every company, after being advanced to the highest rank of his profession, have excited a very general and anxious curiosity for the appearance of the present work.

Many self-biographers have sought the protection of the grave, to rescue their persons at least, whatever became of their memoirs, from the consequences of publishing memoirs far more harmless than the present. In this instance Dr. Watson himself per-

ceived the necessity of reserve ; but the use which he has made of posthumous impunity is such as must fill every feeling mind with indignation at the man who, in the decline of life, and under the shade of retirement, has, by a moral chemistry of his own, been employed for more than twenty years in collecting and concentrating intellectual poison, leaving the stopple to be drawn, and the composition to be vended, by his executors.

These are the fruits of an indolent and unlearned retreat from the duties of two important functions, the dignities and emoluments of which this prelate continued to enjoy till his death. In contemplating the history and character of this extraordinary man, we can only recollect one other bishop with whom, by the remotest approximation, he can be compared. This was Burnet ; but even with him Bishop Watson afforded more points of contrast than of similitude. Both were indeed men of great natural abilities, great reformists, much given to obloquy, violent whigs, busy meddlers in politics, and of arrogant over-weening tempers.—Both too had been professors of divinity in their respective universities, and both were gifted with the talent of natural, copious, and overflowing eloquence. But here, unfortunately for the latter prelate, all resemblance ceases at once ; for Burnet was profoundly learned in his own science of theology, while Watson was a mere smatterer. Burnet was conscientiously resident in his own diocese, and most diligent in the discharge of his episcopal functions—the late bishop of Landaff was, of all diocesans, the most remiss. Burnet was an indefatigable preacher—Watson seldom appeared in the pulpit but for the purposes of display. The former, with all his political prejudices, had a deep and awful sense of religion—in the latter, all the detachment and disengagement from the world, which ought to adorn and consecrate the declining age of a bishop, were lost in secularity and self-interest. Moreover, this violent declaimer against sinecures and non-residence was the first who converted the regius professorship of divinity into a sinecure : this enemy of pluralities held in his own person at least fourteen places of preferment ; this man of moderation in his wishes, and calm contentment under the shade of retirement, spent the last twenty-nine years of his life in execrating those who, for his factious obstinacy, had left him to that retirement, while he was occupied in nursing up a fortune, till, according to his own boast, with the poorest bishopric in the kingdom, he became the richest bishop upon the bench.

For these enormous inconsistencies, however, between conduct and profession, something is in justice due to his memory by way of explanation.—He exercised the functions of Regius Professor in person for a period of sixteen years, and did not quit it till an inveterate disease, the fruit perhaps of his chemical operations, warned

warned his physicians to prescribe relaxation and retirement in the country. Had he been possessed of any other see in the kingdom, that retirement might have been found at his proper post, and in his episcopal house; but the see to which *he* had been consecrated possessed not a house in which the bishop could shroud his head. The see of Landaff is, indeed, in this and another respect, the opprobrium of our episcopal establishment. Once an archbishopric, and one of the most wealthy sees in Christendom, like its sister St. David's, but more deeply, this decayed and dilapidated church

— 'plorat
Curtatos mitræ titulos et nomen inane
Semisepultæ urbis,'

having long lost its metropolitan honours and been stripped of its castle and domains by Kitchin, its first Protestant bishop, whom his successor Godwyn, with no undue asperity, has recorded as 'fundi nostri calamitatem.'

Still, however, had a bishop not disdained to take up his abode, after St. Paul's example, *ἐν τῷ ἰδίῳ μισθωματί*, he might have found on the salubrious coast of his own diocese,

— 'some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat,'

which, in the person of Dr. Watson, would have
'Given to St. David *one true Briton* more.'

But a translation was then contemplated, and its diocesan, reckoning without his host, considered himself as a mere bird of passage, like his predecessors. But, while a shattered frame demanded relaxation, a growing family claimed a provision: with this imperious call upon his mind, our original and independent prelate withdrew to his native country among the mountains of Westmoreland, where, bidding adieu to duty and to study, (for he brought no books, the proper companions of a scholar's retirement, along with him,) he betook himself to blasting rocks, planting trees, improving barren lands, and abusing the administration of his country. The last occupation of his tongue and of his pen, requiring no aid from the stores of antiquity, was pursued at Calgarth without impediment and without intermission. But as health was in this retirement his ostensible object, he might have reflected that a mind corroded by increasing bitterness and disappointment was not the happiest restorative of a broken constitution, and that while the column of sixty inches of rain, which annually falls on Winandermere, was pouring its periodical tribute on the domains of Calgarth, and the salutary pursuits of planting and agriculture were necessarily intermitted, the activity of a mind like that of our prelate, worn down in early life by attrition, would be in danger,

during his later days, of frittering by rust.—Vacuity and irritation were its alternate shades.

From taste he derived neither amusement nor occupation, for of taste he never had a tincture :—placed amidst the most delicious scenes of England, he thought of nothing but turning his own portion of them to emolument; and, from the society of the ‘mild Arcadians’ of his neighbourhood and their admirers, his vigorous and reasoning faculties could draw little of intelligence or entertainment. Meanwhile, as interest engaged one half of his attention, ambition continued to absorb the other; and to the last year perhaps of his life he pursued, though by means peculiar to himself, the great object of a translation, with all the assiduity of a supple candidate for promotion, who never places himself out of the minister’s sight, and never omits the duty of a bow at the levee. Conscious of great talents, which, however, were greatly over-rated by their possessor, he formed the scheme of bullying ministers into a translation, while it was his peculiar misfortune, in the prosecution of this hopeless project, to encounter a man equally haughty and impracticable with himself, and of talents far superior.

But it is time to enter upon this unparalleled work, and to pursue the life of Richard Watson, bishop of Landaff, under his own direction. He was born in the month of August, in the year 1737, at Heversham, a delightful village in the Bottom of Westmoreland, the son of — Watson, schoolmaster of that place, whom, in his epitaph, the bishop has rather coldly described as *ludimagister hand inutilis*. He was, indeed, of no use to his son, who was born after the father was sixty, and, by his resignation of the school, fell into far inferior hands. The northern schools, which teemed with boys destined to the University of Cambridge, were then at a very low ebb, and the entire inattention to versification, together with its certain accompaniment, ignorance of classical quantity, cannot but give us a very high idea of the vigour, comprehension, and industry of those young men who were afterwards able to surmount these disadvantages, and to meet on equal ground the highly polished sons of Eton and Westminster in their respective colleges. This was the trying situation of Watson; and the first symptom of that constitutional arrogance which impelled him to despise whatever he had not attained breaks forth very conspicuously in the account which he gives of himself on this occasion :—

‘It has fallen to my lot not only to be obliged to write, but to speak Latin; and, having never been taught to make Latin or Greek verses, it cost me more pains to remember whether a syllable was long or short, than it would have done to comprehend a whole section of Newton’s *Principia*. My mind, indeed, recoiled from such inquiries. What imports it, I used to say to myself, whether Cicero would have said,

said, *fortuito* or *fortuito*?—*Areopagus* or *Areopagus*?—And yet I was forced to attend to such things; for an Eton or a Westminster school-master would properly have thought meanly of a man who did not know them. My hands have shaken with impatience and indignation, when I have been consulting Ainsworth or Labbé about a point, which I was sure of forgetting in a month's time. I found it difficult to impress upon my memory rules of prosody which I had acquired a contempt for; nor did this contempt arise so much from ignorance of the subject (for I had, after leaving school, taken great pains not to be ignorant of it) as from the undue importance which was given to it.

We give this as a characteristic trait of his temper as well as attainments, or rather non-attainments, at the time when he came forth an awkward, overgrown, unmannered boy, from the obscurity and rudeness of a northern school, into the elegance and splendour of that magnificent college, of which he was destined to become one of the first ornaments in his time. So suddenly and violently transplanted, many young men have been tempted to despair of any competition with rivals prepared and hardened by the discipline of great schools; but Watson was of a temper not to be dismayed: he felt his own real powers, he thought them greater than they were; he grasped with a strong hand the abstruse and invigorating subjects of study which he found prescribed, and quickly perceived his feeble competitors, the sons of art and elegance, the balancers of points and particles, distanced in the race. By one of those instances of academical intrigue, which subsequent regulations have rendered more difficult, Watson was deprived of the first honour to which, by general acknowledgement, he was entitled at his degree. This he bore in mind, and amply revenged upon the rival college, which he knew to be the author of the wrong.

With respect to the subsequent years of his life, our limits will only permit us to add, that he was elected, in due course, fellow of his college, then assistant, and afterwards head tutor; that in these periods he served the office of moderator for the university four times, and that in the meanwhile he had a constant supply of private pupils. All these circumstances are material to our purpose, in their direct bearing on the future character of the man, and on our estimate of the extent and depth of those acquirements, which seemed to be demanded for the difficult and exalted situation to which he subsequently rose in the university.

Mr. Watson, among other qualities, which certainly contributed to his advancement in life, possessed a happy confidence in himself, and an opinion of his own fitness for any situation to which he should think proper to aspire, though totally ignorant at the time of every qualification requisite to the discharge of its functions. He had also the faculty of infusing the same opinion of himself into others. To this felicity of temper and constitution he was indebted

for his next situation at Cambridge. 'On the 19th of November, 1764,' he informs us, 'I was unanimously elected, by the senate assembled in full congregation, professor of chemistry. At the time this honour was conferred upon me *I knew nothing at all of chemistry*, had never read a syllable on the subject, nor seen a single experiment in it.' Whether the confidence of the electors, or the modesty of the candidate, in this appointment were most to be admired we shall for the present leave undecided; and pass on to the year 1767, during which our professor had been laboriously and ardently preparing for the discharge of his new function:—

'In this,' says he, 'and the two following years I read chemical lectures to very crowded audiences. I now look back with a kind of terror' (indeed he has reason) 'at the application I used in the younger part of my life. For months and years together I frequently read public lectures in Trinity College, beginning at eight o'clock in the morning, spent four or five hours with private pupils, and five or six more in my laboratory every day, besides the incidental business of the Sophs' School. Had so much pains and time been dedicated to Greek and Hebrew, and to what are called learned subjects, what tiresome collation of MSS. what argute emendations of text, what jejune criticisms, what dull dissertations, what ponderous logomachies might have been produced, and left to sleep on the same shelves with bulky systems of German divinity in the libraries of universities!'

This is both unfair and imprudent—unfair, as it describes the result of pertinacious study in criticism as fit to be exercised only by a dunce; and imprudent, as it supposes, by implication, that dunce to be himself.

Watson lived to see in his own college the rise and fall of a luminary to whose critical lucubrations he ought to have bowed with reverence. Were the pursuits of Porson or even of Porson's followers to be stigmatized as tiresome collations of MSS. argute emendations of texts, dull dissertations and ponderous logomachies? Where, when he wrote this strange paragraph, was the candour and liberality of which he was wont to make so great a parade? and how, had he lived to see the day when this attack upon verbal criticism came forth, might the late memorable Greek professor have retorted upon the squalid chemist who sallied from his furnace—

'—ardentis massæ fuligine lippos—'

to blacken all that was elegant and ornamental in ancient literature!

Besides, the professor of chemistry, according to his own acknowledgment, had by this time directed his aspiring eye to another object, which he very prematurely and unexpectedly attained—the regius professorship of divinity. And with this view, a man either of modesty or prudence might have reflected that some knowledge beyond that of a school-boy in Greek, and that of a
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mere abecedarian in Hebrew, had in former times been considered as necessary accomplishments for a divinity professor; and the time was to come when with all his subterfuges and all his front, he was sometimes taught to feel that this radical deficiency could neither be supplied by mother-wit nor by subsequent acquirements. The period at which Watson appeared in the University of Cambridge may justly be regarded as the Augustan age of that university; the physics of Des Cartes had just before given place to the sublime geometry of Newton; the metaphysics of human nature, as taught by Locke, had supplanted Aristotle, and the old scholastic theology had been superseded in the schools by a set of rising and enlightened divines under a learned and candid professor. It was certainly to the advantage of the academical studies that the higher algebra was not yet invented, and that the study of philosophy in general was not hitherto pushed so far as either to engross or to exhaust the understanding of the academical youth. A due place was also allowed and required for classical pursuits, while the purest writers of antiquity were studied, not so much for the purpose of consummating the knowledge of points and metres, as of acquiring the noblest ideas of morals and politics in the clearest and most elegant language. Precisely at this period arose a constellation of young men eminently qualified both by the force of their understandings and by the elegance of their taste, to avail themselves of these advantages, and the names of Hurd and Powell, of Balguy and Ogden, are never heard by those who knew them or know their books, without the associated ideas of all that is clear in ratiocination, profound in research, and beautiful in language. As they disappeared from the scene, abstract mathematics began to prevail in the University, the equilibrium of study was destroyed, the liberal and manly system of education which had produced so many men of business and of the world, as well as of science, gradually disappeared; while the rewards which became necessary as stimuli to the higher acquirements of classical literature, tended to urge on the pursuits of difficult and recondite minutiae in criticism, as inapplicable in one way to any practical purpose of life, as the obscurities of Waring's *Miscellanea Analytica* in another. The effects of this declension are but too visible at present in a hard, dry, 'exsuccous' style of writing, which has long since superseded, excepting in one or two solitary instances, the Attic graces of the last generation. At the period when this declension was taking place, the subject of this memoir began to be distinguished in Cambridge, arrogating every thing for his favourite mathematics, and looking down with insolent disdain on every elegant pursuit; yet, by an inconsistency apparent to every one but himself, he was then aspiring to a chair occupied by a master of latinity and ancient literature, while the other *regius* professorships were filled
by

by Plumtree, who spoke the idiom of Terence, and by Halifax, who had transfused into his style the more flowing graces of Cicero. Another impediment to any serious or systematic preparation for the theological chair was the habit of taking private pupils, which, however favourable to the present interests or future fortunes of the tutor, has, from its commencement, had a most pernicious effect upon the general learning of the University. But to the pursuit of this system the attractions are almost irresistible. Between the public tutor and the pupil there still continue some remains of distance and reserve, which prevent the formation of intimate friendship; but in private tuition, the tutor has a fair chance of uniting himself in the closest bands of attachment and familiarity with some future statesman, or some wealthy patron, by whom he may expect to be placed in a situation of independence, if not of dignity. To such a connexion with Mr. Luther, our author himself was indebted for the basis of his fortune, well earned indeed by many active exertions of the most zealous friendship.

But it is obvious that under such a system the interests of literature must give way to private expectations. The tutor moves round and round, year by year, in the narrow circle of academical institution, and he whose time and attention are absorbed by teaching can never learn. He leaves the University at forty with the attainments of twenty, and the intention of Fellowships, which was, to retain the most deserving young men in their several colleges, with full leisure and opportunity for study till they should be of standing for the higher degrees, is wholly defeated. This course it was that made all the learned men of the last two centuries; and it is the abandonment of this course, together with a tedium of all future exertion, frequently induced by the excessive application of the first three years of academical study to abstract science, which, under the present narrow and exclusive system, leaves the greater part of fellows of colleges at the point whence they ought to have set out, questionists for life.

Each of these remarks applies to the case of Mr. Watson, as a candidate for the theological chair. The professor of chemistry was only master of arts, and not of standing for the degree of doctor in divinity, when, to the infinite loss of the university, Dr. Rutherford, the regius professor, died. This was a thunderstroke, and seems to have produced in the young and wholly unqualified expectant, with all the native arrogance of his temper, a momentary fit of diffidence. 'I had,' says he, 'for years determined in my own mind to endeavour to succeed Dr. Rutherford, provided he lived till I was of proper age and fully qualified for the undertaking. His premature and unexpected death quite disheartened me. I knew as much of divinity as could reasonably be expected from a man whose course of studies had been

fully

fully in other pursuits,' (that is just nothing at all,) 'but with this curta supellex in theology, to take possession of the first theological chair in Europe seemed too daring an attempt even for my *intrepidity*.' The case was indeed perfectly novel and unprecedented; for though, from the first professor Bucer, to Rutherford the last, this chair may have been filled by some divines not distinguished for acumen or elegance, ignorance in their own science could be imputed to none; their erudition might be ponderous and dull, but erudition they had, and great erudition, the labour of many years preparatory study, directed almost exclusively to this single object. It would be a matter of little interest to the present generation to go back to the academical politics of 1771, and trace the sudden elevation

— 'of him who with a meteor's fire

Shot boldly forth, disdaining dull degrees,'

to that very chair of which even he had almost despaired: but some men in his situation might have felt that there was yet remaining some ground of alarm. Not so our *intrepid* professor. Looking at the backs of many weighty folios, he found that much had been written, and much had apparently been read in former times on the subject of theology. The public libraries apprized him that there existed a formidable array of fathers, councils, critics, commentators upon creeds and articles which had been supposed to belong to the non curta supellex of his profession. This was seriously distressing. But the new professor of theology had not forgotten his late occupations as a chemist. He threw the whole of these unwieldy articles into his alembic, and, by a process of his own, extracted for future use a simple and sublime quintessence, which would wholly supersede any necessity for the grosser materials. Let us hear his own *intrepid* account of this singular process. 'I reduced the study of divinity into as narrow a compass as I could, for I determined to study *nothing* but my Bible, being much unconcerned about the opinions of councils, fathers, churches, bishops, and other men as little inspired as myself. This mode of proceeding being opposite to the general one,' (indeed it was, like himself, perfectly original,) 'and especially to that of the master of Peterhouse, who was a great reader, he used to call me *αυτοδιδασκος*, the self-taught divine.' That very learned prelate, we doubt not, was secretly conscious how much more accurately his friend would have been defined by shortening the epithet.— But we proceed—

'The professor of divinity had been nicknamed *Malleus Hæreticorum*: it was thought to be his duty to demolish every opinion which militated against what is called the orthodoxy of the Church of England.*

* This brings to our recollection a couplet which our faithful and zealous friend of the church had probably forgotten when he wrote the sentence before us.

'Ex cathedra at orthodoxy laugh,
And rise to Lambeth from decayed Landaff.'

Now my mind was wholly unbiassed, and I had no prejudice against, no predilection for the Church of England, (shame then upon him for having accepted a station, which, almost above every other, bound him to watch over her interests,) * but a sincere regard for the Church of Christ, and an insuperable objection to every degree of dogmatical intolerance. I never troubled myself with answering any arguments which the opponents in the divinity schools brought against the articles of the church, nor ever admitted their authority as decisive of a difficulty; but I used on such occasions to say to them, holding the New Testament in my hand, *En codicem sacrum*—here is the fountain of truth; why do you follow the streams derived from it by the sophistry or polluted by the errors of men? This mode of disputing gained me no credit with the hierarchy, but I thought it an honest one, and it produced a liberal spirit in the university.

So consistent indeed with every sense of duty and obligation was the conduct of our liberal professor in this respect, that he had fairly entitled himself to the inverted appellation of *Malleus Orthodoxorum*.

Such, however, was our professor's conception of the nature of his office, and such the narrow limits within which his discretion had led him to confine his theological inquiries. It must not, however, be dissembled, that he ascended the chair with many eminent qualifications for the duties of his difficult and distinguished function. The exercise of four years as moderator of the philosophical schools had rendered his faculty of speaking Latin perfectly easy; by great assiduity the vices of his early education had been so far corrected, that a false quantity was never heard to escape him; all the tricks and shifts of school logic were familiar to his mind; in addition to which his acuteness and ingenuity were admirable. When pressed by a difficulty which could not be mastered, he knew the precise moment when his credit required him to extinguish it with a probe aliter. When a subject was referred to of which he knew nothing, he would scout it with contempt; and when a Scotch metaphysician was cited, he had on one occasion the grave effrontery to dispose of the whole fraternity and their opinions in the following words:—*'Scotos illos metaphysicos nunquam legi, neque legam; quid igitur dixerit nescio: dicam autem quod dixisse debuerit.'* With all his professed contempt for the Fathers, the auditors were on another occasion somewhat startled by hearing him mouth out, *'Gregorius* Nazianzenus, quem semper in deliciis habui,'* as if that pious and eloquent Father, of whom in fact he knew nothing, had been the object of his daily meditations! It turned out however on inquiry, that these *deliciae* had been very lately excited; for having gone, as usual, on the very morning when the words were uttered by

* It is remarkable that this identical expression was borrowed from the first line of Erasmus's dedication of Augustine's works to Fonseca, Archbishop of Toledo, *'Sextus Aurelius Augustinus, quem semper in deliciis habui.'*

him, to extract matter from the learned prelate already referred to, he had lighted on the passage which sounded so plausibly. An admirable professor indeed he was for boys and strangers. His majestic and commanding figure, his terrific countenance, his deep sonorous voice, the uninterrupted tenor of his sentences, which, though far from classical, were never barbarous or solæcistic, and, above all, the boldness and originality of his sentiments seldom left the under graduates' places unoccupied in the theological school. But (alas! for pomp and pretence!) he had sometimes an auditor or two of another stamp—some petulant spleen cachinno, who came to spy out the barrenness of the land, and bring back to the evening party a few precious fragments of sounding inanity or dexterous sophistry. To such as these it was sport to see how the grave professor would glide over the surface of his subject with every appearance of profundity, or when pinned, as his opponent hoped, into a corner, would wind himself out with all the lubricity of an eel.—Still, he had a large mind; he endured, he encouraged, he delighted in the opposition of able men; he never flinched from the strokes of those who had more information than himself, secure in the consciousness of his own ability to encounter learning by invention. The same tolerance of contradiction, the same dexterity in parrying attacks he brought with him into private conversation, which rendered him, when the poison of politics did not operate on his constitution, a most agreeable and amusing debater. In those happier hours, and they were not few, he would even smile at the pomp and magnificence of his own manner, and relax into all the playfulness and pleasantry which are almost inseparable from real genius.

Among Dr. Watson's predecessors in the theological chair, it is certainly a very high compliment to the latter professor to say, that he most resembled Bentley. This great man, indeed, was a very accurate Hebraist, a master of the purest and most classical style of latinity, and, in general, orthodox in his determinations; but, like Watson, he was rough and bold, and, like him too, by a prejudice unworthy of a great critic in ancient learning, he condemned the Fathers. For this he was well scourged by Thirlby, in a passage which is equally adapted to the late professor.

*Quid enim magis ridiculum aut fieri aut fingi potest, quàm homo Christianus, sacerdos, Theologiæ Professor, omnibus "Philosophiæ studiis" initiatus, in suis peregrinus atque hospes? Chrysostomum, Augustinum, Gregorium, Basilios, Origenem, Athenagoram, Iræneum, Justinum, Ignatium, ne nomine quidem novit.—Nihil ille de Manichæis, nihil de Gnosticis, nihil de aliâ quâvis antiquâ hæresi Christianorum neque scit neque scire curat; neque talibus ineptiis acumen unquam admovit suum.**

* Thirlbey's *Dedicatio Apologiarum Justinæ Martyris.*

Still,

Still, however, no small part of these imputations must be restricted to the earlier years of Dr. Watson's professorship: for an acute man, without much formal study, yet constantly exercised in theological disputations, cannot but acquire theological knowledge; and happy would it have been for the University could it have longer enjoyed his more mature and better digested lucubrations! happy for the state and the church had he never been drawn forth *ex unbrâ academi* into the light and sunshine of political life! But in the year 1782, a minister was at the helm, whose prejudices would have permitted him to bestow mitres on Priestley and Price, had not their own honesty 'kept them back from honour.' At no great distance from them, however, in religious and political principles, was a man educated in the bosom of the church, yet, by his own confession, indifferent to its interests: ready on every occasion of advancement to subscribe to a body of Articles which he professed to despise; prepared, in the last place, and for the same end, to undertake the office of imposing the same subscription upon others, while he publicly avowed that such imposition was an unwarrantable restriction upon the consciences of men.

By this minister, himself, so far as he was a Christian at all, a dissenter and a patron of dissenters, whenever it was in his power to employ them, was our author appointed bishop of Landaff. The appointment was in this respect consistent and judicious; for the minister knew his man, who, if he had no prejudice against, had certainly no predilection for the church of England, but, according to his own account, a sincere regard for the church of 'Christ.' We have read of one who refused to be made a citizen of Athens because he was already a citizen of the world. Not so our liberal and catholic professor. He was willing to accept an office of high trust and honour in a society to which he felt himself indifferent at best, never reflecting that by the very fact of his appointment that society acquired an exclusive right to his active and zealous services in her cause. There is something however in his own account of the matter, which coming as it does from a vehement declaimer against ministerial cabals and political management in the disposal of high preferments, is more grossly revolting than any thing that we have ever met with in the most unblushing apologies for this species of unhallowed influence. The spiritual nature of the office itself, the solemn obligations which it imposes, and all expression of difficulty and doubt in the aspirant's mind as to his fitness for undertaking such a task, sentiments which, though often pretended, ought always to be felt on such solemn occasions, are as completely forgotten as if the former had no existence and the latter were neither fitting nor seemly.

* On the 12th of the same month the Duke of Rutland wrote to me,
that

that he had determined to support Lord Shelburne's administration, as he had received the most positive assurances that the independence of America was to be acknowledged. He further told me that the bishopric of Landaff, he had reason to believe, would be disposed of in my favour, if he asked it, and desired to know whether, if the offer should be made, I would accept it. I returned for answer, that I conceived there could be no dishonour in my accepting a bishopric from an administration which he had previously determined to support. In this manner did I acquire a bishopric. But I had no great reason to be proud of the promotion; for I think I owed it not to any regard which he who gave it me had to the zeal and industry with which I had for many years discharged the functions of an academic life; but to the opinion which from my sermon he had erroneously entertained that I was a warm and might become an useful partizan.

In this opinion of the motives and conduct of his patron the bishop of Landaff was certainly right, and to his honour be it spoken, that he took the first opportunity of undeceiving him; for when in the confidence of unlimited compliance from a sense of recent obligations, this minister disclosed to the new prelate his favourite plan of pillaging the church and converting it into a pensionary establishment, to his infinite disappointment he found that he had to encounter reasons which he could not answer and scruples which he could not overcome. Another instance occurs from which it may be inferred that he would have pursued as independent a course with respect to the ministry which advanced him as he did towards those who prevented his further promotion; and the consequence in all probability would have been, that had his own friends continued in office, demands refused and expectations disappointed would have kept him, if not at Landaff, yet beneath the highest honours or emoluments of his profession.

It is one of the many singularities which entered into the strangely compounded understanding of Bishop Watson, that he should not have foreseen to what consequences a conduct like his own in the present state of human nature necessarily tended. No being but the Searcher of hearts can discover in what exact proportions this eccentric and uncomplying temper was mixed up of native honesty and stubborn independence on the one hand, or of pride, obstinacy and disappointment on the other. In his own eyes and in those of his enemies no such mixture existed; he was in one unblended mass, either the most upright or the most perverse and wayward of mankind. But knowledge of mankind might have taught him that a conduct like his own when fairly tried and developed is precisely that which forfeits the esteem of all parties, and which no patron will ever reward.

It is one of the most difficult problems in all casuistry, to determine what sacrifices of feeling or opinion, in the combination of religious

religious or political society, are compatible with perfect sincerity of heart, and how far it is required of persons placed in situations of trust and power to contract their regards and their exertions to the views of that particular association by which they have been entrusted. With respect to the first; if, in matters of trifling moment, no private wish, no individual opinion is to be sacrificed to the interests of the society to which we belong, no society can exist; if every thing is to be given up for that purpose, the rights of conscience are at an end, and unprincipled selfishness will swallow up every dignified and every independent feeling of the heart. With respect to the second; it is obvious that in no instance whatever are we permitted to oppress, or in any way do wrong to societies to which we do not belong, in order to serve the individual interests of that to which we do belong. But this is all.—To withhold positive assistance; to discountenance accessions of power or numbers to rival associations, and not to hold ourselves indifferent, provided that the general interests of religion or of literature be promoted, by whom they are promoted—these are imperious and pressing duties owing by every one who has accepted an office of power and trust towards the society to whom he is indebted for the office. It is the implied, and, in many instances, the express condition on which it is offered. Such, however, was not the conduct of Bishop Watson. He was elevated, paid, entrusted by the Church of England; yet, overlooking her special claims on his services, he deemed himself acquitted of all unfaithfulness to her interests, when, with avowed indifference to her as to a particular and national establishment, he expressed a regard to the universal church of Christ, and acted accordingly. In conformity with this principle, though he has no where told his readers of the fact, while resident in the University of Cambridge, he promoted a subscription for rebuilding the University of Edinburgh, alleging, in his *large* and *liberal* spirit, that if the interests of learning were promoted at all, it was of no importance to *mankind* whether they were promoted on this or that side of the Tweed. This was true as a general proposition; but he might have remembered that it *was* of importance to his own university, to which he was antecedently bound by every tie of fidelity and gratitude. However pernicious and however detestable bigotry may be, (and we are ready to stigmatize it as severely as our author,) such universal laxity and indifference (its opposites) are scarcely less prejudicial to the interests of mankind. There is much warm and generous feeling, after all, in local, in professional, in national, in academical prepossessions; all of which is annihilated by these wild and generalizing principles—the flame cools in proportion as it is diffused.

Henceforward we must cease to contemplate the life and character

racter of Dr. Watson with any mixture of satisfaction. We can look back with pleasure on the toils and attainments of his early academical life; the vigour and activity with which he discharged its most laborious offices; and even the high and independent spirit which he manifested on every occasion. Hitherto we can pardon the natural effects of success, almost unexampled, upon a spirit too elate and haughty; but we would, if our duty permitted, turn with disgust indeed, yet in disappointed silence, from the conduct and the temper of his latter days, stimulated as he was by one step of ecclesiastical rank to an unappeasable ambition of more; courting translations, now by mean application, and now by rude defiance; and lastly, pouring out the vials of his wrath, without measure and without mercy, on the real or supposed authors of his disappointment. To verify these facts must be our reluctant and painful task in the remainder of the present Article.

Were we to transcribe every passage in which, in terms or by implication, the writer vaunts of his own candour and liberality of sentiment, when, in fact, he is merely defying something venerable in the church or respectable in the state, our labours would have no end but with the volume before us. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with extracting certain *præconia*, which few men, but the bishop of Landaff, would not have blushed to produce on their own behalf.

‘This doctrine’ (it matters not what) ‘Mr. Fox had been taught, not only by Sydney and Locke, but by Sir George Savile and the late Earl of Chatham; and if these authorities would not suffice, he would refer the House to a sermon preached by Dr. Watson, the present bishop of Landaff—*replete with manly sense and accurate reasoning.*’

Again:—‘*Ortus a quercu non a salice, I knew not how to bend my principles to the circumstances of the times. I could not adopt the versatility of sentiment which Lord Bacon, with more of worldly wisdom than of honour, recommends as necessary to a man occupied in the fabrication of his own fortune. “Ingenua,” he says, “gravia ac solennia, et mutare nescia, plus plerumque habent dignitatis quam felicitatis.”*’

Of course, the disposition of Dr. Watson was, in his own conception, one of the *gravia ac solennia et mutare nescia*.—Once more—

‘My temper could never brook submission to the ordinary means of ingratiating myself with great men. I was determined to be advanced in my profession by force of desert, or not at all.’

On another occasion:—‘Amongst other complimentary letters, I received one from Dr. Keene, bishop of Ely, in which he expressed his wishes that I had formed my character solely upon the learning and ability (he was pleased to say) I possessed, and not on politics.’

'His lordship thanked me, and said, "He should be happy to have an opportunity of serving the public by serving me."'

Of the bishop's speech on the Regency Bill, he was told, 'that it was looked upon, by at least one side of the house, as the best which had been produced in either House of Parliament.' It was, indeed, clear, forcible, and argumentative. After this he was told by the regent, on being seized by a sudden resolution to retire from all public concerns, 'No: you shall never retire: a man of your talents shall never be lost to the public.' — 'When I sat down,' (after his speech on the union with Ireland,) 'the bishop of Rochester (Horsley) complimented me with saying, that he had never heard such a speech in the House of Lords, and should never hear such another;' to which the infatuated egotist subjoins, with great glee, a letter from Dr. Joseph Warton, in which he styles this same speech most eloquent, nervous, convincing, and unanswerable. — *Obe jam satis est!*

On the cold reception of his collection of Theological Tracts among his brethren, he says, 'I was not at all mortified at this conduct of the two archbishops, for I had but a poor opinion of the theological knowledge of either of their graces.'

'I considered the acquisition of it (a bishopric) as no proof of personal merit, inasmuch as bishoprics are as often given to the flattering dependents, or to the unlearned younger branches of noble families, as to men of the greatest erudition; and I considered the possession of it as one great cause of personal demerit, for I saw the *generality* of the bishops bartering their independence, and the dignity of their order, for the chance of a translation, and polluting gospel humility by the pride of prelacy.'

This refers to his crude and impracticable plan, which, after all, was not originally his own, but Burnet's, for equalizing the bishoprics of England. 'This being accomplished,' (mark, gentle reader! mark what follows, and from whom,) 'oblige him to a longer residence in his diocese than is usually practised, that he may do the proper work of a bishop; that he may direct and inspect the flock of Christ; that by his exhortations he may confirm the unstable; by his admonitions reclaim the reprobate; and by the purity of his life render religion amiable and interesting unto all.'

Dr. Watson, when this portentous instance of human inconsistency, or rather audacity, escaped him, was a richer man than his equalizing plan would have rendered the bishop of Landaff. He is now, to use an elegant and favourite word of his own, *rotting* in his grave, otherwise we should have presumed to ask, In more than twenty years, how many days has your lordship 'resided in your diocese'? — At the distance of two hundred miles, how have you 'directed and inspected the flock of Christ'? — By what *exhortations*

tations have you confirmed the unstable—by what admonitions reclaimed the reprobate?—Have you the comfort of knowing that any single soul has been the better for all your ministrations in the diocese committed to you?

Surely the sect is not extinct who were wont to lay on men's shoulders burthens too heavy to be borne, while they themselves would not touch them with a finger!

But to return.—His reason for abandoning all study for the future is thus expressed:—

'Had my health been better, I should have had little reason for persevering in my studies as I had done. I could not bring myself to vote as a minister bade me on all occasions, and I perceived that, such was the temper of the times, or such the *temper of the man*, nothing less than that could secure his attention.'

Next follows an account of a personal insult offered to his sovereign at the levee:—

'The king gave *me* a blow about a republic; I answered that I could not live under a republic. His majesty still pursued the subject. I thought *myself* insulted, and firmly said, "Sir, I look upon the tyranny of any one man to be an intolerable evil, and on the tyranny of a hundred to be a hundred times as bad."'

Yet notwithstanding this did the modest rejoinder continue to expect a translation!—

After the debate on the regency, 'the queen imprudently distinguished by different degrees of courtesy, on the one hand, and meditated affronts on the other, those who had voted with and against the minister.—She received *me* with a degree of coldness which would have appeared to herself ridiculous, could she have imagined how a mind such as mine' (looking down on kings and queens as from an higher sphere) 'regarded, in its honourable proceedings, the displeasure of a woman, though that woman happened to be a queen.'

'I advised him' (the Prince of Wales) 'to bear with his mother's ill-humour.'

This is very much in the coarse style of Burnet. Next appears the Lord Chancellor:—

'I neither thought so highly of the chancellor's talents, nor so meanly of my own, on the subject of an ecclesiastical reform, as to judge that it became me to overlook his discourtesy in not answering my letter.'

Perhaps the most exceptionable passage in the whole volume is the following:—

'The ministers refused to cover themselves with the infamy which would justly have attended their submission to such a demand. They refused and were dismissed. Such ministers at Constantinople would have lost their heads: at London, they *as yet*' (in italics) 'only their places. Whilst there remained a competitor of the Stuart to the throne of Great Britain, the kings of the House of Br

were perhaps afraid of that competition, and were satisfied with having been elevated from an arbitrary dominion over a petty principality in Germany to the possession of a limited monarchy over the most enlightened and most commercial nation in the world. That competition being now extinguished, it could not be thought unnatural were they to indulge a desire of emancipating themselves from the restraints of parliament; but there is no way of effecting this so secret, safe, and obvious, as by *corrupting it*.*

Twice in the present volume has this bold politician asserted the advantage of a surviving competitor to the throne of these realms in a rival of the House of Stuart; but the expression of the House of Brunswick having been elevated from an arbitrary dominion over a petty principality to govern England, is not only conceived in the spirit but almost couched in the words of Paine, of whom it may be remembered, that he talked of 'sending for a man out of Germany to govern us.' This, however, is nothing to what follows—in which the present representatives of that august house, which, for more than a century, has governed this country more mildly and equitably than any nation upon earth ever was governed, are personally accused of wishing to emancipate themselves from all restraints of parliament, and of desiring to take the safest and most secret, that is, the wickedest and most insidious way to that end—by corruption. It has been whispered that the prudence of the publisher subjected the present work to some severe castrations; how this offensive and impudent paragraph came to escape the knife we do not pretend to guess. There have been times in which the printer would not have escaped another operation: late examples may perchance have taught such despisers of truth and shame, what may now be done with impunity; yet these are days of *persecution*.

The subject of disappointed ambition, as it had poisoned his mind with rancour and tinctured all his conversation, is widely diffused over the volume before us. It is astonishing that a man of Dr. Watson's understanding should not have known, that the greatest triumph which can be given to an enemy, is to shew that he has galled the object of his enmity. How dignified, how honourable, might his retirement have been, had he had the fortitude to look down with indifference on rewards which he no longer wanted! If he were not mortified to the world as a Christian, he might have contemned it as a philosopher; but he clung to it with a grasp no less eager on the verge of fourscore, than at the period and in the vigour of legitimate ambition. A single instance of this spirit, in which he submitted himself to the miserable degradation of being pitied by a stranger, we shall give in his own words:—

'I was, while at Merthyr, most hospitably entertained by Mr. Crawshaw an iron-master.) This gentleman, in common with many others

others, expressed his astonishment at the manner with which I had been neglected by the court, and, making an apology for his frankness, told me, with evident concern, that he was sure I should never be translated.—He also said, that I was considered as a man of far too independent a spirit for them, and had long been put down in the *queen's black book*. I was more delighted with this disinterested approbation of an iron-master* (by the way, he had offered his diocesan a loan of five or ten thousand pounds) 'than by the possession of an archbishopric acquired by a selfish subserviency to the despotic principles of a court. —Still, however, the primacy was uppermost in his mind.

An inquiry into the religion of a mind thus worldly and ambitious thus wayward and fretful, can neither be very interesting nor very pleasing; but we are invited to it by many passages in the present volume, and should scarcely satisfy the expectations of the public were we wholly to omit it. We begin then with a very remarkable passage, which strikingly corroborates an observation of Warburton, that long addiction to mathematical pursuits incapacitates the mind from weighing the various degrees of moral evidence.

* I was early in life accustomed to mathematical discussion and the certainty attending it, and not meeting with that certainty in the science of metaphysics, of natural and revealed religion, I have an habitual tendency to hesitation of judgment, rather than to a peremptory judgment on many points. But I pray God to pardon this my wavering in less essential points, since it proceeds not from any immoral tendency, (certainly it did not, at any period of his life,) and is attended by a firm belief of a resurrection, and a future state of retribution as described in the Gospels.

From the silence of this passage on other doctrines of revelation, it might have been inferred that he was a Socinian, but from that imputation he has sufficiently redeemed himself in other parts of the present volume. His religion, according to himself, was that of the New Testament, as distinct from all commentaries, systems, or articles of human invention, and thence alone he appears to have discovered the divinity of the second and third persons of the Holy Trinity. On the subject of the Atonement, even when it might seem most naturally to have presented itself, he observes a deep and awful silence.* Impregnated as was his ample and expansive understanding with the sublime philosophy of Newton, he seems to have contemplated the Deity, together with eternity and infinite space, something in the spirit of that mighty master—'Non est eternitas et infinitas, sed Eternus et Infinitus---Non est duratio et spatium, sed durat et adest--durat semper et adest ubique, durat ab et eternum, ab infinito in infinitum.'† Still it was 'the sc

* It is but justice to his memory to add, that in one of his *Discourses*, p. 1815, he determines, though with some hesitation, in favour of a proper satisfaction in the sufferings of Christ.

† *Pref. ad Principia.*

religion'—still his feelings were rather those of an excursive curiosity wandering over the imagined improvements of intellect in eternity, and an endless supply of objects for it to grasp, than what may properly be called Christian faith or hope. A passage, written almost at the close of his life, confirms our opinion on this subject.

* Though the light of Revelation hath not, perhaps cannot make it appear what we shall be, yet a due reflexion on the necessity of dying, accompanied with the blessed hope of being raised from the dead, and of ascending a step higher in the gradation of intellectual existence, may make us expect with composure and comfort the inevitable change, when we shall become, like the angels of God, immortal, placed, it may be, among the lowest ranks of angelic beings, but neither debarred the means nor deprived of the hope of "rising to the highest."

Of this opinion, neither irrational nor unpleasing, yet still grounded on the principles of analogical probability rather than of any distinct revelation, we may say, in the author's own words, and in their intended application to himself—'Ingruit senectus, appropinquat mors, et melioris ævi dies, cum hæc clarius elucebunt.'*

The prelates of the English church, notwithstanding the great disadvantages under which, as married men, they are usually placed in comparison of their catholic predecessors, have been distinguished from the Reformation downward for works of munificence.—Much indeed cannot be expected from the bishops of Landaff as such, but we have to commend the subject of this Article, together with Dr. Preston, bishop of Fernes, his school-fellow and friend, for having bestowed a thorough reparation on Heversham School, the place of their early education. Our prelate's account of some intended charities will excite a smile. After the outrages at Birmingham he had intended to bestow a hundred pounds on Dr. Priestley, but his *intrepidity* was overcome by an apprehension of the clamour it might occasion.—Could it not have been conveyed in an anonymous envelope, or with an injunction of secrecy?—The intention we suspect to have been defeated by another principle.—The profits arising from the Apology for the Bible (viz. one thousand pounds) he had intended to consecrate to some work of charity, and had proceeded so far with the work as to write an inscription for the front of his intended edifice—'Tis in capitals already.'

The general style of this volume, and of all the bishop's English works, is such as nearly to place them above the petty cavils of criticism—clear and energetic, with occasional strokes of coarseness, and a general air of bravura, which exactly accorded with the tone of his conversation and the expression of his countenance. The great and only considerable defect of it is a perpetual ten-

* Advertisement to the bishop's Miscellaneous Tracts, published A. D. 1815. This is probably the last sentence which he ever wrote on any religious or literary subject.

dency to scraps of Latin, which were meant to pass for proofs of erudition among his admirers, though they are generally taken from very ordinary and trivial sources. To know how to quote well from the writers of antiquity is one of the greatest *artifices* of literature; whereas to court vulgar applause by vulgar citations, is a mark at once of bad taste and of low ambition in a scholar.

One other trait of character in this bishop, which had its origin in constitutional intrepidity, we cannot but notice with regret—namely, a total want of delicacy, which led him to neglect the feelings of the living for themselves or their departed friends. In whatever terms he may animadvert upon a character, the name is given at length. The most exalted personages of the kingdom are treated with the same coarse freedom as the meanest, without circumlocution or disguise, while his communications with correspondents of high rank, on matters of conscience, and of a nature purely professional, are marked by the same unseemly disclosure of names and titles:—on such subjects he ought to have remembered and imitated the impenetrable secrecy of the church of Rome. There is a single expression so gross that, during the life-time of one person, we could neither quote nor distinctly refer to it without a degree of indelicacy approaching to that of the writer.

On the portrait here exhibited of this perfectly original character the following reflexions naturally arise.—He was governed through life by the two leading principles of interest and ambition, both of which were thwarted in his political conduct by a temper so wayward, and a presumption so overweening, that the disappointment produced by their collision embittered his mind, and exasperated his latter days to a very high degree of malignity. Accomplished as he was in academical learning, he had no ingenuous and disinterested love of knowledge: he read only that he might teach, and he taught only that he might rise. After he became a bishop,

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cesare tantum;

and when he felt himself neglected, he avowedly and professedly abandoned all study, because (says he) ‘eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge was a part of my temper, till’ (and only till) ‘the acquisition of knowledge was attended with nothing but the neglect of the king and his ministers.’ Disgusted therefore and disappointed, as much as broken in constitution, he withdrew into the wilds of Westmoreland without a library, and to this privation he voluntarily submitted almost thirty years. Lord Falkland was wont to commiserate the situation of country gentlemen in rainy weather; but who can pity a bishop, wealthy enough to purchase a magnificent library, and with a vigorous and excursive understanding to make use of it, who spontaneously abandoned himself to oblivion of all his former pursuits of literature during those long

of rain and snow which prevail on the banks of Winandermere? To the consolation of a meagre and spiteful political pamphlet and the ennui of his own corroding reflexions he chose to resign himself—he was his own tormentor.

Infinite and unspeakable are the consolations which this prelate, during his long retirement, might have found in the pursuits of practical religion; and great the services which he might have rendered to Christianity in general by plain and popular tracts, which from him would have required little exertion. He had a clear, familiar style, great force of thought and great power of illustration. It might have occurred to him, that though he was in effect without a bishopric, he was still a bishop; though he had abandoned his chair, he was yet professor of divinity; though he had placed himself at a distance from his cure of souls, he was yet a clergyman. He might have remembered, that all his brethren, who in former times had been expelled from their sees by civil convulsions, had in poverty and exile been exemplary for diligence in preaching, writing and study; and that he stood single and alone in the history of episcopacy, as a man who, in voluntary banishment, and in possession of all the emoluments of his profession, had degraded himself to a mere layman.* If it should be urged that the exhausted state of his mental faculties as well as his bodily health precluded such exertions, the work now before us bears ample testimony to the contrary.—Let but the subject of politics be started, and he would write and debate almost to the last with all the vigour of his best days.

But there *his* treasure was, and there his heart was also. The awful secret, therefore, must come out. He had, as far as we can perceive, no very powerful feeling of practical religion. He had pursued it (so far as he had studied the matter at all) like any other science. Had he drunk deeply of the genuine spirit of Christianity, how would its benign influences have gilded and dignified his declining age! Already possessed of high rank and of wealth perpetually increasing, other dispositions, such as become the sinking years of every Christian, but especially of every Christian bishop, would have taken place of that envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, with which his whole mind and spirit appear to have been corroded during the last twenty years of his life. But a translation was refused him—refused to the writer of the successful and admirable Reply to Paine. Yes, and it is well known that a *bishopric* was refused to Paley†

* This is the more to be regretted, because the few specimens of his powers as a preacher, which he has left behind him in the Miscellaneous Volumes of his works, A.D. 1815, (for we desire to distinguish them from his political discourses,) are compositions of the very first order, and when aided by his person, voice, and manner in the pulpit, always produced a powerful impression. His discourse on the first and second Adam, and the nature of death as affected by each, is almost unequalled in originality of thought, and vigour of expression.

† Not asked by himself, or with his own knowledge.

—who,

—who, without a murmur or a sigh for the disappointment, and with a constitution as deeply shattered as that of Bishop Watson, continued to benefit his church and country to the end of his life. If ambition and rapacity, when carried to such extravagant lengths, were not things too serious to be laughed at, who could command his muscles at the absurdity of a man, who leaves his native village a poor scholar, and eats his own heart for the rest of his days because he *only* returns to it Bishop of Landaff! who sets out with three hundred pounds, and scarcely thinks one hundred thousand an adequate provision for his family!

But, as this fact of a non-translation is not only the great source of all the obloquy and abuse poured out on kings, queens and ministers in the present work, but the great theme and topic of declamation for his party, we shall take leave to enter somewhat at large into the merits of the case.

The patron of several benefices presents a clergyman to one of the poorest among them, on which it so happens that there is no parsonage-house, though a residence might easily be obtained. But upon this plea the incumbent almost entirely neglects the concerns of his parish, excepting when an opportunity presents itself of thwarting the patron's interest and inclinations in the vestry, which he is sure to seize with eagerness. He is also possessed of another lucrative office, which, like the first, he has converted into a sinecure, and having a private estate, resides wholly upon the last. A domestic calamity takes place in his patron's family, which this gentleman converts into an occasion of fomenting domestic animosities, and then takes it extremely ill that he has not the choice of every benefice in the family as it becomes vacant. We would ask now, whether, in the common usage of the world, a patron would not be justified in repeated præteritions? And where is the difference between such a case and Bishop Watson's claims upon the crown, coupled with the grounds of their rejection?

But here, it has been said, was an instance of peculiar and unexampled merits in the cause of religion, to which the bishop in question has rendered more eminent services than any or all of his brethren. Let it be understood that these peculiar and unexampled merits consist in the production of two pamphlets, each it is allowed useful and excellent in its way. But most things may be taken by two handles; and if our author and his disappointed advocates ground upon these short productions of a very powerful pen a claim to one of the more opulent or more exalted dignities of the church, we see the case in a very different, or rather opposite point of view. Let it be remembered, that some years before the publication of the former of these, their author had been in the enjoyment

ment of two thousand pounds per annum from the church, for which he had done absolutely nothing; and for which he was the first person who had done nothing. Now the question really is, not whether these productions deserved any additional recompense, but whether they were to be considered as any thing like an adequate compensation for all the neglected duties of a bishopric and a professorship. Considered in this light, we really think that no author upon earth was ever so well paid for such a service.

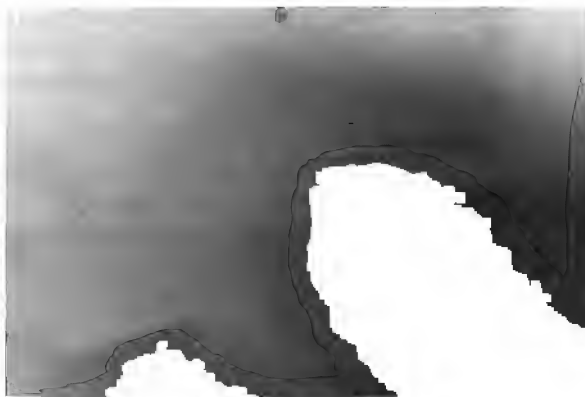
A few observations on our author's vaunted independence in parliament, together with the supposed demands usually made on his brethren in the exercise of their legislative office, and we have done.

There is surely some difference between independence and defiance; and so far is decent and dignified independence from being discountenanced in the episcopal order with respect to their conduct in parliament, that a busy, officious, loquacious interference on the side of ministers is never, we believe, well received. From that venerable body a becoming reserve, a comparative indifference, excepting on certain momentous questions of church polity, is rather expected than the contrary. But it is expected (we are told) of the whole body, that they vote with the court. Of some surely who have nothing to wish or to wait for, and who are, consequently, in the strictest sense, independent, this might be expected in vain were they not governed by a better principle than obsequiousness. Others again, and often those who wanted promotion most, have devoted and do devote their lives to the care of their dioceses at a distance from the business of parliament, and yet are not discountenanced by a court. Perhaps, too, a wise and discerning minister might be aware of the consequences which might follow the unwary step of rendering a man of our prelate's temper too independent. If Watson, bishop of Landaff, was factious and insolent, what might not Watson, archbishop of Canterbury, or even bishop of Durham, have become? To make him primate of Ireland would have been almost equal to the madness of casting a firebrand into a barrel of gunpowder. We have already shewn some points of resemblance betwixt Burnet and the late bishop of Landaff, betwixt one whig and another: as many, perhaps, remain to be exhibited betwixt the latter and Swift, a whig and tory. Though clergymen, the hearts and heads of both were absorbed in politics; both affected the same rude and offensive familiarity with the great; both saw, in early life, the fall of those respective administrations to which they were attached; both spent the rest of their days in libelling, or in embarrassing those which followed; and both sunk alike into moody malignity, which the poetical genius of Swift, and his talent of expressing himself with unparalleled severity in
verse,

verse, at length exasperated into madness. From this last and most deplorable calamity our prelate was happily exempt; but this is the only happiness which we can predicate of his temper and understanding in the decline of his days, and the extinction of his influence. With his domestic, or social qualities, we have no concern. It is our office to pronounce upon the evidence now before us—on his own intrepid and faithful exhibition of himself; and sorry we are to say, that in point of self-ignorance, vanity, rancour, and disappointed ambition, united with great original abilities, our country, more various in its combinations of intellect and temper than any other, has produced nothing similar or second to it since the example of Swift; and for the quiet of this church and state, or rather for the sake of human nature, we sincerely and devoutly wish that it may never be our lot to animadvert upon a third.

ERRATUM.

In the citation from Mr. Bentham's admirable orthoepical work, p. 133, for Sir Samuel *of* Romilly read Sir Samuel *de* Romilly.



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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.
JANUARY, 1818.

ART. I. 1, 2. *Reports from the Select Committee on the Poor Laws.* July, 1817. March, 1818.

3. *Considerations on the Poor Laws.* By John Davison, M. A. Fellow of Oriel College.

4. *Observations on the Impolicy, Abuses, and False Interpretation of the Poor Laws; and on the Reports of the Two Houses of Parliament.* By John, Earl of Sheffield.

IN the account of his own conduct and views, which Louis XIV. drew up for the instruction of his son, is the following remarkable passage:—*Si Dieu me fait la grace d'exécuter tout ce que j'ai dans l'esprit, je tâcherai de porter la félicité de mon règne, jusqu'à faire en sorte, non pas à la vérité qu'il n'y ait plus ni pauvre ni riche, car la fortune, l'industrie, et l'esprit laisseront éternellement cette distinction entre les hommes; mais au moins qu'on ne voie plus dans tout le royaume, ni indigence, ni mendicité; je veux dire, personne, quelque misérable qu'elle puisse être, qui ne soit assurée de sa subsistance, ou par son travail, ou par un secours ordinaire et réglé.* What Louis XIV. thus proposed to himself as the last and greatest object of his ambition, and the highest degree of excellence to which the internal policy of his kingdom could be carried, had here been effected. A provision for all persons, who were unable to provide for themselves, existed, at that time, in England, and had existed for more than a century. That such a provision ought to exist in every civilized country, is uncontrovertible; that England should be the only country in which it exists, is indeed honourable to the English character. If, in its consequences, it should be found to have increased the evils which it was designed to mitigate, the cause must be sought for in the injudicious application of the principle, not in the principle itself.

At the conclusion of Burnet's History of his own Times, (a book of which the great and standard value is in no degree lessened by the ridicule with which it was assailed,) that excellent bishop speaks of two great measures which particularly require the care of Parliament. First, that the law, which he affirms to be the greatest grievance of the nation, should be 'made

clearer, more certain, and of less expense.' 'The other matter,' said he, 'is about the poor, and should be much laid to heart. It may be thought a strange motion from a bishop to wish that the act for charging every parish to maintain their own poor were well reviewed, if not quite taken away: this seems to encourage idle and lazy people in their sloth, when they know they must be maintained. I know no other place in the world where such a law was ever made. Scotland is much the poorest part of the island, yet the poor there are maintained by the voluntary charities of the people. Holland is the perfectest pattern for putting charity in a good method: the poor work as much as they can; they are humble and industrious; they never ask any charity, and yet they are well relieved. When the poor see that their supply must in a great measure depend on their behaviour, and on their industry as far as it can go, it will both make them better in themselves, and move others to supply them more liberally.—All this must begin in the House of Commons; and I leave it,' he continues, 'to the consideration of the wise and worthy members of that body, to turn their thoughts to this, as soon as by a happy peace we are delivered from the cares of the war, and are at leisure to think of our own affairs at home.'

Something more than a century has elapsed since Bishop Burnet thus expressed himself at the close of Queen Anne's wars, when Marlborough's victorious career had been so scandalously terminated by the peace of Utrecht. In our days a more arduous struggle has been closed by a victory more signal than even Marlborough achieved, and by a peace whereby the great objects of the long contest have been secured. The subject of the poor laws is now brought before the legislature as Burnet in his time vainly desired; and after having gloriously concluded the most perilous and obstinate war in which these kingdoms ever were engaged, we have now to contend with, and triumph over the greatest domestic evil. It is no little encouragement to perceive that only one opinion prevails concerning the magnitude of the evil, and the necessity of adopting remedial measures; as little difference does there appear to be concerning the nature of the evil, even among those who are habitually opposed to each other on other subjects: and when a similarity of opinion is found between men whose views upon the fundamental principles, not of literature alone, but of the most important subjects in which the dearest interests of mankind are involved, are as opposite as light and darkness, it may be presumed that the point upon which they are agreed has very much the force and character of a general truth. Hence we would gladly infer that on this occasion no feelings of party are likely to intrude; that the question will continue to be considered as one in which the common interest is concerned; and that men of all descriptions will unite in checking the growth

growth of this cancer in the body politic, as they would to stop the progress of the plague, or to extinguish a conflagration.

It is impossible to enter without anxiety upon the subject of the poor laws, perhaps the most arduous and the most important subject that ever came under the consideration of parliament. The provision which the laws of England have made for the poor is not more honourable in its principle and object than it is injurious in its application: it operates as a perpetual bounty for the encouragement of pauperism;—nothing can be more anomalous, and nothing more contradictory to the general spirit of our institutions. The peculiar boast of an Englishman is that he cannot be taxed without his own consent; but in this case he is liable to an assessment concerning which he has no voice, and against which he has no appeal. When the legislature imposes a tax, it always maturely considers the ability of the subject to bear it, and proportions the amount to that ability, as well as to the necessities of the state; here, there are no limits to the assessment, and it has gone on therefore in natural progression, till the absurdity stares us in the face, when it has brought us to the very brink of ruin. The respect paid to property is another distinguishing characteristic of the laws of England, the end and object indeed of the most extensive branch of the law being to secure to every person the enjoyment of that which is his own. But so perilously is this entrenched upon, by the manner in which the poor laws have been misapplied, (the misapplication having very generally grown into a custom,) that it may startle the reader to be told how nearly we have approached the fundamental principle of the Spencean philanthropists: these gentlemen themselves, perhaps, are not aware that ‘a partnership in the land,’ such as they have confederated to obtain, has already been established:—that the territory of this kingdom may truly, at this time, be called the paupers’ farm, from which every vagabond, who chuses to claim it, receives, in the course of the year, a larger sum, ‘without tax, toll, or custom,’ than the annual four pounds, which Mr. Evans apportions to every man, and child, as the profit of their natural estate. The Spencean plan indeed, which seems to have been seriously aimed at by some of the disaffected visionaries of 1817, was not in its utmost intention so unjust or so ruinous as the natural effect of the poor rates will become, unless the system shall be effectually reformed by the wisdom and authority of parliament. Spence modestly required land-owners to quit what he called the people’s farm: the poor-rates will soon require generally (what they have already effected in some places) that the farms should be cultivated at the expense of the owner, for the benefit of the poor. That is, in order to satisfy the demands of the poor, it will be necessary to produce a revolution of the most dangerous kind.

servile war, with law on the wrong side; and yet being as it were pre-ordained to take place by a venerated law of our ancestors, it throws the invidious task of innovation on those who endeavour to maintain the existence of property, and the present order of things dependent upon it.

If we wished to make a foreigner understand in what manner momentous questions of internal policy are treated by the British legislature, the sagacity with which they are viewed in all their bearings, the diligence with which information is collected, and the discretion with which it is investigated and applied, we might refer to the Report of July last upon the Poor Laws. In attempting to lend our aid (however feeble) in support of what has been there so admirably begun, we shall endeavour to display the progress of the evil, in its pecuniary and moral effects; to notice the various expedients which have successively been proposed and practised in vain; and, lastly, to suggest such means as may tend to resist further encroachments upon property, and perhaps repel those which otherwise must ere long undermine the very structure of human society, in the very heart of the British empire.

It has been reasonably questioned whether the origin of the poor laws may be dated precisely from the reformation of religion in England; but it is certain that about the time of that great event they began to assume consistency by repeated enactments of the legislature, and at the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth the celebrated statute was passed by which the property of the rich became eventually the property of such of the poor as would not, or could not, earn their own livelihood. How far this law was carried into effect during the first century of its existence, we have no data on which to calculate: first of all, no doubt, in the richest part of the kingdom, in and near the metropolis; and when, in the reign of Charles II. and in that of King William, the increase of the poor was noticed with some alarm, the evil could scarcely have extended into the northern counties, nor into Wales. Exaggeration indeed was not deficient in swelling the supposed amount of the poor rates; and a document preserved by Dr. Davenant, said to have been 'collected with great labour and expense by Mr. Arthur Moore, a very knowing person,'* actually specifies the exact amount of rates in every county, producing a total of 665,462*l.* or about a third part of the amount of the land tax which pressed so heavily on the landed interest during the wars against Louis XIV. How little Mr. Arthur Moore merited the epithet bestowed on him by Dr. Davenant, may be learned from the returns lately discovered by the Speaker,† from which it appears that many of the counties, in the

* Eden's State of the Poor, vol. i. p. 230.

† They were found in a closet, adjoining the Ingrossing-office.

middle of the last century, raised a less sum than what was thus attributed to them seventy years before.

The Committee of last year on the Poor Laws justly lamented the want of any authentic accounts of the expenditure on the poor during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and a greater instance of the fallibility of unfounded calculation can scarcely be found than in that pamphleteer, who, in the year* 1752, thought fit to affirm that 'the whole sum laid out on the poor in South Britain amounted at a medium to near three millions yearly, according to the account given in to Parliament in 1751.' This statement was sufficiently disproved when, in 1776, the expenditure on the poor was ascertained to be about a million and a half; but the enormity of the error was unknown till the actual result of the returns of 1748, 1749, and 1750, appeared in the recent Poor Law Report, and the average sum at that time applicable to the maintenance of the poor was thereby proved to be no more than 690,000*l.*, the whole amount of parochial assessments then being 780,000*l.* *per annum*.

The present state of knowledge as to the amount of the poor-rates at various periods appears to be as follows. In the middle of the last century, about 690,000*l.* *per annum* was applied to the relief of the poor; twenty-six years afterwards (in 1776) the sum of 1,531,000*l.*; eight years afterwards (on an average of 1783, 1784, and 1785) the sum of 2,004,000*l.*; nineteen years afterwards (in 1803) the sum of 4,268,000*l.*; and the average expenditure on the poor in the years 1813, 1814, and 1815, was 6,130,000*l.*† The expenditure

* Eden's State of the Poor, vol. i. p. 314.

† The five several returns mentioned in the text refer to the poor-rate year from Easter to Easter, and after correction, so as to make each of them represent 365 days, they may be used in the construction of four series of mean proportionals for estimating the amount of expenditure on the poor in the intermediate years.

The returns so corrected, and the corresponding prices of wheat averaged upon the half-yearly prices of—(1) the Easter commencing each poor-rate year; (2) the Michaelmas in it; and (3) the Easter at its termination, will stand thus:—

Year.	Expenditure on the Poor.	Corresponding average price of the eight-gallon bushel.
1748	£	s. d.
1749	Corrected average is . 692,000	4 : 5
1750		
1776	amount is . . 1,566,000	6 : 9
1783		
1784	Corrected average is . 2,010,000	7 : 7
1785		
1803	amount is . . 4,268,000	8 : 1
1813		
1814	Corrected average is . 6,147,000	12 : 8
1815		

The amount of expenditure in the 4.

16110 inclusive,
estimated

expenditure in 1816 and 1817, although its amount is unknown, has certainly far exceeded any former example.

According to this statement, the expenditure for the maintenance of the poor has increased ninefold since the middle of the last century; but this apparent rate of increase cannot fairly be taken as a ground of argument: the relief given to the poor in money must always be considered with reference to the price of provisions at the time, and as the average price of wheat has increased pretty regularly from four shillings to twelve shillings per bushel during the period in question, and the rental of land accordingly, the burthen of the poor has not really increased more than three-fold, which indeed is sufficiently alarming; the more so as the cessation of the war, and the depression of credit in the years 1816 and 1817, carried the poor-rates to an amount which cannot be conjectured at much less than two millions per annum beyond the average of the three preceding years.

But heavily as the country suffered in those years, it is satisfactory to consider that such a combination of unfavourable circumstances is not likely to recur. The tremendous shock inflicted by the first operation of the Insolvency Act, aggravated by the new practice of fictitious bankruptcies, had prevented or baffled a great proportion of commercial enterprise; the country banks were compelled to withhold their advances; and the purposes of faction being admirably served by exaggerating the evil, all speculation was paralyzed, till the resources of our national wealth accumulated to an overflow, and gave the lie to ill-omened declaimers by sinking the interest of money about two per cent. with unexampled rapidity. Thus have we suffered from imaginary poverty, and are now at a loss to find employment for our money, which, had it been equally disbursed, might have kept the body politic in a healthy state throughout the whole season of this unnatural depression. How often are we

calculated herefrom, together with the price of wheat, (averaged on the decenary year, and the nine half yearly prices before and after it,) will stand thus —

Year.	Amount. £.	Price of the eight gallon bushel.		Amount of expenditure cal- culated by one series. £.
		s.	d.	
1750 . .	713,000	4	2	716,000
1760 . .	965,000	4	10	1,001,000
1770 . .	1,306,000	6	5	1,397,000
1780 . .	1,774,000	5	11	1,951,000
1790 . .	2,567,000	6	4	2,723,000
1800 . .	2,861,000	10	2	3,801,000
1810 . .	5,407,000	12	4	5,505,000

The last of these columns is inserted for the purpose of exhibiting what must have been inferred had no actual return intervened from 1750 to 1815, and does not differ very materially from the first column, which is more accurately inferred by taking into account all the several returns. The increment of the poor's rate from 1750 to 1815 has been about one thirtieth part annually.

made to feel that the mis-information of modern times is more injurious to society than the non-information of our forefathers!—error being in most cases worse than ignorance. But great and lasting good will be produced out of this transitory evil, if the alarm excited by the amount of the poor-rate in these two excessive years shall rouse the legislature to a spirit equal to the occasion, so that they may meet and subdue a danger, which, unless it be met and subdued, threatens at no very distant time to destroy agriculture, and by inevitable consequences to annihilate all the institutions of human policy and human civilization. Moss may gather upon the trunk and branches of a fruit tree while it is in full bearing; but the tree must perish unless this destructive vegetation be cleared away. The probable amount beyond which the assessments cannot be augmented is thus become matter of consideration; and the Committee on the poor laws, who have omitted nothing of general import in their admirable Report, speak thus of that extreme limit which must precede the great catastrophe:—

‘Whatever indeed that may be, it appears certain that the land-owners and the farmers would cease to have an adequate interest in continuing the cultivation of the land, long before the gross amount of the present rental could be transferred to the poor-rate; for it is obvious, that a number of charges must be provided for out of the gross rental of land, without an adequate provision for which the land cannot be occupied; the general expenses of management, the construction and repairs of buildings, drains, and other expensive works, to which the tenant’s capital cannot reach, constitute the principal part of these charges, and the portion of the gross rent which is applied to these purposes, can never be applied to the augmentation of the poor-rate.

‘Even if it can be thought possible that any landlord could suffer his land to be occupied and cultivated, or that he would continue to give to it the general superintendence of an owner, when the whole of the nett rental was transferred to the poor, it is perfectly clear that no tenant could hold a farm upon the condition of maintaining all the poor who might under any circumstances want relief; it would be as much impossible for a tenant to do so as to undertake to pay any rent which the wants of his landlord might induce him to desire, which condition could never be complied with. The apprehension, however, of being placed in such a situation as this, could not fail to deter persons from holding land long before they paid to the poor-rate as much as they would otherwise pay in rent; and as under these circumstances, the land-owner would still remain entitled to the soil, the paupers could not enter and cultivate for themselves; nor could it be occupied for any beneficial purpose, as whatever stock might be found on the land would be liable to distress for poor-rate.’—p. 9.

Our approach to this state of things may be
 ing the assessable rental at* fifty millions, a

* The total rental of real property is upwards of 52
 and to be allowed for, as not assessable to the poor’s rate

of poor rates and other rates yet known at ten millions. This is usually called four shillings in the pound: but in truth it is not to that extent: the accurate phrase being *on* the pound, and the difference of fact very great when the poor-rates shall approach their extreme limit. For it sounds like an impossibility to say that the poor-rates are thirty or forty shillings *in* the pound, and is commonly thought to be explained by remembering that an ancient rental is usually assumed as the basis of the assessment; although unfortunately it is but too true that in some parishes the rates are really above twenty shillings *on* the pound, though not *in* it. For the rent decreases as the rates increase, and the true state of the case is to be found by adding together the rental and poor's-rate: when it becomes evident that twenty shillings on the pound is but half the actual rental, as forty shillings on the pound would be but two-thirds, and even sixty shillings on the pound represents no more than three-fourths of it.

Of all the counties Sussex is most burthened with poor-rates, having been rated at 7s. 8d. on the pound in 1813: this county is also known to pay more in tithes than any other, (Hampshire excepted,) that being a charge of 3s. 8d. on the rental of the land (in Hampshire the charge is 3s. 10d.) Thus the agriculture of Sussex, and no county is more entirely agricultural, has probably been burthened with about 13s. 4d. on the pound (or two-fifths of the rental) in the years 1816 and 1817. True it is that in this county the custom of paying wages partly out of the poor's-rate prevails to a great extent, as may be perceived from the remarkable variation of rate in 1813 and 1815; that of the latter year being no higher than 6s. on the pound. Berkshire, Wiltshire, Oxfordshire and Hampshire, neighbouring counties, and also agricultural, afford the same symptom of this injudicious practice. The pressure of late years has spread the evil considerably: and Essex, Suffolk* and Norfolk now have reason to complain of its effects. Meantime, in the northern counties of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Cheshire, and the two non-manufacturing Ridings of Yorkshire, as well as in Lincolnshire, the expense of the poor in 1815, as compared to 1813, scarcely varies at all.

The mismanagement of the poor, or rather of the labouring classes in the southern counties, may be said to exaggerate the amount of the poor rates unfairly; but if a million a year were deducted in allowance for this practice, the sum remaining payable is sufficiently alarming. Nor is this the only cause of alarm: for the moral evil, superinduced by the operation of the poor laws, is such, that when its extent and variety are contemplated, the wonder is that all good principle is not obliterated. Already there is scarcely

* See the Suffolk Petition.—pp. 166, 167. Poor Laws Report.

a parish

a parish in which instances are not occurring of the misconduct of those who are authorized by law to subsist on the industry and property of others; feigned illness, and work neglected or wilfully spoiled, are the most common expedients for avoiding any employment; and the privileged idleness which is thus attained cannot fail to be of injurious example to the rising family of the delinquent, even if he should not, as too often happens, proceed in the natural progress of degeneracy to petty pilferings and worse crimes.

But it is less irksome and more consonant to justice, to fix our attention upon the evil principle of the poor laws, than to speak harshly of those whose sense of natural and moral duty has been effaced by their operation. And this principle cannot be more truly and forcibly exposed in all its bearings, than it has been done by Mr. Davison,—who has indeed treated the subject with a sound philosophy—too seldom to be found in political treatises, such as are the currency of this age.

‘ If this parochial system cannot stand on the ground of a good national husbandry, still less can it on the principles of a sound legislation, directed to the care of the personal habits and manners of the people: and if the poor laws have a tendency hostile to the public manners, they act unhappily in that way, in which it comes within the competence of human laws to act with the greatest power. For the efficacy of human laws may be cast perhaps nearly into the following scale: their direct power to inspire men with the love of probity, diligence, sobriety, and contentment, by positive command, is small; their power to restrain the opposite vices is far greater; their power to discourage or hinder good habits of character, by mistaken institutions, greatest of all: because here they act at an advantage; and the institution and the bad part of human nature go together; whereas in the other cases, they are opposed, and the enactment has to force its way. This one consideration makes the error of any intrinsic virtual immorality of laws of the last importance; and yet it is the error with which our poor laws are commonly charged, and charged with such a confidence of imputation, as is usually expressed when men are speaking of a fact to be lamented, rather than discussed. I know of no substantial reply which can be made to that charge. They discourage many of the best habits of the people, of which their industry, the most obviously affected, is only the first. They may have been counteracted, they have been counteracted, by the presence of other more wholesome invigorating powers in the compound of our national fortunes; but their tendency by themselves is to paralyse and corrupt those whom they profess to protect. There is poison in the alms of their mistaken charity.’— pp. 61—64.

‘ The first aspect of a fixed legal provision of maintenance, in the contingency of want, independent of personal character, or any other pledge of antecedent economy, exertion, prudence, or merit of any kind, is a most pressing invitation to all who like bread better than labour, and living at ease more than on the practice of self-denial, to much of their pains, especially the pains of contrivance and fr

the husbandry of their affairs, to the readier and less irksome plan of living at the cost of others on the wide open common of parish subsistence. If they cannot resort to it for all they want, and make it their sole revenue at once, still to push the advantage of their use of it, to think of it as a sure resource against their heedlessness, indiscretion, and mistakes; to play with their duties, which they may discard at will, and be quite serious and settled in their view upon the liberality of the law, which cannot discard them, seems to be a true picture of the fact and the theory of our parochial constitution, as addressed to the feelings of our common people, against their industry. Originally, indeed, it was intended that the grant of relief should be purchased by labour. But the providing a place of work is a part of a man's own duty. At the best, therefore, the law undertook to relieve him from one instance of his proper duty, and so far did amiss. But the law has failed grievously in the threat of performing it for him, in finding him the employ, and is glad to do the best it can to keep its promise of finding him the subsistence. Upon this ground of engagement he has gained over the severity of the law, and profited by its kindness; and stands at present on a tenure of very easy conditions, with a right to be as dependent as his vices or idleness can make him.—pp. 65, 66.

‘The foundation of all moral feeling and moral conduct is in a responsibility, in a man's own person, in the consequences of his conduct. A sense and perception of this responsibility is the spring of the practical principles of virtue. It enters into our highest duties. The poor laws shake a man, he shall not be responsible for his want of exertion, forethought, sobriety. They deal with him as if no such responsibility existed. By cancelling the natural penalties of a great deal of his vice, they darken and perplex his own notions of the demerit of it.

‘The parochial dependent has himself but little gratitude for the relief afforded him. It might have been expected, that public alms would be repaid with thankfulness at least; but the expectation, if not taken up on a false and narrow view from the first, is certainly disappointed in the fact. The most dissatisfied and discontented may be seen among our parochial poor. Whether it be that the loss of the vigour of honest exertion spoils the temper, or that the gross intemperance frequent among them, eats out their sense of right and wrong, as much as it aggravates their wants; or that the captiousness of disputing upon an indefinite claim makes every thing seem too little for them; or that the practice of looking to others for help must make a man restless in himself, and throw him off from the centre of his repose; or that alms, which were meant to be medicine, and not food, vitiate the moral habit, merely by being constant; or some touch of all these provocations together; we certainly can see little of the spirit either of thankfulness or contentment under the most profuse expenditure of legal charity.—pp. 71, 72.

‘The tranquillizing effect of sober habits of labour, is so much of the peace and good order of society. It is not the labouring bull, that begins to gore, and throw the meadow into alarm; but the mere idle grazers, who, if they have any bad blood in them, are stung to violence by
the

the first fly that molests them. It would be well, therefore, if every parish retainer would be satisfied with being idle: but he is likely to be as troublesome as he is idle, and as mischievous as useless.'—pp. 72, 73.

The effect of the poor laws upon marriage, and its long train of consequent duties, (constituting, as far as this life only is concerned, the great business and the highest enjoyment of life,) is not overlooked by this eloquent and judicious writer. He speaks of it in the same tone of reasoning morality which breathes so deeply throughout his dissertation. Some observations, however, may be added upon the practical effect of marriages caused or promoted by such encouragement as results from the prospect of relying upon the resources of others,—in other words upon a species of legal mendacity.

Nothing can be more certain than that the number of marriages is and must be limited by the means of subsistence,—*immediately* in all countries except England, and *mediately* even in England; because, although the poor laws have a tendency to violate this unquestionable principle, it is too strong to be set aside by adscititious means. Besides that as poverty in England does not mean the same degree of privation as elsewhere, population is less likely to surpass its just and healthy limitation. But although the poor laws are not powerful enough to create a ruinous increase of the number of marriages, they are able to effect, and do effect an extensive change in the parties concerned, injurious to the interest of the community, and highly unjust as regarding the individuals affected by it. Marriage is and ought to be the common aim of mankind; the motive of exertion among the young; the source of comfort to the aged; the point of hope and of rest. But under the influence of the poor laws much of this moral order is distorted; the number of marriages may not be altered, but the same persons will not be married.

Supposing an insulated community of a thousand individuals in that usual degree of prosperity which permits sixteen persons annually (eight of each sex) to venture upon the implied consequences of the marriage state, seven of these eight marriages will probably take place among those who have nothing beyond their own industry to subsist upon. Under the poor law system, we have no right to expect that the persons married will be those best qualified for so grave a charge as the maintenance and education of children; because the certainty of parish aid influences the careless and the provident, and if they do not go the length of marrying for the purpose of becoming pensioners on the parish, (a practice already commenced,) they certainly marry without the previous reluctance to such assistance; and thus the

mind which unfit them for the nurture and education of an industrious progeny, tend to place them in the character of parents.

How far the human mind and disposition may be expected to shew a family likeness, such as we usually see in personal features, is an old dispute: certain it is that we all recognize this opinion in ourselves, in wondering when we witness any striking instance to the contrary; but it is unnecessary to insist upon this, as the undoubted influence of daily example cannot but predispose the imitative mind of children to the industry or idleness which is daily before them. From this cause the community suffers severely, not only in the increase of poor-rates, but from the moral evil thus propagated even in a greater degree. But how much more severely does this perversion operate against those who are not idle and not improvident, who feel that marriage is a state of responsibility, and resist the impulses of their nature rather than be degraded from the honourable independence of mind which disdains to subsist upon any other exertion than its own! To such persons marriage is difficult and often impossible of attainment, and becomes so from the operation of these debasing laws, which cannot encourage idleness without discouraging industry: for, if parish rates are to be paid, wages must be equalized; that is, must be kept unnaturally low as regarding the active and the industrious, because persons of opposite character and their families are to be supported, however miserably, from the funds destined for the reward of labour. And this perhaps is the point of view in which the injustice of the poor laws becomes most evident; that they are not so much a tax on the rich to feed the poor, as a tax on the industrious labourer to feed the family of the idler, instead of adding to society children educated after his own example.

We say no more of the poor-rates as they affect the resources of the rich and the conduct of the poor: let us now touch upon the remedies which have been attempted, or which are at this time proposed.

By far the most numerous class of Poor-Law reformers have proposed in some shape or other what are now called workhouses; but which, in the beginning of the system, when work was really in contemplation, went under the less odious appellation of Houses of Maintenance, or Houses of Protection: they are now understood well enough by the poor as well as the rich to threaten no fatiguing employment, so that the name of workhouse is no longer avoided. Sir Josiah Child, about the year 1669, projected the formation of London and its suburbs into a province for this purpose, and published among his other discourses a well-considered plan to this effect, superior perhaps to any which has since appeared, as containing

taining enough of severity and of authority over the dissolute pauper to have confined the poors-rate within its ancient limit. Nothing however was done at that time in furtherance of the scheme; and when the pressure of the war on the landed interest, in the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, had called the attention of Locke, Mandeville, and Defoe, (the most sagacious men of the age,) to the management of the poor, much more in the negative than in the affirmative seems to have been established; certainly nothing material was attempted by legislation until the 9 Geo. I. (A. D. 1723.) when parish officers were empowered to purchase or hire houses, and make contracts 'for the lodging, employing and keeping of poor persons.'

Thus encouraged, the poor house system came into great repute, and the expenditure of many parishes seems at that time to have been lessened by the indirect effect of this expedient. In the middle of the last century the Vagrant Act passed, and the poor laws appear to have attracted very general attention; but the many schemes then afloat present little more than various modifications of the workhouse system. Some recommended whole counties to be incorporated for this purpose, others were satisfied with hundreds or districts of ten or fifteen parishes; and this last recommendation was largely carried into effect in Suffolk, one half of which county exhibits this form of management. From this time, Mr. Gilbert made himself conspicuous by his indefatigable attention to the poor laws. He, however, effected nothing, except that, after twenty years consumed in various efforts, he prevailed on parliament to pass an act which afforded an increased facility to the incorporation of parishes, in furtherance of the workhouse system. That system was thus introduced into a fourth part of the kingdom, and now therefore calls for such remarks as dear-bought experience and retrospect may supply.

It is not surprizing that all projectors should have recommended the workhouse system with so much unanimity, not only because an ardent mind cannot fail to be desirous of establishing a visible sign of its own activity, but because the love of power, and the circumstantial details of its exercise in the management of a crowd of paupers, is a direct motive for proposing this kind of reform. The patronage created by such schemes is also alluring; a builder is first to be employed, and a long train of governors, treasurers, masters and mistresses and tradesmen of all descriptions are to perpetuate the visionary empire of the great first mover of these multiplied authorities and appointments. But, after all, what is sought to be enforced by any workhouse scheme but the renewal of slave-labour, of the *Ergastula** of antiquity? And what change has ever taken

* *Columella*, lib. i. cap. 6. 2.

place for the benefit of mankind so striking as the emancipation of the greater portion of the human species without injury, nay, with the greatest benefit to the rest? Not only the slave-labour of an assemblage of paupers of all ages and conditions can never answer as a profitable speculation; but we know that the slave-labour of convicts in the hulks, men selected as fit for labour, cannot be brought to repay the expense of their maintenance. In fact, slavery is as inapplicable to the present state of Europe as it is odious in itself, and it has been gradually superseded by hired work, because that was found more profitable to the employer. And here again another beneficial distinction has arisen from modern activity; what was once universally labour by the day, is now done by task-work, as far as the nature of every employment admits; even in agriculture, to which task-work, generally speaking, seems inapplicable, every favourable occasion is taken for introducing it, and with no small benefit in those counties where the payment of labour being partly defrayed from the poor rates, active or meritorious labour had become absurd, and the day-labourer was gradually lessening his exertions. Indeed, had not the principles of task-work intervened with convincing proofs to the contrary, the powers of the human body might seem to have become effete in these latter times, day-labourers in husbandry having lessened their exertions and shortened their hours of labour very considerably within the memory of man. Of the three kinds of labour, we may say that slave-labour is performed with discontent, day-labour with indifference, and task-work with alacrity and pleasure; luckily for mankind, the debtor and creditor account of the employer shews a corresponding result.

Thus much in general. But in the workhouse system many other obstacles and hindrances peculiar to itself occur, which render the profit ridiculous and the loss enormous to all the parishes which have adopted it. How, then, it will be asked, do we find, after the experience of many years, that nearly one hundred thousand human beings are still shut up without apparent motive, each earning on an average the miserable pittance of * sixpence a week, and costing above a shilling a day for maintenance? Whatever might have been the original motive for establishing workhouses, that of profit from the labour of the inmates, and of economy in their maintenance has long since ceased. 'The way,' says Sir Frederick Eden,

* See Poor Returns of 1803; in the third column it appears that the expenditure in workhouses was 1,016,445*l*; in the tenth column, that the number of persons then in workhouses was 83,468, and in the ninth column that they earned in that year 71,079*l*. At sixpence per week per head, they would have earned 108,308*l*. which may be near the truth; as where the poor are *farmed* by the master of the workhouse, the value of the work done is unknown. The average cost of maintenance in workhouses was 12*l*. 3*s*. 6*d*. in 1803; add the increased price of food and house rent, and one shilling per head per day will appear a moderate estimate at the present time.

‘in which these workhouses on their first establishment effected a reduction in parochial expenditure, was by deterring the poor from making application for relief; many of the poor were thus spurred on to labour for a livelihood, who would not work as long as they were permitted to receive a weekly allowance from the parish.’ Mr. Gilbert’s act of 1782, (which was intended by its author as a temporary expedient,) afforded this unforeseen motive, as well as new facilities for the erection of workhouses, by empowering parishes to unite for that purpose; very few such unions took place, till recourse was had to it as a refuge from the authority of magistrates, who at that time, by an excessive and unthinking liberality in their orders for relief, threatened the tenantry of whole districts with ruin. Few things can be more unjust, nothing can be more dangerous, than to empower any man, or set of men, to exercise the popular and pleasant function of bountiful alms-giving at the expense of others. All the kind and social qualities of human nature were set in array against the cruelty of overseers, and for a certain period of time the persons who received parish relief fared much better than the generality of those from whom it was extorted. In consequence of this, money was borrowed by the latter to enable them, by building workhouses under Mr. Gilbert’s act, to escape from the intolerable tyranny under which they laboured. This resource, however, is now cut off, and hundreds of parishes are burthened with a heavy debt, whose workhouses stand empty,—having indeed become useless from a cause which we would rather explain in the words of the Poor Law Committee than in our own.—‘The workhouse system, though enacted with other views, yet for a long time acted very powerfully in deterring persons from throwing themselves on their parishes for relief; there were many who would struggle through their difficulties rather than undergo the discipline of a workhouse; this effect however is no longer produced in the same degree, as, by two modern statutes, the justices have power under certain conditions, to order relief to be given out of the workhouses.’

We shall not venture to go further into this topic than to make an observation which applies particularly to the subject of workhouses, and generally to that kind and degree of sensibility which is incompatible with the more essential feelings of justice. When those who live in superfluity, or even in decent competence, enter a workhouse or a cottage, they cannot avoid being struck with any thing which appears less comfortable or less neat than their own manner of living; for being accustomed to see no other, this is the only evidence by which they can judge. Hence it is, that a workhouse which has been erected for that purpose, is usually the best house in the parish, and this not in country parishes only; the suburbs of the metropolis furnish numerous instances of this folly,
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though not so notorious as those which induced a foreigner to remark on the different appearance of our palaces and of our public hospitals. The building and furniture of a workhouse must be unusually mean, where the lodging of each pauper confined in it does not cost five or six pounds per annum, in interest of money expended in building, and in furniture and in the repair of both. The food and raiment of a workhouse pauper, in 1803, averaged at 15*l.* per annum, so that above 20*l.* is expended for the sake of confining a person, who, for a fourth part of that sum in weekly allowances, would gladly quit the place and obtain his liberty. Thus the useless wretchedness of one party is bought at the expense of the other; and the industry of a number of valuable men lost to the community in the odious occupation of guarding and managing these receptacles of vice and idleness.

Our limits do not permit us to enter into further details as to the prudential or moral* effects of workhouses, but as the sum expended in this manner amounts to a fourth part of the total expenditure on the poor, the subject deserves to be brought under the special consideration of the public.

We shall now proceed to sketch rapidly the several points which are insisted on in the Report of the Poor Law Committee, not only as it goes to the examination of the expedients, which, at the present time, are proposed for the reformation of these laws, but as it includes a most distinct enunciation of solid principles, without which the question cannot be rightly discussed; and if in our observations we should venture to doubt the expediency of certain suggestions which have obtained their approbation, or to propose any new principle of our own, we are confident that by such an enlightened committee we shall not be looked upon as impertinent intruders into their province, but as endeavouring to contribute to the general stock of information, and even of speculation, on a subject as difficult as it is necessary to be thoroughly understood.

The committee commence their Report by noticing the ancient statutes respecting the poor; nothing however beyond the repression of beggary, and the pauper police, necessary and common, no doubt, to all European states, appears anterior to the reign of Elizabeth. In her fifth year, (1563) a compulsory assessment for the relief of the poor commenced, and this well-intended law was regulated and enforced by successive enactments of the 14th, 18th, and 39th years of this queen's reign, till, in her 43d year, (1601) the system was consummated by that statute 'which continues to this day the fundamental and operative law on the subject.

* This new and important principle of compulsory provision for the

* This subject is treated in a masterly manner by Mr. Davison, pp. 48—56.

impotent,

impotent, and for setting to work the able, originated, without doubt, in motives of the purest humanity, and was directed to the equitable purpose of preventing this burthen falling exclusively upon the charitable. But such a compulsory contribution for the indigent, from the funds originally accumulated from the labour and industry of others, could not fail in process of time, with the increase of population which it was calculated to foster, to produce the unfortunate effect of abating those exertions on the part of the labouring classes, on which, according to the nature of things, the happiness and welfare of mankind has been made to rest. By diminishing this natural impulse by which men are instigated to industry and good conduct, by superseding the necessity of providing in the season of health and vigour for the wants of sickness and old age, and by making poverty and misery the conditions on which relief is to be obtained, your Committee cannot but fear, from a reference to the increased numbers of the poor, and increased and increasing amount of the sums raised for their relief, that this system is perpetually encouraging and increasing the amount of misery it was designed to alleviate, creating at the same time an unlimited demand on funds which it cannot augment; and as every system of relief founded on compulsory enactments must be divested of the character of benevolence, so it is without its beneficial effects; as it proceeds from no impulse of charity, it creates no feelings of gratitude, and not unfrequently engenders dispositions and habits calculated to separate rather than unite the interests of the higher and lower orders of the community; even the obligations of natural affection are no longer left to their own impulse, but the mutual support of the nearest relations has been actually enjoined by a positive law, which the authority of magistrates is continually required to enforce.—p. 4.

Having thus described the mode of operation, and the effect of the poor laws, with excellent brevity and precision, the committee proceed to examine the recent proposals (especially those which may be called parliamentary) for various modifications of the general principle of assessment on real property. The first in order is that which seeks to assess personal property also: this, no doubt, is within the intention of the law, as it is within that of the land tax act; but it has failed in both instances, and must for ever fail, unless the same powers of inquiry which have been so unpopular for the enforcement of the income tax, be accorded for this purpose.* This can scarcely be advisable; and the proposal for assessing the property invested in the public funds, exclusive of any other personal property, not only labours under the difficulty of determining in aid of what parishes such assessment ought to be applied; but it is not the opinion of the committee, nor can it be, we suppose, of any large portion of the public, that either justice or policy would permit a tax to be imposed on money lent to the state, while sums at interest on other securities remain practically exempt. p. 7.

* Poor Law Report, p. 6.

The crude proposal of assessing householders according to the number of persons they employ, is disposed of as impracticable in manufacturing districts, and likely to operate, in all districts, as an obstruction to employment generally.

In discussing the proposed alteration of the principle of assessment as it regards small tenements in populous towns, the committee seem disposed to yield to the instances and arguments which have been adduced, and to impose the assessment on the landlord instead of the tenant in such cases. As to the limitation (extent) of such an exception from the general rule of assessing the occupier, the bill lately introduced into parliament by the Poor Law Committee judiciously confines it to parishes where the rent of houses forms above three-fourths of the total rental.

The unsuccessful attempts at rating the HUNDRED in aid of any one of its parishes overburthened with poor have attracted the notice of the Committee. Nothing perhaps proves the inexperience of the legislators who have bequeathed to us the poor law system, more than such an enactment, which, if carried into effect, would place every parish and every parish officer in the situation of the magistrates, who are now by law empowered to give away the money of other people; and would add the temptation, that—in so far as the poor-rates can be made to lessen wages—the poor-rates levied on other parishes would go into the pockets of those assessed in the overburthened parish. We need not endeavour to specify the frauds to which this would give rise. The Committee are of opinion that such assistance, if granted at all, should be derived from the COUNTY; but this under regulations which we do not discuss, as thinking that no modification can render advisable a power to assess a county in aid of the negligence or mismanagement of a particular parish in it; besides that it would be highly impolitic to enact prospectively a sort of average desolation, which in the event might thus extend over a whole county at once, instead of giving warning by the failure of parish after parish. Even the maintenance of the poor by a NATIONAL ASSESSMENT has been proposed by some unreflecting innovators: the observation of the Committee on this subject is unanswerable, and it is also in a certain degree applicable to the foregoing proposal. ‘They refer to the impossibility of devising any adequate means to check the demands upon such a fund, when every excess in parochial disbursements would be merged in the general expenditure of the empire.’
—p. 11.

The next object to which the Committee have turned their attention is surely most important,—‘the means of affording special encouragement and facility to meritorious industry for rescuing itself from the evils of an habitual reliance upon parochial relief;’ and they
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have looked to this part of the subject, they say, 'with the more anxiety, from the entire conviction, that in proportion to the aggregate number of persons who are reduced to this unfortunate dependence, must be not only the increase of misery to each individual, but also the moral deterioration of the people, and ultimately, from the concurrent tendency of these evils, the insecurity and danger of the state itself.' The comparison of Friendly Societies and Saving Banks is thus brought into discussion, and we confess that we view with some alarm the favourable mention of 'Parochial Benefit Societies, calculated to afford greater pecuniary advantages than would result from the unaided contributions of the subscribers.' To us it appears that this involves a most dangerous engagement and insurance against the events of futurity, as affording to the present occupiers of land a power to burthen the land itself, thereby violating the principle so fully recognised by the Committee, 'that there can be no check upon such a fund, whereby persons would be made to contribute to the rates who are not upon the spot to control the expenditure.'

The responsibility voluntarily undertaken by the poor law system is sufficiently serious; but as it is gratuitous, (that is, not for value received,) it may be withdrawn at the pleasure of the too-generous promiser of what may become impossible, and in the mean time is injurious to both parties. But this newly proposed responsibility is of far different character,—a regular compact which must always be irresistibly construed against the insurer. The workhouse system has been sufficiently mischievous in causing the expenditure of about five millions of capital in building and furniture; and the current waste of about a million a year, by persisting in the use of what, if it were disused, would be felt as a reproach by the projectors; but the capital has been expended, and the annual profusion may cease, or be repressed at discretion; whereas these parochial benefit societies might become the origin of interminable evil. We do not comprehend upon what principle Friendly societies can be deemed at all advisable as compared with Saving banks, unless they can be supposed to offer an incentive to a general increase, rather than a general decrease of frugality, and it be thought that more subscribers would be allured by their regulations, or to a greater amount, than by the quiet unostentatious economy of a Saving bank. In our judgment it would be otherwise, and we have no doubt that for all other reasons Saving banks are preferable.

Nothing can be less friendly in fact than the societies so misnamed. Cabals of all kinds are constantly going on, inasmuch as the majority of the members are always under temptation to commit a ruinous injustice against the old subscribers, (a mode of rascality of which scandalous instances have come before the pub-

lic,) and besides this danger of wholesale fraud, in detail every claimant on the society is regarded with an evil eye, and many ousted from benefit on frivolous pretences. But setting aside the incompetency of Benefit societies to provide relief beyond cases of sickness, (because we suppose the committee have further views,) and setting aside the drunkenness and debauchery connected with them, of which ample evidence* was produced, the political consequences of these societies in large towns is not to be slighted, most of them indeed forming the ways and means by which workmen in all trades are enabled to combine against their employers. It is matter for serious consideration how far such things may have tended to produce that spirit of resistance 'against all that are set in authority over us,' the effects of which are daily more and more apparent. We must beware of whatever facilitates political combination,—whatever leads men to establish little senates of their own, more likely to form Catilines than Catos. Already the highest courts of judicature are degraded below the lowest in the liability to disrespect and insult; and if the disposition which has thus audaciously been manifested be not checked, it will soon prevent the punishment of any crime for which the populace shall think proper to proclaim impunity. Saving banks are liable to no such abuse: they are unequivocally good in their beginning, end, and operation. It is a little remarkable that the habit which they tend to generate and foster should be reprobated as selfishness by a witness who was examined before the Poor Law Committee, and whose evidence in other respects bore marks of sound judgment; as if such a degree of selfishness (usually termed prudence) were not precisely the quality which constitutes personal respectability, and in its extent the bond of every society in which property is well secured,—that is, of every civilized nation upon earth.

Two curious instances are adduced of parish farms, by means of which the poor-rates are said to have been lessened; but such establishments are generally objectionable, for the same reasons which have always prevented parishes from carrying on any trade so advantageously as individuals; and the failure of such a farm would involve a waste of capital injurious to the public, as well as the particular parish. But this species of imprudent speculation is not likely to be very extensive. We entertain much greater apprehension of a plan somewhat allied to it, because it recommends itself under the seducing guise of benevolent patronage and liberality,—the COTTAGE FARMS, of which specimens are given in the Appendix to the Poor Law Report. We must be permitted to dilate a little on this subject.

All the comforts and conveniencies of life, beyond bare subsist-

* App. Poor Law Report, p. 134.

ence, arise from the surplus produce of agriculture beyond what is consumed by the agricultural population : and such surplus will be the larger in proportion as farms are of sufficient size to be cultivated to the best advantage by the smallest number of labourers and of working cattle. Hence it is obvious that an arable farm should be large enough for the full employment of one tolerable plough team ; and this is now become so generally the case and so effectual, that nearly two-thirds of the agricultural produce of England and Wales is consumed by those who are employed in producing and dispensing the necessities and elegancies of civilized life,* manufacturers, tradesmen, professional men, statesmen, men of letters, and philosophers. If the face of the country were divided into small occupations cultivated by the spade, the same population perhaps might exist in a state somewhat superior to the beasts of the field, though far inferior to that of the lowest labourer at present, whose tea and sugar are fetched from opposite sides of the globe, and who pays less by half for his clothing, household furniture, and working tools, than he must pay in labour, or in money, supposing a less complicated state of society. He would be sunk, and no one elevated by thus recurring to the rude industry of primitive times.

But the admirers of cottage farms would say, that their views extend not beyond pasturage for a cow or two, though we find laubs also mentioned in one of the examples given. Pasturage, however, is not so abundant in most parts of the kingdom, that it could be taken from the large farms for such a purpose ; and if it could, the want of winter food (which is inevitable) usually compels such a cottager to steal it, or to see his cattle perish—an alternative which no one who looks to the public weal would wish to become more common than it already is.—Of the smaller kind of cottage farms, or rather large gardens, we must observe, that if a garden be such as to take the labourers away from farming employments, in that degree must other labourers be introduced into a parish, and the poor rates increased accordingly :—the legitimate limit of cottage gardens therefore is very confined, and they are now, where they exist, too frequently in a neglected state,—as unprofitable to the labourer as to the public at large. This, indeed, happens from the effect of the poor-rate relief, which keeps the cottager in a state of perpetual pupillage, and consequently negligent of his own affairs ; to the same pervading evil is attributable, in some degree, his habitual inattention to economical cookery, by means of which the lower classes in Scotland subsist, and at half the expense, better than the labourers in the south of England.

* See the Population Abstract of 1811. The families in England and Wales employed in agriculture, are 770,199 ; all other families are, 1,371,948.

It is not necessary for us to say more of cottage farms; but if they were likely to become prevalent, very grave consideration would be called for by the natural effect of heirship, as such customary tenants would not fail again to sap the existence of all large estates, as heretofore happened by the gradual transformation of vassals and retainers into copyholders: but what in the ancient state of society was an improvement, would be in modern times to retrograde immeasurably into barbarism, into a want of every thing beyond the bare necessities of life.

We hold ourselves exempted from entering upon the subject of SETTLEMENT; a difficulty resulting from the poor laws, and increasing with the amount of expenditure on the poor. The astonishing number of 4700 appeals are stated to have been entered for trial at the quarter-sessions in one twelvemonth; and the absolute impossibility of finishing the business brought before the magistrates at these times, begins to amount to a delay of justice not much less inconvenient than the expenditure of £300,000 per annum, in removals of paupers and consequent litigation. For the remedy of this evil, the poor law committee, which reckons among its members several leading magistrates in their respective counties, was admirably calculated; and the pages in which they have handled this * subject at large, therein proposing to establish select vestries, and to give more power to the magistrates in petty sessions, are as masterly in practical views, as many of the preceding pages are in the clear and concise expression of general principles which heretofore had only been understood and recognized by those who had studied good authors, or thought deeply for themselves. And here we particularly advert to the opinion and arguments of the Committee on the subject of 'providing work for all such persons as may require it.'† The contingent impossibility of doing this, and the injury sustained from impotent attempts to fulfil such an engagement, are treated with all the delicacy due to the well-meant enactments of the 43d of Elizabeth, and to those whose active benevolence prompts them to devise employment, or to give alms lavishly, without reflecting that in the first cases they subtract from the funds of labour, unless the newly devised employment be a creation of labour;—and in the second, that money bestowed upon the improvident, is a bounty for the encouragement of improvidence. The old law ‡ against giving vagrants alms cannot be enforced; but the distinct knowledge of modern times upon this subject ought to give full effect to its spirit and intention.

* Poor Laws Report, pp. 22—29.

† p. 17.

‡ 27 Hen. VIII. c. 25. whereby a penalty of ten times the sum given is imposed upon the donor.

In proposing to authorize the appointment of a salaried officer, a kind of assistant overseer, in every parish where the majority of the vestry concur in it, the committee state,* that 'they proceed on grounds of experience rather than of theory, the practice having long been beneficially adopted in many populous parishes.'—There can be no doubt of the propriety of such an appointment, as being at once the cheapest as well as the most effectual mode of checking unreasonable applications for relief: it is the cheapest mode, because the office of overseer requires 'a sacrifice of time which it is unreasonable to expect, as being inconsistent with the attention due from such persons to their own affairs,'†—and these affairs, we may be permitted to add, taken in the aggregate, are the affairs of agriculture and commerce, the interruption of which, in serving parish offices and attending vestries, is not indeed a tax, but a loss equivalent to a very heavy tax on the community at large.

In truth, we deem this to be one of the greatest evils of the poor laws; and we cannot perceive without regret, that both the Poor Law Committee and Mr. Davison consider it important, nay, of imperious necessity, that 'the most educated and enlightened' persons, and those most interested (in other words, of the largest property) in every parish should turn their attention to the management of the poor. Upon this Mr. Davison expatiates very forcibly, and in less measured terms than perhaps the Poor Law Committee felt themselves at liberty to do in an official document; but the opinion of both is the same, and both authorities will doubtless carry with them great and deserved weight. We refer to Mr. Davison's‡ pamphlet for a description of the qualities necessary in such persons for the due administration of the poor laws; but, however reluctant we may be to differ from a writer whom we respect so truly, we cannot but aver that any expectations of this kind are unjust and must be illusory. For to call in this manner upon any person who either by inheritance or his own industry is in possession of property sufficient to entitle him to spend his time in the way most agreeable to himself, is to rob him of the advantage he has acquired, and, by forcing him to employ his time and attention much less agreeably than if he were endeavouring to earn a competence for himself and his children, to place him in a worse situation than the class of society next below him. True it is, that the merit and self-satisfaction resulting from time well spent will be supposed in some degree to repay him for this intrusion on his own pursuits, but this compensation disappears as we approach the actual personal interference necessary in the management of the parochial poor. The

* p. 21. i

† p. 21.

‡ See Mr. Davison's pamphlet, pp. 43, 46, 54, 55.

good management of the poor can only result from a thorough knowledge of the character, and especially of the faults, of the individuals who apply for relief; and to acquire this implies all the odious qualities of a busybody, if not of a spy, and must in some degree debase the purest and most energetic mind so occupied. Upon knowledge thus acquired, this educated and enlightened man has afterwards to act; that is, face to face to impute to men and women habitual idleness, debauchery or profligacy; and, in many cases, to insinuate suspicions of pilfering and all sorts of evasions and petty roguery. He must divest his nature of all that ennobled feeling and cultivated humanity, which are the best privileges and distinction of his rank in society; and he must acquire the stern impassive obduracy which is created in the manner and conversation of those who, as task-masters or jailors, must hold authoritative intercourse with the basest of mankind. A sense of religious duty will lead such men as Mr. Davison describes into hospitals and prisons, to perform the most loathsome offices and witness the most heart-rending sights; they go as the ministers of charity, and while they indulge the yearnings of their own sympathetic nature, they are rewarded by the blessings of the miserable and the prayers of the dying. But is it to be supposed that the mere sense of parochial utility, or even of national good, will induce 'the most educated and enlightened' men to undertake a hateful task, in the performance of which they must needs incur more odium than thanks, while they themselves, being compelled continually to behold the worst parts of human nature, contract inevitably habits the most unfavourable to benevolence, and the most opposite to those which they would fain cherish in themselves? So much for the justice of such an expectation;—as to the probability that it could be carried into effect, we shall only observe that what has been will be—that zeal is not lasting in such occupations—and that there are very few persons in the nation who are not either too busy or too idle to give up all their attention to the management of the poor: this, as it regards the educated and wealthy, can only extend in practice to a general superintendence of the conduct and accounts of the stipendiary overseer recommended by the Committee.

The appointment of such an officer, and indeed the propriety of many other parochial arrangements, are to be considered with relation to the amount of the sum expended on the poor in each parish; and this subject is not unworthy of notice in some detail: the most convenient dimensions of parishes or districts for the purposes of good management having been the subject of speculation and discussion ever since the law of Charles II. (1661) permitted townships and villages in the northern counties (though not entire parishes) to maintain their own poor separately, because otherwise
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'the inhabitants of those counties cannot, by reason of the largeness of their parishes, reap the benefit of the act of parliament (43d Eliz.) for the relief of the poor.'

The poor-rates of 1803 do not furnish perfect data for ascertaining the rate on the pound in each parish or township, because it is usually nominal, as being made on an ancient rental. But the general result of a pretty extensive investigation, with this object in view, is, that where less than 100*l.* was raised annually, the nominal rate on the pound was on the average 3*s.* 4*d.*; and it is found to increase gradually with the sum raised till that amounts to 1000*l.* and the nominal rate on the pound to 8*s.*

Some part of this difference is no doubt attributable to the intimate knowledge which, in small places, the parish officer has of all the inhabitants; but much more to the greater interest which every individual, in a small parish, feels in not creating parishioners; for supposing there is but one occupier, the whole expense of every instance of imprudence of this kind falls on himself; but it falls in less proportion upon the individual as the payers of poor-rates are numerous, till, in very large parishes, a man's own conduct scarcely affects the amount of his payment to the rate, each man therefore becomes careless, and all collectively suffer for it.

The extreme case of extra-parochial places which maintain no poor at all is noticed by the Poor Law Committee, and will perhaps be remedied by their interference. That such a blot on the internal administration of the country should have remained so long is matter of surprize; but the Committee must apply to the parties to relinquish their convenient immunities, always, however, holding sacred those which are connected with the great and important objects of public education. The universities, the public schools of the country, and the inns of court, could not perhaps be touched without producing an evil far greater than the remedy sought to be attained by a subjection of such establishments to the common burdens.*

We cannot quit the subject of the dimensions of parishes without remarking that in places which expend above 1000*l.* per annum on their poor, the rate on the pound does not appear to be aggravated; the inference from which is, that when it becomes worth while to establish a stipendiary overseer (under whatever title) the natural effect of very large parishes in increasing the poor

* In the language of the ancient law of England, extra-parochial places are not 'geldable nor shire-ground'—*non sub districtione curie viccomitis*; and as the sheriff was the king's receiver-general of the county till the time of the revolution, extra-parochial places were neither taxable nor within the pale of any jurisdiction, unless in cases where the writ runs 'as well within liberties as without'; and the inhabitants are still exempt from all the civil duties and offices served with much inconvenience by others for the general benefit.

rates is counteracted. But large parishes, or, more properly speaking, populous parishes, are distinguished from others so decidedly by the different habits of their paupers, that a different mode of counteracting the bad effect of the poor laws becomes necessary.

For the agricultural poor we shall venture to propose a plan (though not with too much confidence) whereby we imagine all the evil influence of the poor laws upon that class may be done away, without compelling any man (educated and enlightened or otherwise) to be occupied in developing the character and conduct of the poor, on whom we shall take the liberty of laying the *onus probandi*,—by requiring of them to prove themselves meritorious before they can claim any relief beyond the bare necessities of human existence. But manufacturing places require a distinct consideration as to the mode of compelling manufacturers to be responsible for the contingent relief of the poor whom they themselves have created. Let us, however, premise that the case is usually stated much too strongly against manufactures, as if the landed proprietor always suffered by their introduction. If this be so, whence comes the unparalleled rise in the value of land in Lancashire and the West Riding of York? Whence the numerous purchasers who have become freeholders to the amount of 30,000 in Lancashire, and half as many in the West Riding, and who, taken in the aggregate, pay the larger portion of the poor-rates necessary in their respective districts? Yet it must be allowed, that the decline of a manufacture may easily overwhelm a parish with its destitute retainers, who are not desirable inmates, 'their own habits,' as has been forcibly said by Mr. Davison, being 'their worst evil.' This writer has, indeed, drawn their portrait in dark colours, but with a masterly hand.

* Their wages are so high in good times, that if they worked steadily and lived with moderation, they might very well reserve out of them a fund of supply against a time of want, which would carry them through till their trade revived, or till they had settled and adapted themselves to some new occupation. But the whole history of their life is of the most opposite kind, as far as it can be comprised in any one general description. The excesses of these men, in their intemperance and prodigality, the rashness and recklessness of their expenditure, their division of the week into days of work, and days of the most gross and obstinate idleness, and the unfeeling neglect of their families, are some of the striking lines in the character of our manufacturing population. In numerous instances, the indigence of these people, which the law takes such anxious and extraordinary pains to relieve, implies more of real moral delinquency, and more harm to society, than many of the crimes for which our most severe penal statutes have been framed. And one consequence of such a life is, that when it meets with any check, they have such distempered and extravagant notions of a necessary support, as to make them ready to spurn the fare and diet which
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other people hardly enjoy in the times of their most perfect competence. They become destitute and unreasonable at once. Their wants are not the wants of other men. Upon a round estimate, it would not be asserting too much, that these labourers are perfectly well able to maintain themselves from year to year. Their income might be made both a present and a future support. The excess of their earning at one time, (or of what they might earn,) above a fair substantial maintenance, would fully meet the deficiency of them at another, under the *ordinary* fluctuations of their trade. The means are there; they only want to be more evenly distributed. They are the men of all others who need to be taught the value of that trite maxim, that "*frugality is a fortune, quàm magnum vectigal sit parsimonia*;" and none have the power of learning it more successfully, since they have only to practise their frugality upon an abundance.—The blank days of idleness in the manufacturer's life, which are quite a matter of choice with him, have this further effect, that they make a greater number of hands necessary for any brisk flow of work; and then, when it slackens, they are proportionably incommoded by their numbers. Their idleness, in times of work, reproduces a forced and necessary loss of work in the sequel, which they might avoid if they pleased."—pp. 108—110.

Mr. Davison truly observes, that a reformation of manners in this class would be a moral and political benefit beyond every other, and that Saving banks are exactly adapted to their use. On these points we shall not enlarge in this place. But with respect to the immediate evil of the poor-rates, we are convinced that the master manufacturer * ought to deposit in security of the parish at least one shilling on the pound of all wages paid by him, whether to be placed to the account of the individuals whom he employs, or generally to that of the parish, we shall not determine. In the former case, the individual must have no power to draw it out, but as permitted by the vestry or magistrates in time of sickness or distress—and should lose all right of drawing it out at all, if his habits were profligate, or if any weekly days of idleness could be proved against him. With these checks, which, we shall see presently, could be easily enforced by a certain alternative of otherwise administering relief in a disagreeable form, the manufacturing poor might be reduced to the same good order and easy method of management, as the agricultural poor. Of this latter class, we shall now proceed

* Speaking of the effect of manufactures on the poor-rates, Mr. Davison says, that 'they ought to bear the burthen for themselves,' for the same reason upon which their mills and engines are obliged to eat up their smoke when it becomes troublesome. It is to be wished that the fact were as this apt simile represents it;—but in reality the nuisance of steam engine vomitories is doubling upon us in London every year, inasmuch that the clearness of a bright sky in the vicinity of the metropolis only serves to shew by how many distinct black columns of smoke it is disfigured. Certain it is that steam-engines may be made to devour their own smoke in more ways than one; but it is very doubtful whether they will do so till the legislature shall induce them to abate the nuisance by a tax per inch of cylinder, on all which shall persist in this obstinate inattention to the public convenience, after time allowed for altering the apparatus.

to treat, with a lively hope that, by rendering a good character valuable, and discountenancing bad characters, the labouring classes in England will become moral, respectable, and happy; and in course of time recover the honourable repugnance to parish support, which so wonderfully withstood the baleful influence of the poor laws for almost two centuries, but which has yielded considerably during the last thirty years, and is now giving way with alarming acceleration. Not that the remains of respectability are not still very considerable; insomuch that we doubt whether half the parishes in England would not be immediately ruined, if the right of relief (supposed to be conferred on the poor by the modern construction of the law) were insisted on, and generally pursued with all the artifice and chicane which is obviously practicable, and which indeed is practised by a certain proportion of troublesome claimants, such as infest every parish vestry in the south of England, with which we happen to be acquainted.

All the errors in the administration of the poor laws are deducible from an extension of that popular maxim of justice, which holds every man to be innocent, however strong the grounds of suspicion against him, till he shall be proved guilty. This degree of liberality is honourable to the society which ventures thus to prefer the immediate interest of the supposed offender to its own; and human society is strong enough in civilized countries to exercise it without too much danger to itself. But here liberality should stop: if it be extended to a general principle that every man is *meritorious* till he is proved to be otherwise, this is to mingle right and wrong with an unsparing hand,—it is to render good conduct and good character of no available value, and thereby as far as possible to annihilate both.

It has been shewn by Hartley in what manner pleasure passes into pain, if the emotion goes beyond a certain point: here his mechanical philosophy is well founded; and in like manner there are virtues which when carried beyond their just bounds lose their character, and produce the effect of vices before they are actually denominated as such. Perhaps there is no virtue, either in private or public life, which so easily tends to this transmutation as liberality. The excess of liberality has produced mischief among us in many ways; but principally and mainly it has injured all who pay and all who receive poor rates, the greater portion of our population; and this enormous evil can only be remedied by a strict and determined reference to character, by laying upon the man who applies for relief the *onus probandi* that he has honestly endeavoured to maintain himself and his family, that there has been no idleness on his part, no wastefulness, no profligacy; but that he has, as far as in him lay, discharged his duty: for any man to ask relief from the
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property of others unless he can prove this is so unreasonable as to be absurd. And yet, according to the present administration of the poor laws, relief is made imperative upon proof of poverty instead of merit; so that if a man has wilfully wasted food from fastidiousness and insolence, he would, because he and his family were destitute in consequence, receive further relief in reward as it were of his own delinquency.

Reverse this, and the whole evil and inconvenience of the poor laws disappear at once; and to effect this, nothing more is required than a strict adherence to the spirit of these laws as they exist, in making a broad and intelligible distinction between misfortune and misconduct, between the industrious and the dissolute poor. For the laws enjoin this as clearly as the common interest demands it. The committee 'apprehend that an order of relief is invalid which does not adjudge the party applying for relief to be *impotent* as well as *poor*;'—the sums to be raised for the relief of the lame, impotent, old, blind, and such other being poor and not able to work,* can be applied, they say, according to the letter of the law, to the relief of such persons only as the law contemplates, and describes; such persons only as the justices can conscientiously adjudge to be not only poor, but helpless and unable to work. Here then is the true remedy for all the evil of the poor laws, leaving the good untouched and with increased power of operation. Proclaim that, for the future, the poor, no more than the rich, are to be exempted from the consequences of their own imprudence and misconduct; that they must suffer misery when they have brought it upon themselves, or have not exerted themselves to avoid it; in fine, that they shall not escape the common lot of human nature, whereby it has been wisely and benevolently ordained that industry shall be rewarded with temporal blessings, and idleness draw after it its proper punishment. It is thus* in all the higher classes; a man's misconduct brings down wretchedness not only upon himself, but upon those also who are or ought to be most dear to him; those who are his pledges to society that for their sake he will do his duty and endeavour to be a worthy member of that community in which he is placed.

The fitness of the principle thus assumed will probably not be contradicted; but the application of it may be thought difficult or impracticable till it be examined in its details and its effects, in its enforcement, and its power of resisting the arts which will be put in array against it by all the profligate and all the disaffected, and

* 'It is not,' says Mr. Courtenay, in his Letter to the committee, 'with persons in the very lowest conditions only that the effects of poverty are felt in the aggravation of bodily sufferings, or even in the acceleration of death; and it would not perhaps be harsh or unfeeling to observe, that in persons and families of the superior classes, the mental sufferings under any of these circumstances are infinitely more acute and bitter.'

all the sluggards who had rather be maintained by the industry of others than their own. This may best be done in the way of illustration. A pauper applies in the usual manner to the vestry, or parish officers for relief, and the question becomes, not what his present wants may be, but what have been his endeavours to maintain himself and his family. It may be that the parish officer deems him deficient and culpable in this respect, and refuses to assist him in doing what he has not honestly endeavoured to do for himself. The pauper then has recourse to the magistrates, carrying with him what proof he can, from his employer, of his industry; from his neighbours, of his economy and prudence; the parish officer attending as usual, and assisting the magistrates with his observations. The result would frequently be unfavourable, till such time as good character shall have become of value to the poor; and the pauper would be told, that until he exhibited evidence of amendment he must not expect the parish to engage with him in a joint effort for maintaining himself and his family, and that if he is reduced to want by idleness and profligacy, his fellow parishioners must prevent the last extremity of human suffering in the manner least burthensome to themselves, as well as most appropriate to his own past conduct.

What kind of relief this is to be, in justice to the two parties concerned, is the gravest question which arises in pursuing to its results the proposed apportionment of relief according to the character of the applicant. A man who has been proved by process of law to have committed a minor crime, is ordered by the magistrates to the House of Correction. A man who has proved himself to be industrious and thrifty is to be relieved from the acquired property of others through the poor rates, which would thus be made to operate as a national insurance office for the encouragement of industry and fair character. We are now considering a middle case: what shall be justly awarded to him who can claim nothing on the score of his past conduct, but whose family, as well as himself, must, for the sake of our common nature, be preserved from actual famine and its shocking consequences? Undoubtedly the food of such a man ought not to be quite so good as that of any other man in the British islands who maintains himself by honourable industry. To pass this limit would be a total perversion of justice, though to stop much short of it might seem rigorous and cruel towards those whose nature, vitiated by the degrading habit of reliance on the poor laws, has never been expanded into healthful exertion. Subsistence, therefore, must be afforded in a frugal manner, determined according to circumstances; and the article of clothing with the same sort of reference and comparison, always taking care that the mode of subsisting those who

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prey on the substance of others be not better than that which is the lot of any who subsist on their own resources. 'It should,' to use Lord Sheffield's words, 'be a determined principle, that the rate and mode of subsistence should be lower than what any industrious man or woman could earn. The object should be to provide that which is wholesome and cheapest, but by no means to subsist the poor in workhouses on better diet than that on which the industrious labourer can subsist in his own habitation, at the lowest rate of wages.' The fruitless expectation that the parish can be directly benefited by the unwilling labour of such persons ought to be entirely laid aside; and their reformation trusted to the effect of a diet which they would not dislike the less because they had deserved no better. The parish workhouses (as they are called) would afford residence, more than could be required, for such inmates. Of the places which separately maintain their own poor, more than one in four possesses a workhouse so called; and many more (indeed most places) a residence of smaller dimensions for the poor who cannot otherwise be disposed of. For the proper use and application of such houses, the several counties might be partitioned by the magistrates assembled in Quarter Sessions; so that by the junction of small *hundreds*, and the division of large ones, (especially of the enormous *wards* and *wapentakes* of the North,) districts should be formed, not exceeding a moderate day's journey in diameter—suppose from ten to fifteen miles; within this district from four to eight small workhouses, or perhaps one large workhouse for parishes already united, would usually be found. The strongest building would of course be appropriated for the reception of those who deserved no better diet than that of the lower orders in Scotland and in Ireland, and authority must be given for the prevention of outrageous behaviour among the inmates. The other workhouses would become the residence of orphan children, or the helpless aged of the district, if not better provided for; and, if any houses still remained untenanted, they would easily be divided into cottage tenements, rent-free, (if that seemed advisable,) for the most meritorious families of the labouring poor.

By all this nothing would be destroyed; and, if the first effort at improvement of the character and condition of the poor should fail, all things might be brought back to their old state and other expedients tried. If these proposed districts averaged one hundred square miles in area, there would be almost six hundred of them, and in each, from twenty to thirty places raising an assessment for the relief of their own poor.

In reality the persons who required the harshest mode of treatment would be much fewer than at first

consideration, and would decrease to a very insignificant number when the plan was once steadily adopted, and its effects became equally known to the magistrates and to the poor who apply for aid. Indeed it would be found that this severity (for so it would undoubtedly be called both by the poor, and by those 'whose morbid sensibility has extinguished the sense of justice') would scarcely ever be practised after it became a known and inexorable rule; but it would remain as a wholesome check upon all unreasonable demands, and at one stroke rectify all the disorders, moral and physical, that have been produced by the most mischievous of all human institutions which have been suffered to remain in practice during such a length of time as has elapsed since the 43d of Elizabeth—for such the poor laws have been, well as they were intended.

In the first place, a very large proportion of the poor, who are now clamorous for aid from the parish, would cease to ask for it on the prescribed condition; they would rather choose to reform their own habits, and thus, by proof of amendment, obtain countenance from their employers, and thereby assistance, in a more agreeable form, if it were really necessary; but this very improvement of character would in most cases prevent such necessity. And those who were consigned to meagre fare would be, at the same time, dieted and tempted to reformation; they would be precluded in their new residence from those mischievous habits of pilfering which usually occupy the time of the profligate poor, and they would feel a double motive to escape from the listlessness of no employment, if the value of all the work which they might be encouraged to perform were carried to their account, payable to them on their dismissal from the workhouse; into which, after such entertainment, there would be little apprehension of their re-entry. For on their dismissal they would become fit subjects for the exercise of true benevolence; a much smaller quantity of industry than might entitle to the better kind of parochial assistance, nay, the very promise of amendment would procure means of immediate subsistence from those who hoped well of the repentant sinner, and a laudable intercourse of patronage and gratitude would invigorate natural good feelings, both in the giver and receiver of a benefit thus well timed.

This good effect would be immediate; but of ten-fold efficacy would be the rise of wages, which could not fail to take place as the present practice of indiscriminate relief fell into disuse; for although more work would be done as industrious habits became more and more common, more work would also be created. The agricultural labourers would feel of what importance the good-will of their employer was become, for recommending them to the parish
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in case of need, or assisting them himself; and as he perceived their improved industry and increased zeal in his service, mutual attachment would be engendered by mutual interest. One consequence would be, that the employer would consider what improvements he could devise in which his willing labourers might be profitably, or at least not unprofitably, employed. Nor are we to suppose that he would come to this investigation of his own concerns with the same feelings as when it is required of him to find work for men half paid from the parish-rates: this labour is badly executed, because it is heartless; it operates merely as a punishment to themselves, and perhaps is oftener expected so to operate than to the benefit of their employer. No man of a kindly disposition, and few men who understood their own interest, but would endeavour to attach to themselves the best labourers by good payment, and occasional assistance when obviously needed, and thus the relation of both parties to each other would be what it ought, and the character of both would be gradually exalted.

The difficult problem of checking vagrancy and mendicity would be solved when receptacles were every where open in which such strollers might be lodged, without too much expense to the parish where they were apprehended; and however inveterate their habits, they would soon be convinced that the enjoyments of a vagabond life were dearly purchased by the frequent intervention of a month of low diet, though at the expense of the parish-rate. Yet it should be observed that the laws against mendicity have been too severe ever since that of Henry VIII. imposed a fine of ten pence for every penny so bestowed; so rigorous indeed they are, that locomotion would almost be prohibited to honest poverty, if half the severity of the laws were enforced upon all who could be brought under the vague charge of vagrancy. To us it seems that the wayfaring man, often in search of employment, and usually pretending to be so, is a proper object of charity till he is detected in false pretences; and that it would be effecting a great improvement could any mode of discrimination, by certificate of magistrates, clergymen, or parish officers be devised, whereby the labourer and artizan might be indulged with such freedom of migration as to keep up the balance of the demand between the employer and the employed in the most equable manner. When we consider that the wife and family of a man must follow when he has gained a fair prospect of steady work in a new place, the permission, nay, the encouragement to travel, becomes obviously expedient, and herein the modification of the vagrant laws.

But the most immediate benefit arising from our proposed method of correcting the idle and dissolute would be, that it would deliver us from the odious spectacle of meanness and insolence in

unnatural combination: the tone of *demand* for parish relief would always be sufficient reason for refusing it, and indeed would be symptomatic of a state of mind for which low diet would be the proper regimen. Not only those who have witnessed the insolence and threats of paupers in their demands, but those who have read the evidence given before the Poor Law Committees of the last session, will require no lengthened description of the exasperation and ill-blood which, from this single cause, exists in every parish, instead of the bond of mutual good-will, which ought to be stronger in proportion as human beings are in nearer contact and necessary to the welfare of each other in the reciprocal duties and offices of the employer and the employed. Magistrates, who are of necessity the referees in all such parochial disputes, would find the most disagreeable part of their duty disappear as if by enchantment, and even the Quarter Sessions would be exonerated of law-suits, in proportion as the settlement of a pauper in any parish might seem to entail so little expense and inconvenience as not to be worth a contest. Of how many evils should we be rid by this single measure of simple and salutary justice!

The number of those persons whom the law was designed to relieve, and who have both a moral and legal claim to public charity in the kindest acceptation of the word, will be greatly diminished hereafter when the Saving Banks (which are, indeed, a true sinking fund for the extinction of pauperism) shall be generally established. Some miseries however there always must be, on account of those misfortunes against which no human prudence can provide, and those calamities which are the inheritance of human nature: and at present, disgraceful as the fact is, the lowest class of the labouring people have nothing better to look forwards to than parish relief when, in their own melancholy language, their work is done. This is neither as it should be, nor as it will be, when care is taken to train up the people in good principles and industrious habits, and when the means of husbanding the produce of their industry shall be universally afforded them. At this time we are feeling the effect of long deterioration on their part—itself the consequence of negligence in those whose duty it was long since to have provided that sound instruction, and those means which we, in our generation, are only now beginning to provide. The burthen, while it continues, must be borne, and it will be borne cheerfully when the due line of distinction is drawn. No person will repine at paying his assessment to the poor rates, when he sees that it is strictly applied to alleviate the inevitable evils of sickness, and to supply the industrious in old age with the few bodily comforts which age is capable of enjoying. This is what the law intends, wisely and religiously; this is what a charitable nation (and if ever
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there was a charitable nation, it is this) desires to see most fully accomplished. But the abuse of this wholesome law may well make the landholder repine at the frightful and ruinous increase of assessment which it occasions. He may well repine when the lusty spendthrift, who is both able to work and to find work, chooses, instead, insolently to claim a corrody upon the lands of the parish; when the unblushing harlot* comes, year after year, to demand maintenance for another bastard; and when it becomes a system for hinds and journeymen to marry before they have any means, or any reasonable prospect of means, for supporting a family, without any principle of independence, or any of that honest feeling by which the poorest Englishman used to be distinguished.

In a subject of this immense importance, it is especially desirable to have it well considered what the law may reasonably be expected to accomplish, and what things are beyond its jurisdiction. It is proposed by Mr. Davison, in his eloquent and able pamphlet, with regard to children the offspring of a marriage contracted subsequently to an amendment of the law, that from the date of that amended law no person should be entitled to any legal relief on their account.

‘The simplest and the most equitable amendment,’ he says, ‘would be that which referred the entire charge of the offspring of such marriages to the care of the parents. The marriage so contracted would be wholly independent of any artificial inducement; the parents themselves would understand and appreciate their proper character; and in that character would pledge themselves to provide for their offspring upon the principles of a natural duty. The alleviation of the parochial burthens, and the redress of much abuse of the parochial law, under the effect of this one regulation, would be immediate, silent, and progressive. It would be a sinking fund created upon the existing evil. Another race, born and reared under happier auspices, would be springing up. The good habits and example of the parents, which they would not be able to sacrifice with impunity, would reckon both for themselves and for the propagation of a healthier feeling among others. Such parents and families would take the lead in helping to restore the deteriorated spirit, as well as condition, of their whole class in the community.’—p. 119.

The committee also have suggested for the consideration of parliament, ‘whether, when the demand for labour may have revived, it may not safely be provided, that from and after a certain time no relief shall be extended to any child whose father being living is under years of age—a principle which, by altering the age from time to time, might, if it should be thought desirable, be carried still farther into operation.’ ‘It may also be

* It is within our own knowledge that there were at one time, in a village workhouse, three women of this description, with seven children each, constant inmates.

provided,' they add, with a similar view, 'that from and after a specified time no relief shall be provided for any child whose father, being living, has not above children under years of age.'

If ever there was a question which it was necessary for the legislature to touch with peculiar caution in all its branches, it is this tremendous question of the poor laws. The enactment which is here proposed could not be enforced; because, in the case of children, that principle of rigour, which should be proclaimed and acted upon toward the dissolute poor, is utterly inapplicable. A man who marries without other resource than the value of his own labour, and has a large family of young children, is absolutely unable to provide for them the food and raiment necessary for the support of human life. It matters not what the parents may have been, or how they may have acted, however culpably improvident their marriage, however criminal their conduct, the children, when born into the world, are objects of human charity, of political and Christian care. The practicable part of this suggestion is included in the broad principle which affords low diet to those who cannot prove that their conduct has been such as entitles them to better; and those who engage rashly in marriage after the poor laws shall have been reformed, may properly be warned that they will be deemed to have committed imprudence with their eyes open, and will have less chance of favour. In the passage which we have already quoted, Mr. Davison has admirably described the renovated class of labourers which we may expect to see when the pride and principle of independence shall be re-established among them. He has, with equal philosophy and beauty, shewn in what manner a reliance upon the poor laws injures the labourer in his moral being, and deprives him of the best and highest enjoyments of human nature.

'One of the happiest appointments of life, is in the exercise of the domestic duties, upon the principle of a natural or a chosen affection. Out of this fountain of kindly feeling, which flows from the rock of nature, comes much of man's happiness, and much of his virtue, without which indeed the happiness could not be. Among the poor especially, whose feelings and principles are more nurtured by the circumstances of life in which they are cast, than they ever can be by the artificial discipline of any cultivation, their home is the school of their sentiments, and their best enjoyment entwines itself round the care of their moral family obligations. To have really the charge of his family, as a husband and a father; to have the privilege of laying out his life upon their service, and of seeing them rest exclusively on his protection, is the poor man's boast, in the estimate of the mere relative conditions of life. He himself is all the better for having so grave a charge upon his hands. The wants of his family are his call to work; and no call sounds more piercingly, nor more gratefully, to an uncorrupted ear. There is
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music in it, with all its sharpness. But the breath of the parochial law tarnishes the colouring of this family-picture of cheerful native virtue. It flings another atmosphere upon it. By exonerating him from the sole charge of his offspring, it abrogates the father's proper character. It makes him begin to think them an incumbrance, from which he ought to be discharged. It means, indeed, to do no more than take off from him the load of their support; but it does take off the pressure of much sacred obligation. It makes him and them less intimately pledged to each other; less dear to each other. It sows thistles among the flowers. And is he the happier for this substituted relief proffered to him, almost imposed upon him, by a fixed practice? Suppose he has yielded to the temptations of its convenience, so far as to accept it without repugnance, he retains neither the same solid claims upon the gratitude of his children for an undivided care of them; nor can they look up to his example with reverence, nor feel the same force of filial piety, expanding into a great motive of future reciprocating duty. In the country especially, the family ties have been nearly burst asunder by the artificial adoption which the law has made of the children. It has made parents, children, and brothers hardly know themselves to be such. The interposition for their necessities has disbanded their affections."—pp. 67—69.

But the poor laws have done more and worse than this: they have positively created parents, children, and brothers, who never expected or intended to feel the otherwise universal ties of family affection and consanguinity. For marriage is become in many instances the well calculated method of extorting relief from the parish; and the birth of a second or third child is hailed as giving a new claim no longer to be resisted, whatever be the insolence, or laziness, or profligacy of the applicant. Such marriages, indeed, as well as those enforced by parish-officers in cases of bastardy, might well be spared; and for some years a decrease of marriage would be the effect of any kind of judicious discouragement. Nor do we perceive any inconvenience in this, not having adopted the modern philosophy, which asserts the supremacy of lust, or the inefficacy of moral obligation to resist its impulse—a philosophy which degrades intellectual man to the level of the beasts which perish; but which is as false as it is degrading.

Age and infirmity require as much commiseration as childhood; and the aged and impotent poor are not so numerous but that an increase may be made to their allowance; the parish expenses will be so much diminished by the strict justice to be adopted toward the idle and dissolute, that this may properly be afforded. The worn-out labourer who has done his duty in his station ought not to be left without any of those comforts to which that station is accustomed; he should be maintained in a degree of comfort only short of that which is enjoyed by those who solace themselves in their declining years from the stores accumulated by their own industry and economy. This comparative limitation must never on any occasion

be forgotten; but until the poor laws shall have ceased their baleful influence for some length of time, until the price of labour shall have been higher for a period of years, and the opportunity of a Saving Bank within the reach of every one, the difference ought in justice to be little more than honorary: strictness might be introduced by degrees, as it became more and more proper to mark those who shall have neglected to avail themselves of the means of independence which will then have been afforded to all. It is not desirable that the deserving poor should be collected in workhouses; the allowance ought to be such as might induce some neighbours of their own class to take care of them, where there were no relations upon whom it would naturally devolve. There is no reason here, as in the case of children, for interfering in any degree with the natural charities, which are the very cement of society: for those who have grown old in singleness, or who have out-lived all their nearest relatives, a poor-house, appropriated (as before described) to that purpose only, might be made a respectable and more than decent retreat. They ought never to be confounded with the dissolute and the guilty, made to associate with those whom in their own liberty they would have shunned, condemned to be chamber and table-fellows with the harlot and the drunkard, and exposed to the noise and nuisance of unfathered children, who are growing up in habits as wretched and immoral as those of their parents before them. This is indeed to confound infirmity with guilt, and this must be the picture of a promiscuous workhouse.*

The good conduct of the poor would naturally, in process of time, cause a renewal of the ancient fashion of charitable bequests and foundations for the aged and meritorious; and as the whole body of the industrious poor increased in respectability, the good influence so created would be extensive in proportion. It is difficult to understand the uncharitable policy which, long after all danger of immoderate bequests had ceased, has strengthened the prohibitions of the statutes against mortmain; and certain it is, that were full license now conceded, many years must pass away before the quantity of such property liberated by Mr. Pitt's redemption of the land-

* 'Workhouses,' says Mr. Vivian in his evidence before the Committee, 'act two ways, one a little good and one a very great evil; the little good is that they act as gaols to terrify the people from coming to the parish; the evil is that when they are there, however loath they were to get there, they soon become used to it, and never get out again.—You conceive it corrupts the morals of the people?—Certainly. Should not you think workhouses, which should be considered as hospitals for the aged, and schools for the young, beneficial to the individuals and economical to the parish?—Certainly not; as schools for the young, nothing can be more shocking, except the gaol; and as for the old, they are more comfortable in hard times in private houses with their relations and friends.' Paupers who apply for relief to the magistrates, and are asked why they did not stay in the workhouse, have sometimes replied, 'It is so full of vermin, and there are such indecencies,—and I have been used to live better, and cannot bear it.'—*Report on the State of Mendicity.*

tax would be replaced. Whether the landed property now in mortmain be deemed exactly the proper quantity, or whether any quantity is by some politicians deemed too much, we know not; but the permission which is desirable for future good purposes need not be too broad, because the public funds and the contingent depreciation of money do not present objections so practically formidable as the too frequent alienation of charity lands by the misconduct of trustees. But land enough for the site of buildings and for gardens, or to a certain proportion of the whole annual value of a bequest, ought not to be precluded from the purposes of charity. The visible effects and comforts of well regulated alms-houses (life-hold tenements for the veteran labourer) would not fail to produce imitation and emulation among large proprietors, who, when they established such rewards for rustic virtue, would have for their own recompense a satisfaction beyond all price. Properly situated, the old would become the instructors of the rising generation and examples of rewarded merit, with the comfort of being in this manner useful to society to the last moments of their existence. Such institutions would in their very nature carry with them a certain degree of religious respectability. The euthanasia of the ancients is only a name with us: it was enjoyed as the natural termination of life in that patriarchal, or

‘————— golden age,

When as the world was in its pupillage;’

now, in the physical meaning of the word, it scarcely falls to the lot of one person in a generation. The entail of the blessing has been cut off by our climate, still more perhaps by our constitutions, which in all of us are tainted, more or less, with some hereditary predisposition to disease, modified by unwholesome habits, and sapped not only by natural but by artificial anxieties, wherewith, as one of our early poets says,

‘We furnish feathers for the wings of death.’

We have however in our choice a better and nobler euthanasia, known to the patriarchs who ‘fell asleep in the Lord,’ but of which the Greeks were ignorant; and the preparation for this makes old age not merely endurable, with all its infirmities and privations, with what it takes away, and, as is so feelingly said by Wordsworth, ‘with what it leaves behind;’ but even gives it a delight hardly to be obtained in youth and robust life, when the passions and pursuits of the world have their full hold upon the heart. The calm of a religious old age is to the enjoyments of mid-life, what the sunset and twilight of a summer evening are to the heat of the noon-day. Of all charities the most efficient and the most fertile in good fruits is that which provides for the spiritual necessities of a rational and immortal being; of all possessions that of an assured faith the

most inestimable. And let it not be supposed that there is an inaptitude for religious feelings in the great mass of mankind; man is characteristically and emphatically a religious creature. Instruction and sympathy are what he needs: but devotion is the appetite of his soul, the instinct of his immortal part. Like other instincts and appetites, it is liable to be perverted and abused; but even when misdirected, its universal existence is proved by the universality of superstition among the uninstructed and ill-instructed part of mankind. Old age bent down with infirmities, and still rooted and clinging to the earth into which it must so soon be huddled up, is indeed a humiliating and mournful spectacle: far otherwise is it when we behold the spiritual part triumphant over mortality, ready to break its shell, and take wing for heaven!

When the French ambassador at the court of James I. inquired what books had been published by Archbishop Whitgift, and was told incidentally that he had founded an hospital and a school, he made answer—*profectò hospitale, ad sublevandam paupertatem, et schola, ad instruendam juventutem, sunt optimi libri quos archiepiscopus conscribere potuit*—‘Surely an hospital to sustain the poor, and a school to train up youth, are the worthiest books that an archbishop could set forth.’—The increase of such foundations may be expected as one natural consequence of increased respectability on the part of the poor, and of that reciprocal good feeling between the poor and the rich which the present system tends directly to destroy.

In the simple remedy for the complicated evils of that system which we have ventured to propose, and which resolves itself into low diet for those who deserve no better, we should have less confidence were there no example of any great benefit achieved by means which seem obvious after they are in general use, but which yet have long remained unknown or unapplied. Such an example however we have, recent, of the most conspicuous kind, and relating to the very same difficulty which we are endeavouring to remove. Need it be said that the Saving Banks are here alluded to:—institutions which will create frugal habits as well as encourage them. Opportunity may be expected to make economists, not perhaps as often as it makes a spendthrift, but more readily than it makes a thief, although it be proverbially noted for teaching larceny.

‘The grand object,’ says Mr. Colquhoun in his evidence before the Committee upon Mendicity, ‘is to prop up poverty, and to prevent persons falling into indigence. Indigence is a state wherein a person is unable to maintain himself by his labour;—poverty is that state where a man’s manual labour supports him, but no more. But I conceive the Provident Banks would give the community at large, what would be most invaluable in society, provident habits;—that the pride of having money in the bank, and the advantage arising from having their interest, would

would induce many persons to put in small sums which they would otherwise spend. This has been found to be the practical effect, and a very slight knowledge of human nature will shew that when a man gets on a little in the world, he is desirous of getting on a little farther.

So certain indeed is the growth of provident habits, that it has been said if a journeyman lays by the first five shillings, his fortune is made. Mr. William Hales, one of those persons who have bestowed most attention upon the state of the labouring classes, and exerted themselves most for their benefit, declares that he never knew an instance of any one coming to the parish who had ever saved money.

‘Those individuals,’ he says, ‘who save money are better workmen; if they do not do the work better, they behave better, and are more respectable; and I would rather have a hundred men who save money, in my trade, than two hundred who would spend every shilling they got. In proportion as individuals save a little money, their morals are much better,—they husband that little,—there is a superior tone given to their morals, and they behave better from knowing they have a little stake in society.’

‘Archimedes,’ says Sir Henry Wotton, ‘was wont to say, “that he would remove the world out of its place, if he had elsewhere to set his foot.” And truly I believe so far, that otherwise he could not do it. I am sure so much is evident in the architecture of fortunes, in the raising of which the best art or endeavour is able to do nothing, if it have not where to lay the first stone.’—This it is which is given by the Saving Banks.

The encouragement given to Saving Banks by the act of the last session shews the high opinion in which they are held by the legislature, and we hope was not excessive nor injudicious, though the attempt to connect these banks with the poor rates might well excite serious apprehensions, important as it is to preserve with the greatest care an entire separation of the sound and the unsound,—and to foster the rising efforts at respectability and independence on the part of the industrious poor, in contradistinction and opposition to the poor-relief system. This error, we rejoiced to see, was strenuously resisted, and with success; and thence it may be hoped that intentional kindness towards the poor will hereafter be received with more caution than heretofore; and that the state of a parish pauper shall not be deemed honourable, as might be inferred from the act of 1808 abolishing parish badges, which, though they were out of use, ought always to have distinguished those who would not, or could not maintain themselves. The legislation which from time to time has taken place regarding workhouses and friendly societies, is at least of very questionable utility; and the public may be congratulated upon the feeling now aroused, and the knowledge lately developed, which will direct the future attention
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of the legislature with more judicious aim at the gradual diminution and possible extinction of the poor rates.

Not that a golden age is to be expected, in which poverty and disease shall disappear: even when the mother evil, the poor rates, shall be removed, more, much more remains to be done, before we effect even that improvement in the general weal which assuredly is within our reach. But let this mother evil be withdrawn, and it may fairly be expected that the particular and general charity put in action by the respectability of the poor will outrun the demands upon it; that the interested patronage of employers, the disinterested benevolence of the wealthy, the increase of hospitals and alms-houses, the rise of wages, and above all the general establishment of Saving Banks, will leave nothing to be done by means of compulsory contributions. It may reasonably be expected that a generous spirit of emulation will arise among the industrious poor in every parish, not to ask for aid, and among their employers to prevent the necessity of their so doing,—whereby to be early in the list of those parishes in which the poor rates shall become obsolete, never to revive again. We hazard no prediction as to the progress or attainment of so happy a consummation; agreeing indeed with Mr. Davison, that a compulsory diminution of the amount of the poor's rate to be regulated by law is scarcely advisable: though it may be highly expedient that the comparative annual amount in every parish within the habitual jurisdiction of every meeting of justices should always be before them, thereby to excite their vigilance and interference in the management of those parishes that shall be behind others in the reformation hereafter to be effected by means of those legislative enactments, which in some shape or other must certainly take place.

The proposed return to the expressed principle of the old law would be as beneficial to the meritorious poor, as it would prove medicinal to the *lazzaroni*—that class of paupers who come to the parish for relief, because they do not chuse to work, or because of the direct consequence of their own misconduct;—they who sing

Hang sorrow and cast away care,

The parish is bound to find us.

At present this numerous description of persons entertain a full persuasion that they have what they call a *right* to be maintained. The lax manner in which the poor laws have been administered has suffered this opinion to grow up and strike deep root. But be it remembered that both the spirit and the letter of the law provide relief for those only who are helpless as well as poor; and the remedy for the huge existing evil is nothing more than a strict and just adherence to this principle. For age and for childhood more should be done than has yet been provided; all that the spendthrift,
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the drunkard and the vagabond can expect is that they should be preserved from perishing by want. To put them in a better condition than that of the poorest labourer who earns his own subsistence is an act of direct injustice and a discouragement to meritorious poverty. When the poor-house supplies for such guests no better fare than they deserve, the table will soon cease to be crowded.

The principle which we have here sought to enforce will be found applicable beyond the important purpose of extinguishing the poor laws: we shall endeavour, on a proper occasion, to prove that it may hereafter become an effectual remedy of the abuses of the debtor and creditor laws. Another application of it, perhaps not less salutary, remains to be explained, and is the more appropriate to the general purpose of this essay, as remedial prospectively, and in some degree at present, of the burthen of county-rates. For it is an error to imagine that the poors' rate, although by its magnitude it hides all other parochial burthens, is itself the sole burthen. The county-rates have increased much faster in the last forty years; so that the money expended for other purposes than the maintenance of the poor is at present not less than two millions *per annum*, and of this the sum paid to the county-rates may be taken at a million a year. A great aggravation of this burthen has arisen from the erection of county jails and bridewells, to the amount perhaps of five millions sterling;—even more when the relative value of money is considered, than in the same space of time was ever expended in cathedrals by our forefathers. And this will be deemed a low estimate by those who have opportunity to know the expenditure of the several counties, or who have seen the fortress-like edifices, massive and ornamental, appropriated to this ill-omened purpose. For in building a jail, not only the expensive accommodations provided in work-houses are held to be necessary, but enormous strength and solidity of fabric becomes so, in proportion as moral means of securing the prisoner are neglected, and the ruder ones are held to be improper. A jail which shall be at the same time sufficiently commodious and secure can scarcely, we understand, be constructed at 300*l.* a head for the number of its intended tenants; and the establishment of jailors and turnkeys annually increases from the same cause. May we be permitted to ask, whether it is impossible to find other security better and cheaper than walls and guards? Is it impossible to divide prisoners into two classes, those who are willing, and those who are unwilling to put themselves upon trial? Suppose prison-breaking were made a substantive crime punishable by transportation for life, provided the prisoner had consented to that condition, the inmates of our jails would become far less troublesome. Those who were conscious
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of innocence or of respectability, or who designed to quit their evil habits when they should be liberated by course of law, would not fail to subscribe to the proposed conditions; and might thereupon be permitted to receive the visits of their friends, unrestrained by the odious, but now necessary preliminary of personal search, and to enjoy other indulgencies at the discretion of the visiting magistrates. Concerning the other class of prisoners, there could be little danger of mistake, and as little occasion for tender treatment; fetters and manacles might be used without scruple for securing men of violence so audacious as not to conceal their intention of endeavouring to escape from the justice of their injured country.

As to those who have been convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment as a punishment for their crimes, the course is yet more easy, it being in the power of the magistrates to regulate the duration according to the rigour; but it should be made a real punishment, however short the term, so that low diet and close confinement might lead to reflection and repentance, and the unintelligible mixture of punishment and personal accommodation might henceforth be abrogated. The details must of course remain at the discretion of the visiting magistrates, who assisted by a law enabling them to class the criminals with due discrimination, would be able to form regulations at once advantageous to the prisoners and to the country: certainly they would not misapply generous diet and magnificent buildings for the encouragement of felons, who instead of dreading the prison as a place of punishment for their offences, now learn to look upon it as a place of residence where there are good accommodations and plenty of amusement. One excellent consequence at least would result from the short but severe confinement of offenders,—that they would not be so likely to escape punishment in cases of conspiracy or riot, when the very number of delinquents, which has made the crime dangerous to society, prevents their punishment: the result of which is that the impunity of nine-tenths operates far more as an encouragement than the punishment of a few ringleaders does as a warning example; and thus men are emboldened to a repetition of the crime, knowing that the space and other indulgencies allowed to prisoners render it too expensive, if not impossible, to carry the sentence of justice into effect where the criminals are numerous.

How far it is practicable to render imprisonment a means of reformation so as to produce the proper end of penance, we shall ere long examine on another occasion: here our object has been to explain and illustrate the efficacy of a principle, simple indeed, but of wide application. But if it should only be found capable of alleviating instead of abolishing the evils resulting from the poor laws, and of the enormous expense of prisons and of prisoners, no degree

degree of labour for the attainment of such ends would be misapplied; nor could the community ever be called upon for their exertions to a better purpose. But in truth any machine which requires much attention must be constructed upon an injudicious principle, and is scarcely worth the expense of maintaining it in action. It is not for us to determine whether the principle for which we have contended be liable to this objection: the obvious objection to which it is liable will apply to any principle whatever upon which the poor laws may be reformed;—and reformed they must be, or the alternative is ruin.

Let us here be permitted to repeat our hope, that upon this subject, if it be possible, all party feelings may be suspended. There is something in our country peculiarly favourable to their growth, as animal poisons acquire a deadlier malignity under the torrid zone. But this is a question upon which all well-meaning men, to whatever class, order, or genus, in politics or religion, they may belong, can have but one interest and one wish. The legislature is called upon to relieve the landed property of the country from a burthen which it is no longer able to bear; and to raise the respectability of the lower classes, which beyond all doubt it is the tendency of the poor laws to destroy. As they are desirous that these objects, so essential to the very existence of the state, and to the welfare of all ranks, should be effected, we hope and trust that all well-meaning persons, (who are and ever must be, under institutions like those with which Great Britain is blest, the great majority of the people,)—we hope and trust that all such persons will consider the question separately from all considerations of party, and co-operate with their best endeavours in carrying into effect a reform, which will in its consequences eradicate half the vice and misery in the land. For upon this subject, more than upon any other, it is easy to inflame the populace, and it would be absurd to endeavour to conceal from ourselves, that from causes not now to be enumerated, few countries were ever in a more inflammable state than England is at this time.

The insurrection, if so it may be termed, in the Isle of Ely ought to be held in perpetual remembrance by those who have to legislate in any affairs connected with the situation or feelings of the multitude. No place in England can be more remote from the factiousness and profligacy supposed to be characteristic of a manufacturing district. A more quiet and secluded spot is not to be found in the whole kingdom: the city itself, islanded formerly by water and now by marshes, is but a small market town where the wants of the neighbouring villages are supplied, and is, in fact, a peculiar jurisdiction of the bishop who resides there, and who usually preaches on the Sunday in the cathedral, (one of the most venerable of all those venerable edifices,) the congregations of all the
parish

parish churches repairing thither to hear him preach after their own prayers are finished. In this neighbourhood, which seems to be the very place where an insurrection was least to be expected, a set of countrymen, meeting at an alehouse, and drinking to excess while they talked over the scarcity, the hardness of the times, and the measures of government as they were represented by the weekly journals, whose poison they sucked in with their liquor, broke out into a riot; it began thus casually, but it found such ready imitation, that a large proportion of the villagers round about Ely enlisted in the cause, and marched against that city to pillage and destroy. The mischief which they had begun was quelled, as is well known, by the exertions of a reverend magistrate, whose prudence and courage would not always find imitators in like cases. When the rioters were tried they were found to be without motive and without meaning. They had been taught that the government of the country, and the administration of justice, were equally weak and contemptible, and they had proceeded to carry into practice the lessons of men who, perhaps, had little further object in vending their weekly doses of sedition than that of gaining a miserable livelihood. To such insurrections every place in England is at least as liable as Ely; and the incendiary spirit must not be forgotten which manifested itself, about the same time, in the neighbouring counties against the barns and corn of those farmers who were unpopular among the poor.

If, therefore, the poor laws are to be reformed under the sanction of the legislature, all payers of poor rates must resolve to combine in mutual safeguard. Reformed these laws must be; they cannot be reformed without exciting a struggle between the destructive and conservative principles in society, the evil and the good, the profligate against the respectable; and too many are the advantages of the former in the contest. Fraud and violence are means which can readily be used, and seldom can be punished—that is, they can only be punished when the offence is brought home against one, perhaps, in a thousand, and not even then unless the jury are men who regard their duty and their oath more than their party opinions, or the fear of the multitude. If the first of these motives prevail, farewell to justice! if the second be suffered to predominate, farewell to peace, and order, and liberty, and all that renders life secure or desirable!

But besides the wicked, who are ready to join in any mischief, and besides the large portion of the population who would be persuaded by evil counsellors that they are aggrieved by any reform of the poor laws, faction and sedition have many natural allies, who would be called into action upon so promising an opportunity of resisting the laws and disturbing the regular course of society.

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Almost every one who augments the long list of bankrupts and insolvents, when he foresees his own failure in business, finds a ready excuse for himself in attributing to government the effects of his own mismanagement and extravagance. Political discontent, indeed, is naturally connected with embarrassment in men of this description, and may be assumed as a tolerably certain indication that the complainant is near the end of his credit and resources—a truth which most persons may find exemplified within their own observation. Nor must it be forgotten that the late war, having created a vast demand for newspapers while great events were in progress, a great number of persons, engaged in supplying that demand, now find it difficult to revert to any other occupation. They are under the necessity of supplying something which shall stimulate the public appetite; the unbridled slander of a government, faulty only in its inability to repress the turbulent, is a topic always at hand and never out of season, and upon this topic envy, hatred, and malice may be palmed upon the world for patriotism and public virtue, the most atrocious falsehood may pass current, and the grossest ignorance go undetected. The habitual readers of such lucubrations form a large class of society, and the great majority imbibe, in all sincerity and simpleness, the opinions of such teachers. Their teachers pretend to speak the public voice, and to be the organ of the people, who, in truth, are their proselytes and dupes. Coffee-house politicians are naturally the tattlers of social life, and one bold uncontradicted propagandist of anarchy misleads many an industrious and well-disposed member of the community, who, attending to his own affairs too closely to think of politics for himself, takes his opinion from any voluble prater who will be pleased to think for him.

We shall not seek further to increase the ancient catalogue of the factious, as given by the prophet Samuel, but we cannot help diverting to a class of men, once the hope and pride and safeguard of their country, and now, by no fault or error of their own, in circumstances which render them apt agents for any perilous drama in the political world. In times of war all ranks are invited into the service; and at the end of the war the greater number must be dismissed, or the nation would sink under the enormous burthen. Nor do we here allude to those only who have been actually employed in the war-establishment, civil as well as military, but we extend our view to those whose parents have been tempted to educate them for a higher calling than their own circumstances would have pointed out, had not the army and navy presented a field of occupation prospectively large enough for all such. How many thousands of men, from fifteen to thirty years of age, the flower of their country, are now languishing in poverty and inaction

as half-pay officers, and as youths educated for a purpose which the course of events has frustrated! Let us honestly confess how little likely it is that men under such circumstances should be averse to any movement which might employ the listless hours, and call into full action the vacant energies of disappointed hope;—let us condescend to perceive that in case of civil commotion, those who are now scarcely noticed but as a useless burthen, would rise to commanding stations in society,—and then let us calculate the aggregate power and force of men in the full vigour of their faculties, and prodigal of life because they are not satisfied with their lot. We call on government to consider the hardships sustained by these individuals, and the danger incurred by not adverting to it; and we ask why the practice of antiquity in such cases is not imitated? Colonies we have, and in various climates, to which slender encouragement would tempt the adventurous; and we cannot but think that with this view a liberal advance of money to a few thousands of those whom we have described, would be a proper act of national justice, and a prudent expenditure for national safety. The whole sum would go in the encouragement of our manufactures, and of the shipping interest; this would be its immediate application,—and with good prospect of an ample return hereafter in the additional customers who would be created.

But whatever steps are taken, we may rest assured that the poor laws cannot be amended in any decisive or satisfactory manner, without endangering the public peace, (for proof of this it is sufficient to instance the corn bill, and the first establishment of turnpikes;) and as the poor laws must of necessity merge in one general destruction all the landed property in England, unless they are effectually amended, the question which arises is, in what manner to secure the public tranquillity without alarming any constitutional jealousy which might divide the opinion of the well-disposed, at a time when the strict union of all such would be especially needful.

Without venturing to prescribe the mode, we may assume that some military array ought to be formed, which would annihilate all final hope of success in a modern jacquery or insurrection* of the poor against the elements of human society. But prevention is better than punishment; and a species of injustice would be committed if simultaneous measures of prevention were not taken. Every agricultural parish might be called upon to find a quota of special constables, composed of farmers and proprietors, who would promptly range themselves under the direction of the parish constable, in case any breach of the peace were committed or threatened; and the head constable of the hundred, or rather of

* A volume comprizing the history of all such insurrections would be not less interesting than useful. Half the public are ignorant of the awful examples of mob-power.
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the district, might, at stated times, muster all this civil force without inconvenience to any, because the districts must of course be so formed by the county magistrates, that every market-town where petty sessions are usually held would form the centre of a district, and the muster-days would only cause a larger resort there. There cannot be much less than 360,000 occupiers of land at present injured by the poor laws; supposing each 100*l.* of agricultural rental to produce such an occupier; and the honour of being numbered among the special constables might be granted to other persons recommended by the good opinion of the parish authorities. The short staff of the constable is not a feeble weapon when there is occasion to use it unsparingly; but this would seldom be requisite, the preparation for resistance would prevent the occasion for it; few men, however daring and ill-intentioned, would venture to face those by whom individually they were so well known, that detection and punishment would be inevitable. A printed extract from some competent authority might be placed in the hand of every special constable, together with his staff, that he may be instructed in the powers and duties of his office; and we are convinced that from such an appointment every well-disposed person would derive double influence, in feeling himself called upon to cast off that inattention and apparent yielding to seditious discourses, which arises from acting upon the prudential maxim, that what is every man's business is nobody's; whence mischief in preparation escapes any check, and is enabled to break out into action. Had one such Abdiel stood forward at the commencement of the Ely riots, the gregarious feelings of our nature would not have been excited into mischievous activity; the proposal of a drunkard would have been received with merited disgust, and those lives would have been spared which were necessarily exacted by justice. So slight are the causes, so small the obstacles which regulate human feelings and human conduct!

But the general subject here under contemplation must not be suffered to lengthen this essay in proportion to its own immense importance, and we hasten to conclude with a brief retrospect of the remedial measures which we have ventured to propose in alleviation of the burthen of the poor-rates. The simple principle, that no pauper shall have a right to insist on relief in any other form than as the magistrates, or parish-officers, shall think his conduct and situation deserve, is a corrective of the existing poor laws, which cannot be deemed very violent by the advocates for their continuance under certain modifications.—Among those advocates we beg leave to range ourselves. We confess indeed that, considering the unexampled wealth, and the commercial and manufacturing activity of England, (the latter cir-

cumstance especially placing the subsistence of a large portion of our population in a state which may be termed, in the language of the insurance offices, 'doubly hazardous,') we are happy to believe that a judicious modification of the poor laws will be more suitable to the existing state of society, and more easy to establish, than if at present we had to consider of the necessity of originating some such insurance against the changes and chances of mortal life, whereby Christian charity, in the largest sense of the word, might be brought into practice, for the encouragement of industry and good conduct, and the discouragement of idleness and vice.

The measures of precaution, under which all the advantages we have in view may be safely attained, cannot fail to be approved by the well-disposed part of the community; for nothing can be more congenial to the spirit of the British constitution than an armed civil force so large and so imposing, as to supersede the necessity of maintaining a standing army at home; if we look to public economy, nothing is so effectual; or if for a moment we imagine ourselves in the situation of a well-intentioned administration, nothing could be more satisfactory than an absolute exemption from all dread of popular tumult, and the consequent power of doing what is best for the people, without regarding the opinion of the populace.—In fine, we may venture to anticipate that this part of the plan will obtain the suffrages of all who are not the open or the secret advocates of mob-government and public anarchy—of all who are sincere friends of that constitution which has been handed down to us by our ancestors, and which is secured to us against all but internal dangers by our insular situation, and the high reputation of the British arms.

ART. II. *Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West Coast of Corea and the Great Loo-choo* Island; with an Appendix containing Charts and various Hydrographical and Scientific Notices*, by Basil Hall, Esq. Captain R. N. F.R.S. L. & E. *And a Vocabulary of the Loo-choo language*, by H. I. Clifford, Esq. Lieutenant R. N. 4to. London. 1818.

THE objectionable manner in which scientific travellers usually communicate the result of their observations to the world, and which, in our review of the last volume of the Baron de Humboldt's travels, we were disposed to consider as operating to the disadvantage of their labours, is judiciously obviated in the volume before us—we allude to the practice of interweaving the details of science with the general narrative—which, by breaking the thread

* Few places can boast such a variety in the orthography of the name as these islands. It has been written Lequeijo, Lekeyo, Lieou keiou, Lieu-chieu, Lew-chew, Loo-choo, Doo-choo, and even Rioku.

of the story, necessarily lessens the general interest. Captain Hall appears to be so well aware of this, that he has abstained from the introduction of every subject, (even those of a professional nature,) that could in any way interrupt the progress of the narrative; and has thrown his nautical and meteorological observations into an Appendix, which, with Mr. Clifford's copious vocabulary of the Loo-choo language, the charts, &c. will be found of infinite service to those whom chance or design may hereafter throw on this unexplored part of the Yellow Sea.

Though the ground gone over by Captain Hall had been previously occupied, and the main facts and incidents of the voyage already stated in the unpretending volume of Mr. M'Leod, the objects were so new and of a nature so interesting that we wished for something more, especially on certain points, respecting those amiable islanders, with whom no Europeans (with the single exception of Captain Broughton) had before held any intercourse. Captain Hall besides appeared to us to be in possession of many advantages which Mr. M'Leod could not be supposed to enjoy. His rank in the service afforded him more frequent opportunities of seeing, and conversing with the higher classes of the people selected to hold communication with the strangers: and his friend, Lieutenant Clifford, who had made very considerable progress in the Loo-choo language, seems, as well as himself, to have minuted down whatever occurred, with a view to future publication.

The style of Captain Hall is more measured and elaborate than that of Mr. M'Leod; it is in fact that of a man accustomed to literary composition, and such as cannot always be expected from a naval officer, whose early life must necessarily be spent in the laborious duties of his profession, while other youths are prosecuting their studies at school. Mr. M'Leod, to use his own expression, is a *straight-forward sort of a fellow*, who tells his story in just the same plain and homely terms which he would make use of to his mess-mates in the ward-room; and this easy and familiar manner constitutes in fact the charm of the narrative, and has contributed not a little to the wide circulation of his book. Add to this, that Mr. M'Leod is sometimes excursive, and talks not only of what he has himself observed, but of what he has read, and heard from others; while Captain Hall adheres with rigid inflexibility to his immediate subject—the coast of Corea and the Loo-choo islands:—not that we consider this restriction as an advantage, except as it may admit of more ample details: that however which constitutes the principal value of Captain Hall's book is his able delineation of individual character, and the dramatic effect arising out of the action and dialogue with which he has skilfully invested the narrative. Far be it from us to disparage, in the slight-

est degree, the highly entertaining work of Mr. McLeod; our opinion of it has been already pronounced; and in observing the interest which he has communicated to his account of the Loo-choo people, we may safely add that the whole narrative of the unfortunate loss of the *Alceste*, and the transactions of the crew on the uninhabited island of Gaspar, could not possibly have been drawn up with greater effect than as they appear in the pages of Mr. McLeod—but to our present author.

Where there is so much good matter to be found we are not disposed to quarrel with a title-page; but, strictly speaking, the 'voyage' was not one of 'discovery,'—though a discovery was accidentally made by the *Alceste* and *Lyra* standing over to the coast of Corea, where an archipelago of innumerable islets, occupying a space of not less than two hundred miles from north to south and sixty miles from east to west was found to usurp the place of what had hitherto been laid down on the charts as the main land of Corea. Our navigators having landed on one of these islands, or rather peaks, ascended to its summit, which was estimated at about six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and from which the main land was just discernible in the east. From this point they endeavoured to count the islands lying around them in thick clusters as far as the eye could reach; but differed in their computation, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and seventy. When it is considered that the point of view was neither very high nor very central, some idea may be formed of the multitude of detached masses, chiefly granite, as it would seem, which compose this hitherto unknown archipelago.

The western coast of Corea had never, in fact, been even seen by Europeans, though parts of the interior had been visited by some shipwrecked Dutchmen. It was intended by the Emperor *Kang-hé* that Corea, as well as Northern Tartary, should be included in the able and laborious Survey of the Chinese empire by the Jesuits; but owing to the extreme jealousy of his Corean majesty, and his urgent entreaties that no missionaries might enter his kingdom, the emperor sent in lieu of them a Tartar mandarin, accompanied by a Chinese doctor of the board of mathematics. From their report, *Père Regis* says, was derived all the information which they were able to obtain respecting the geography of Corea; and which, in fact, differs not essentially from the account given by Hendrick Hamel, who was wrecked in the yacht *Sparwer*, on the island of *Quelpaert*, and, with the rest of the crew, detained for thirteen years in different parts of the country. In the French collection of voyages a doubt is thrown on the authenticity of this curious narrative, but without the slightest reason, it having been completely verified by internal as well as external evidence. The Dutchmen were by no means ill-

ill-treated, but were given to understand that it was the custom of the country to detain all strangers and never to suffer them to depart. The governor ordered boiled rice and arrack to be given to them, and was particularly attentive to the sick; 'so that' (observes Hamel) 'it might be said we were better used by this idolater than we should have been, in the like situation, by Christians.' On their march to the capital the people behaved civilly to them, and every where the upper ranks invited them to their houses; 'the women and children especially (says the narrator) had great curiosity to see us, because it had been rumoured that we were monsters, and that when we drank we were obliged to hold our noses on one side out of the way.'

Hamel's description of the extraordinary measures of precaution taken by the Corean government to prevent all communication between the Chinese ambassador (on his entering the capital) with the Coreans, agrees with that of Père Regis. 'All the streets between the palace and his hotel were lined with soldiers, who were stationed within ten or twelve feet of each other; and two or three men were always in waiting under the windows of the hotel, whose business it was to watch for and take up the billets that were thrown from thence, and to forward them to the king, that he might continually know what the ambassador was doing.' This extreme caution respecting foreigners will sufficiently explain the conduct of the Corean chief, and his followers, towards our navigators: with every disposition to be kind and friendly, they were obviously under the influence of terror, lest, by permitting any communication with the people on shore, their heads should be endangered. Captain Hall has contrived to give a considerable degree of interest to the character and conduct of the chief of the district bordering on Basil Bay.

'On coming closer, we saw a fine patriarchal figure seated under the umbrella (the symbol of authority); his full white beard covered his breast, and reached below his middle; his robe or mantle, which was of blue silk, and of an immense size, flowed about him in a magnificent style. His sword was suspended from his waist by a small belt, but the insignia of his office appeared to be a slender black rod tipped with silver, about a foot and a half long, with a small leather thong at one end, and a piece of black crape tied to the other: this he held in his hand. His hat exceeded in breadth of brim any thing we had yet met with, being, as we supposed, nearly three feet across.'—p. 14.

Unfortunately, the ships had no other interpreter than a Chinese servant, who could neither write his own language, nor speak that of Corea. The old gentleman seemed to be considerably at this.

'At length, however, he sat down on his mat, and beg

great gravity and composure, without appearing in the smallest degree sensible that we did not understand a single word that he said. We of course could not think of interrupting him, and allowed him to talk on at leisure; but when his discourse was concluded, he paused for our reply, which we made with equal gravity in English; upon this he betrayed great impatience at the harangue having been lost upon us, and supposing that we could, at all events, read, he called to his secretary, and began to dictate a letter. The secretary sat down before him with all due formality, and having rubbed his cake of ink upon a stone, drawn forth his pen, and arranged a long roll of paper upon his knee, began the writing, which was at length completed, partly from the directions of the Chief, and partly from his own ideas, as well as the occasional suggestions of the bystanders. The written part was then torn off from the scroll and handed to the Chief, who delivered it to me with the utmost confidence of its being understood: but his mortification and disappointment were extreme on perceiving that he had overrated our acquirements.'—p. 16, 17.

Wherever a party landed, it met from the natives an unwelcome reception, and all means were employed to make them comprehend how anxious they were to send them back to their ships. One man held up a piece of paper shaped like a sail, blew upon it in the direction of the wind, and pointed to the vessels; and whenever the visitors happened to turn their faces towards the boats, instant marks of joy appeared on every countenance. 'They took our hands,' says Captain Hall, 'and helped us over the slippery stones to the beach; and on perceiving one of the boats aground, several of them stripped and jumped into the water to push her off.' The description which our author gives of a Corean village on the principal island of 'Sir James Hall's group' is not of the most inviting kind; and, upon the whole, we are not surprized that they quitted (as they say they did) 'the coast of Corea without much regret.'

'The village consists of forty houses rudely constructed of reeds plastered with mud, the roofs are of all shapes, and badly thatched with reeds and straw, tied down by straw ropes. These huts are not disposed in streets, but are scattered about without order, and without any neatness or cleanliness, and the spaces between them are occupied by piles of dirt and pools of muddy water. The valley in which this comfortable village is situated is, however, pretty enough, though not wooded; the hills forming it are of an irregular shape, and covered at top with grass and sweet-scented flowers; the lower parts are cultivated with millet, buck-wheat, a kind of French bean, and tobacco, which last grows in great quantity; and here and there is a young oak-tree.'—p. 5, 6.

In their progress to the southward they fell in with Sulphur Island, on which, unfortunately, they found it impossible to land, on account of the violent surf which broke on every part of the beach.

'The

'The sulphuric volcano from which the island takes its name is on the north-west side; it emits white smoke, and the smell of sulphur is very strong on the lee side of the crater. The cliffs near the volcano are of a pale yellow colour, interspersed with brown streaks: the ground at this place is very rugged, as the strata lie in all directions, and are much broken; on the top is a thin coat of brown grass. The south end of the island is of considerable height, of a deep blood-red colour, with here and there a spot of bright green: the strata, which are here nearly horizontal, are cut by a thin dyke running from the top to the bottom of the cliff, projecting from its face like a wall.'—pp. 58, 59.

The volcano, which appeared to be in a state of activity, is probably the westernmost of a chain of volcanoes stretching far eastward into the Pacific. One of these was passed by Captain Gore, in latitude $24^{\circ} 48'$, and longitude $141^{\circ} 12'$: he gave it the name of 'Sulphur Island, as it exhibited (he says) various colours, and as a considerable part of it was conjectured to be sulphur, both from its appearance to the eye, and its strong sulphureous smell.'

Kämpfer mentions an island to the southward of Satzuma, under the name of Iwogosima, which signifies, he tells us, *Sulphur Island*.^{*} 'It is not above a hundred years,' he says, 'since the Japanese first ventured thither. It was thought, before that time, to be wholly inaccessible, and by reason of the thick smoke which was observed continually to arise from it, and of the several spectres, and other frightful uncommon apparitions, people fancied to see there chiefly in the night, it was believed to be a dwelling-place of devils, till at last a resolute and courageous man offered himself, and obtained leave, accordingly, to go and to examine the state and situation. He chose fifty resolute fellows for this expedition, who, upon going on shore, found neither hell nor devils, but a large flat spot of ground at the top, which was so thoroughly covered with sulphur, that wherever they walked a thick smoke issued from under their feet.' Sulphur is a very considerable article of export from Loo-choo to China.

Of the two great agents in the formation of new lands in the Pacific, the fabricators of the coral reefs are by far more productive than the sub-marine volcanoes, and, at the same time, more dangerous to the navigator. The *Lyra*, which led the way, had nearly been wrecked upon reefs of this kind more than once, on their approach to the Loo-choo islands. We have often, in our pages, adverted to this extraordinary and almost inexplicable process of the creation of new lands; and as all additional facts respecting those immense labours of minute worms may be considered as so many accessions to science, we willingly transcribe

^{*} From his vague account of its position, this may, or may not, be the island seen by the *Alceste* and *Lyra*, which the Loo-choos call by the name of *Lun-hum-shan*, which also signifies *Sulphur Island*.

Captain Hall's observations on a coral-reef formation, on the western side of the great Loo-choo island.

'The examination of a coral reef during the different stages of one tide is particularly interesting. When the tide has left it for some time it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock, exceedingly hard and ragged; but as the tide rises, and the waves begin to wash over it, the coral worms protrude themselves from holes which were before invisible. These animals are of a great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that, in a short time, the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion. The most common worm is in the form of a star, with arms from four to six inches long, which are moved about with a rapid motion in all directions, probably to catch food. Others are so sluggish, that they may be mistaken for pieces of the rock, and are generally of a dark colour, and from four to five inches long, and two or three round. When the coral is broken, about high water mark, it is a solid hard stone, but if any part of it be detached at a spot which the tide reaches every day, it is found to be full of worms of different lengths and colours, some being as fine as a thread and several feet long, of a bright yellow, and sometimes of a blue colour: others resemble snails, and some are not unlike lobsters in shape, but soft, and not above two inches long.

'The growth of coral appears to cease when the worm is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. Thus, a reef rises in the form of a cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tides, above which the worm has no power to advance, and the reef of course no longer extends itself upwards. The other parts, in succession, reach the surface, and there stop, forming in time a level field with steep sides all round. The reef, however, continually increases, and being prevented from going higher, extends itself laterally in all directions. But this growth being as rapid at the upper edge as it is lower down, the steepness of the face of the reef is still preserved. These are the circumstances which render coral reefs so dangerous in navigation; for, in the first place, they are seldom seen above the water; and, in the next, their sides are so steep, that a ship's bows may strike against the rock before any change of soundings has given warning of the danger.'—p. 107—109.

On approaching the great island of Loo-choo, they fell in with several canoes; and one man, appearing to be aware of what they were in search, directed them, by signs, to the quarter in which the principal harbour was situated. The conduct of the people in these canoes was singularly friendly; one handed up a jar of water, another, a basket of boiled sweet potatoes, without asking or appearing to wish for any return. 'Their manners,' Captain Hall says, 'were gentle and respectful; they uncovered their heads when in our presence; bowed whenever they spoke to us; and when we gave them some rum, they did not drink it till they had bowed to every person round. All this promised well, and was particularly grateful after the cold repulsive manners of the Coreans.'

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We noticed, in a former Article, the little artifice made use of to convince the natives of the distressed situation of the ships on their anchoring before the town of Napakiang, and which obtained for them such ready and cheerful assistance. Captain Hall tells us that numerous parties came off from the shore, and that the deportment of all was modest, polite, timid, and respectful. They had the address however to amuse their visitors a whole fortnight, parrying with considerable ingenuity every proposal that was made to go on shore, and setting aside with great adroitness every allusion to that subject; giving them at the same time every thing they could possibly want, in the way of provisions, and even anticipating their wishes. At length, however, a greater number of boats than usual were observed coming off in a kind of procession, and it was soon discovered that a *great man* was in one of them. He appeared to be about sixty, and had a cheerfulness of expression and a liveliness of manner, remarkable for a man of that age; his manners were graceful and elegant, and from the first moment he seemed to be quite at his ease; every thing about him indicated good breeding, and a familiarity with good society.* He examined every part of the *Alceste* with the greatest attention, and seemed to be highly entertained with what he saw.

On taking leave, the Chinese interpreter (whose language was here understood) was desired to say that Captain Maxwell and his officers would return the visit the next day; but this was decidedly objected to. The interpreter however was not so easily to be repulsed; he followed the *great man* into the boat, where every persuasion was used to convince him of the impropriety of the strangers going on shore; but the Chinese being determined not to yield the point, they rowed away without coming to any understanding. The report of John Chinaman (so they familiarly called the interpreter) is too curious to be omitted, especially as to his perseverance the strangers appear to have owed their permission to land.

"They ax me," (says John) "what for my ta-yin (great man) come sho?" I say, "to make chin-chin* they ta-yin;" they tell me, "You ta-yin too much great mandarine, no can come sho;" I say, "What for my ta-yin no come sho? He great man; he† Ta-whang-tee too much great man; he let you ta-yin come board ship, and you no let him come sho, chin-chin you ta-yin; what for this?" Then they speak long time together; by and by ax me, "how many people bring sho you ta-yin?" So I shake my head, I no like give answer long time, (they always take long time answer me), When they ax me again, I say, "Ta-yin br

* Chin-chin, in the corrupt dialect of Canton, means the ceremony which consists in the action of holding up the closed hands, pressed face, and bowing at the same time.

† Ta-whang-tee is Chinese for Emperor, King.

people mo besides me." They say, "too much men come;" I say, "No, no too much." They ax, "What time come?" I give no answer.—p. 93.

On this report the determination was taken of returning the visit. The ceremony of landing, their friendly reception, the decent behaviour of the multitude, and the entertainment which had been prepared for them are described pretty nearly in the same terms as in Mr. M'Leod's book. The feast consisted of hard boiled eggs, coloured and sliced, of fish fried in batter, sliced pork smoked, sliced pig's liver; then tea, which being new, resembled in taste an infusion of hay. A dish consisting of a mass of coarse, soft, black sugar, wrapped up in unbaked dough, and powdered over with rice flour dyed yellow, was the only unpalatable one; cakes in various shapes, with something like cheese, completed the entertainment; the intervals of which were filled up with cups of *sackee*,* pipes and tobacco; and every thing passed off with the greatest good humour and jollity. A hint was given towards the end of the entertainment, when every one appeared to be merry and good humoured, of a wish to go into the town, but the very mention of such a thing sobered the whole party in an instant, and the subject was accordingly dropped.

From this time, however, it was perceived that our visitors had gained a considerable step in the confidence of the Loo-choos; they now were occasionally allowed to go on shore and to walk up the side of a hill, though still under such *surveillance* as to make any little excursion irksome and uncomfortable, and it was in vain they urged the necessity of landing the sick. The departure of the *Lyra*, however, to examine the coast, produced the desired effect; the chiefs hastened on board the *Alceste* to inquire what was become of the little ship. Captain Maxwell told them that they had trifled with him so long, and refused to let him land his casks and stores with such obstinacy, that he found it necessary to look out for some more favourable place at which to refit. On hearing this they entreated that he would not think of moving from Napakiang; adding that he should have store-rooms on shore for whatever he desired; and that he and his officers might land where they pleased, and walk to the top of the hill without being guarded. In short, they now assigned for their immediate use an oblong enclosure, sixty yards by forty, surrounded by a wall twelve feet high. Of this prison (for such it might be considered) they kept undivided possession during the remainder of their stay, which was about a month.

A more intimate intercourse now began to take place; the three

* This liquor (which is distilled from rice) is called *chazzi* by Mr. M'Leod: *sackee* is the Japanese name, and *chazzi* (we suppose) their own, as we perceive it is so called by the Chinese ambassador. It is drank in very small cups.

or four persons who constantly attended them were all civility and good humour; among these was an individual of the name of Mádëra, whose character is drawn with great ability, and excites a very considerable degree of interest.

Two of the natives have been studying English with great assiduity, and with considerable success. One is called Mádëra, the other Anya. They carry note books in imitation of Mr. Clifford, in which they record in their own characters every word they learn. They are both keen fellows, and are always amongst the strangers. From the respect occasionally paid to them, it is suspected that their rank is higher than they give out, and that their object in pretending to be people of ordinary rank is to obtain a more free intercourse with all classes on board the ships. Mádëra, by his liveliness and propriety of manners, has made himself a great favourite; he adopts our customs with a sort of intuitive readiness, sits down to table, uses a knife and fork, converses, and walks with us; in short, does every thing that we do, quite as a matter of course, without any apparent effort or study. He is further recommended to us by the free way in which he communicates every thing relating to his country; so that as he advances in English, and we in Loo-choo, he may be the means of giving us much information. As an instance of his progress in English, it may be mentioned, that one day he came on board the *Lyra*, and said, "The Ta-yin speak me, 'you go ship, John come shore,'" by which we understood that Captain Maxwell had sent him on board the brig for the interpreter. This was about three weeks after our arrival.—pp. 132—133.

There is something so fascinating in the conduct of this extraordinary man, that we cannot resist the temptation of entering more largely into it.

Mádëra has made great improvement in English, and his character is altogether more developed. He is quite at his ease in our company, and seems to take the most extraordinary interest in every thing belonging to us; but his ardent desire to inform himself on all subjects sometimes distresses him a good deal; he observes the facility with which we do some things, and his enterprizing mind suggests to him the possibility of his imitating us; but when he is made sensible of the number of steps by which alone the knowledge he admires is to be attained, his despair is strongly marked. He sometimes asks us to read English aloud to him, to which he always listens with the deepest attention. One day, on shore, he saw me with a book in my hand: he begged me to sit down under a tree and read: Jeeroo was the only chief present, but there were several of the peasants in attendance upon him; they all lay down on the grass, and listened with an attention and interest which are natural enough: every one expressed himself and satisfied except Mádëra, whose anxiety was to read in manner himself. From the earnest way in which he every subject, we were sometimes inclined to think he been directed by the government to inform himself or certainly a fitter person could not have been select

himself so readily to all ranks, that he became at once a favourite, and every person took pleasure in obliging him.

³ Jeeroo is esteemed in another way; he is uniformly good humoured and obliging, and not without curiosity; but he is not clever, and has none of the fire and enthusiasm of Madera. We all think kindly of Jeeroo, and shake him cordially by the hand when we meet him; but Madera is admired and respected, as well as esteemed, and his society is courted for his own sake.

⁴ Madera is about twenty-eight years of age, of a slender figure, and very active; his upper teeth project in front over the lower ones, giving his face a remarkable, but not a disagreeable expression. He is always cheerful, and often lively and playful, but his good sense prevents his ever going beyond the line of strict propriety. When required by etiquette to be grave, no one is so immoveably serious as Madera, and when mirth rules the hour, he is the gayest of the gay: such indeed is his taste on these occasions, that he not only catches the outward tone of his company, but really appears to think and feel as they do. His enterprising spirit and versatility of talent have led him to engage in a number of pursuits; his success, however, is the most remarkable in his acquisition of English. About a month after our arrival, he was asked what had become of his companion Anya; he replied, "Anya, him mother sick, he go him mother house;" and when asked if he would return, he said, "Two, three day time, him mother no sick, he come ship." With all these endowments and attainments he is unaffectedly modest, and never seems aware of his being superior to the rest of his countrymen. We were a long time in doubt what was his real rank; for at first he kept himself back, so that he was well known to the midshipmen, before the officers were at all acquainted with him: he gradually came forward, and though he always wore the dress of the ordinary respectable natives, his manners evidently belonged to a higher rank, but he never associated with the chiefs, and disclaimed having any pretensions to an equality with them. Notwithstanding all this, there were occasional circumstances, which, by shewing his authority, almost betrayed his secret. One morning a difficulty arose about some supplies which the chiefs had engaged to procure, but which they had neglected to send: as soon as Madera was told of the circumstance, he went to Captain Maxwell, and undertook to arrange it to his satisfaction, at the same time begging that if any difficulty occurred in future, he might be applied to. Whatever may be Madera's rank in his own society, it is highly curious to discover in a country so circumstanced, the same politeness, self-denial, and gracefulness of behaviour which the experience of civilized nations has pointed out as constituting the most pleasing and advantageous form of intercourse.

⁵ The great interest which Madera took in the English, and the curiosity he always expressed about our customs at home, suggested the idea of taking him with us to England, where he would have been an interesting specimen of a people so little known; and he also might have carried back knowledge of the greatest use to his country. When it was proposed to him, he paused for some minutes, and then, shaking his

his head, said, "I go Injeree;—father, mother, child, wife, house, all cry! not go; no, no, all cry!"—p. 156—159.

A few days before they sailed, the prince of Loo-choo, heir to the throne, paid a visit to the *Alceste*, and invited the officers to an entertainment on shore. He was about fifty years old, his beard full and white, and his figure well proportioned. He was a man of plain, unaffected manners, and though there was nothing striking about him, it was thought that in making inquiries into different things on board, he shewed more discrimination than most of those who had preceded him.

* Nothing, however, that occurred to-day, attracted more notice than Madera's assumption of his long concealed rank. He came for the first time dressed in the robes and hatchee-matchee of a chief, and not only took precedence of all our old friends, but during the discussion in the cabin with the Prince, maintained a decided superiority over them all. While all the rest were embarrassed in the Prince's presence, and crouching on their knees every time they spoke, Madera, though always respectful, was quite at his ease; and we could not help fancying that he addressed the Prince as if accustomed to his society. It was no less remarkable, that the Prince referred much oftener to him than to any of the rest, and listened to what he said with greater attention. Whether Madera owed such distinction to his actual rank, which may have placed him about the court, or to the ascendancy of his talents, or to the accidental circumstance of his having had better opportunities of knowing us than any other of the natives, we could never discover. He admitted, when interrogated, that he had often seen the Prince before, while the other chiefs confessed their ignorance even of his person, before to-day.

* As soon as the Prince was placed in his chair and carried away, Madera came on board, and entered with great good humour into all the jokes which were made upon his new character. He declined telling why he had kept his rank so long out of sight, but it was sufficiently obvious that his main object was to establish an intimacy with all the different classes on board the ships, and in this he completely succeeded; for he had gradually advanced in his acquaintance, first with the sailors, then the midshipmen, next with the officers, and last of all with the captains. By this means he gained the confidence and good will of each class as he went along; and by rising in consequence every day, instead of putting forward all his claims at once, acquired not only substantial importance with us, but gained a much more intimate knowledge of our character and customs than he could have hoped to do in any other way.—p. 184, 185.

The time was now fast approaching for their departure; and never was regret more sincerely felt on both sides at taking leave of each other. The poor fellows who had been appointed to attend on the strangers, and who had taken so lively an interest in all that concerned them, were overwhelmed with grief on perceiving the preparations

rations making for quitting the island; 'the wonted hilarity of the lower orders was quite gone,' and even children were affected. A little sextant had been given to the Prince, who put it into the hands of Mádéra that he might learn the use of it. 'A more hopeless enterprize,' says Captain Hall, 'could not have been proposed to any man;' but as Mádéra was a man not to be thrown into despair by difficulties, he persevered in making his observations, and in a few hours was perfectly master of the mere practical operation of taking angles and altitudes. This extraordinary character hurried on board the *Alceste* the day before their departure, when every thing had been embarked.

'While we were at dinner, Mádéra came into the *Alceste's* cabin for the purpose of asking some questions about the sextant. He had not been aware of our being at dinner, and looked shocked at having intruded; and when invited to sit down, politely, but firmly declined. From the cabin he went to the gun room, to see his friend Mr. Hoppner, the junior lieutenant of the *Alceste*, with whom he had formed a great friendship. Mr. Hoppner gave him a picture of the *Alceste*, and some other presents; upon which Mádéra, who was much affected, said, "To-morrow ship go sea; I go my father's house, two day distance: when I see my father, I show him your present, and I tell him, me, Henry Hoppner, all same(as) brother," and burst into tears."—p. 199.

We scarcely remember a more affecting scene than that which took place on bidding a last farewell to this highly interesting and amiable people.

'Sunday, 27th of October.—At day-break we unmoored, and the natives, on seeing us take up one of our anchors, thought we were going to get under weigh immediately, and give them the slip, which was not at all intended. This alarm, however, brought the chiefs off in a great hurry; not in a body in their usual formal way, but one by one, in separate canoes. Old Jeema called on board the *Lyra* on his way to the frigate; he was a good deal agitated, and the tears came into his eyes when I put a ring on his finger. He gave me in return his knife.

'The other chiefs called alongside on their way to the frigate, but went on when I told them that I was just going to the *Alceste* myself. In the mean time Mádéra came on board, with the sextant in his hand; he was in such distress that he scarcely knew what he was about. In this distracted state he sat down to breakfast with us, during which he continued lighting his pipe and smoking as fast as he could; drinking and eating whatever was placed before him. After he had a little recovered himself, he asked what books it would be necessary to read to enable him to make use of the sextant; I gave him a nautical almanack, and told him that he must understand that in the first instance: he opened it, and looking at the figures, held up his hands in despair, and was at last forced to confess that it was a hopeless business. He therefore put the sextant up and bade us farewell. Before he left the *Lyra* he gave Mr. Clifford his pipe, tobacco pouch, and a crystal ornament;

ment; saying, as he held out the last, "You go Ingeree, you give this to your child."

* Mr. Clifford gave him a few presents in return, and expressed his anxiety to be considered his friend. Mádera, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, placed his hand several times upon his heart, and cried, "Eedooshee, edooshee!" My friend, my friend!

* To me he gave a fan and a picture of an old man looking up at the sun, drawn, he said, by himself: he probably meant in his picture some allusion to my usual occupation at the observatory. After he had put off in his boat, he called out, "Ingeree noo choo sibttee yootoosha," I shall ever remember the English people. When he went to the Alceste, one of the chiefs remarked that he had neither his hatchee-matchee on nor his robes, and told him that it was not respectful to wait upon Captain Maxwell for the last time, in his ordinary dress; particularly as all the others were in full array. Mádera, who, poor fellow, had been too much concerned about other matters to think of dress, was shocked at this apparent want of politeness, and went immediately to apologize to Captain Maxwell, who took him by the hand, and gave him a present, telling him, at the same time, that he was always too happy to see him, to notice what dress he had on.

* On going into the cabin, I found the chiefs seated in a row, all very disconsolate, and apparently trying to conceal emotions different, in all probability, from any which they had ever before experienced. Captain Maxwell had made them his parting present, and I therefore gave to each chief some trifle, receiving from them in return, their knives, pipes, pouches, and fans. In the mean time the anchor was hove up, and every thing being ready for making sail, the chiefs rose to take leave. Ookooma wished to say something, but was too much affected to speak, and before they reached their boats they were all in tears.

* Mádera cried bitterly as he shook hands with his numerous friends, who were loading him with presents.

* The chiefs, as well as the people in the numerous canoes which had assembled round the ships, stood up, and continued waving their fans and handkerchiefs till we were beyond the reefs, and could see them no longer.—p. 200—203.

The narratives of Captain Hall and Mr. M'Leod are well calculated to make an impression highly favourable to the character and happy condition of the Loo-choos. Their conduct to Captain Broughton, when wrecked near Taypinsan, (one of the group of islands,) gave the same idea of the humane and friendly disposition of these islanders. The Chinese and the Japanese agree in speaking of them as a cheerful and happy people. Kämpfer says, 'the inhabitants, which are for the most part either husbandmen or fishermen, are a good natured merry sort of people, leading an agreeable contented life, diverting themselves, after their work is done, with a glass of rice beer, and playing upon their musical instruments, which they for this purpose carry out with them into the fields.' With all this it seems evident, that in their jealousy of strangers, they are perfect Chinese;

nese; nor perhaps ought we to wonder at it. While we give them full credit, however, for the dexterous management of that suspicious vigilance which they exercised without giving offence, we must not withhold the praise due to Captain Maxwell for the patience and forbearance exemplified in his own person, and which influenced the conduct of all those under his orders. It was an instance of no slight degree of self-denial, to remain for a whole fortnight patiently on board, when anchored close to the shore, after a long voyage, or to refrain from entering the town, close to the gates of which they were quartered for a full month. Such conduct in the officers and crews of two ships of war is, above all praise; and the good effects of it cannot fail of being experienced by such English vessels as may hereafter touch at Loo-choo. The British flag is not likely to meet with that rude repulse here which Captain Pellew, of the *Phaeton* frigate, is said to have experienced in the bay of Nangasaki, when he exacted from the Japanese that which they could not well spare, and the payment for which they refused with an observation, that all they asked was that he would leave their coast and never come near them again.

In conclusion, we are not quite sure that the two accounts of Captain Hall and Mr. M'Leod, though perfectly correct in every thing that came under their own observation, are not calculated to raise the national character of the Loo-choos somewhat above its proper level. Limited as the intercourse of our navigators was to a few persons especially appointed to superintend their wants and observe their movements; ignorant altogether, for some time at least, of the language, and communicating only by means of a Chinese servant, speaking broken English and provincial Chinese, it cannot be supposed that they enjoyed the means of obtaining either very extensive or very accurate information. The narrative of *Su-pou-quang*, a learned Chinese, who was sent by Kang-hi, in 1719, to Loo-choo, with instructions to note down every thing curious or interesting with regard to those islands and their inhabitants, may probably therefore be considered as the most accurate account which has yet been given of these islanders. It was published at Pekin in two volumes; and as it differs in some respects from that of Captain Hall, it may not be amiss to notice one or two of these points of disagreement.

Captain Hall observes, that the tombs of the Loo-choos are, like those of the Chinese, generally in the form of a horse-shoe; that the coffin is placed in the vault under the tomb, and remains untouched for six or seven years, by which time the flesh is found to have separated and wasted away; when the bones are collected and put into jars, which are ranged in rows on the inside of the vault. 'Burning,' he adds, 'is never used at any stage of the proceedings, nor under any circumstances.' *Su-pou-quang* says that they

‘they burn the flesh of the dead bodies, and collect and preserve the bones.’

‘Polygamy,’ says Captain Hall, ‘is not allowed in Loo-choo as in China’—‘they invariably spoke with horror of the Chinese practice, which allows a plurality of wives, and were much gratified on learning that the English customs in this respect were similar to those of Loo-choo.’ *Su-poa-quang* asserts, on the contrary, that polygamy is allowed as in China; but that the young men and women see each other before marriage, and chuse for themselves. The complete state of degradation in which the females are, from both accounts, placed, detracts not a little from the many good qualities of these islanders; and the contempt and ridicule with which the priesthood appears to be treated is an unfavourable trait in the national character.

Captain Hall says, ‘they appear to have no money, and, from all we could see or hear, they are even ignorant of its use’—‘they set no value upon Spanish dollars.’ The Spanish dollar is as little known in China beyond the province of Canton as in Loo-choo; and that extensive and populous empire has no other current coin than their base metal piece, which is the thousandth part of six and eight-pence; and which, as appears by *Su-poa-quang*, is carried away from the eastern coast of China in great abundance. Captain Hall further says, ‘We saw no arms of any kind, and the natives always declared that they had none.’ Yet *Su-poa-quang* says, they manufacture arms as an article of commerce, and that a military board forms one of the departments of government. We rather incline to the Chinese writer:—that a people should subsist in a high state of civilization without money or arms, appears altogether so extraordinary that we cannot wonder at the degree of scepticism with which the account has been received. When Lord Amherst mentioned this part of the Loo-choo polity to Buonaparte, he broke forth—‘No arms! Sacre! how do they carry on war then?’ When the same circumstances were related to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he is said to have exclaimed, ‘No money! Bless me! how do they carry on the government?’

‘During our intercourse with these people,’ says Captain Hall, ‘there did not occur one instance of theft;’ and he adds, ‘this degree of honesty is a feature which distinguishes the people of Loo-choo from the Chinese.’ Is Captain Hall aware that, of the many thousand articles which the labouring Chinese transported both in Lord Macartney’s and Lord Amherst’s embassies—in the former, several hundred miles by land into the mountains of Tartary and back again—not a single article was missing? We have heard indeed that he had himself an example of the *honesty* of the Chinese on the coast of Pe-tche-lee, where, having through forgetfulness left

his watch among a crowd of Chinese in a town at some distance from the coast, on sending for it the following morning, he immediately recovered it. The common Chinese of Canton, it is true, are addicted to thieving and cheating; but are our own countrymen on the Point of Portsmouth, in Wapping, or in Houndsditch, quite immaculate in these respects? Do all foreigners who visit the port of Canton deal honestly with the Chinese? We refer to Mr. Barrow's book for an answer. *Su-poa-quang*, however, agrees with our navigators, and affirms that the Loo-choos are enemies to falsehood and dishonesty; yet we believe that, had Captain Maxwell put into any of the northern ports of China, under the same circumstances as into Napakiang, his reception from the Chinese would not have been very different from that which he experienced at the hands of these good people.

In fact, though originally Japanese or eastern Tartars, the Loo-choos for the last thousand years or more have been so completely under the influence of the Chinese religion, government, laws, and customs, that they may be said to differ very little from them. Not long since a Loo-choo junk, on her voyage to Fokien, was driven to Macao, and we have been informed by an English gentleman, who went on board the vessel, that the Chinese of that place were delighted to see the crew, and hailed them as the descendants of the ancient Chinese, their dress and mode of pinning up their hair on the top of the head being the old costume of their countrymen, before they were conquered and shorn by the Tartars. If, therefore, they are found to excel the Chinese in virtue, it is not improbably to be ascribed, in some degree, to their seclusion from the rest of the world, and to the limited extent of their numbers, which requires a less rigid and a less suspicious administration of the government, than that which prevails in an empire containing the largest mass of population which exists, under the same code of laws, in the whole world.

ART. III. *Foliage; or, Poems Original and Translated.* By Leigh Hunt. 8vo. London. 1818.

WINTER has at length passed away: spring returns upon us, like a reconciled mistress, with redoubled smiles and graces; and even we poor critics, 'in populous city pent,' feel a sort of ungainly inspiration from the starved leaflets and smutty buds in our window-pots; what, then, must be the feelings with which the Arcadian Hunt,

'half-stretched on the ground,

With a *check-smoothing* air coming taking him round,'—p. lxxxi.

must welcome the approach of the 'fair-limbed' goddess to his rural

rural retreat at Hampstead? He owes her indeed especial gratitude; and it would be unpardonable in him to suffer his 'day-sweet' voice, and * 'smoothing-on' 'sleeking-up' harp to be mute upon this occasion. The spring is to Mr. Hunt, what the night was to Endymion, the season for receiving peculiar favours; the 'smiling Naiads,' and even the 'coy Ephydriads' will soon again admit him 'in sun-sprinkled ease' to their bath and toilette; while the bolder 'Nepheleids' will leave their chariots in the air to kiss with 'breathless lips serene' their 'little ranting' favourite adoncino d'amore.

Mr. Hunt's offering to the season (we do not mean the book-making and bookselling season) consists of 'foliage' and 'evergreens.' Of each in order,—but first a few words of the dedication and preface. The former is addressed to a gentleman, of whom we know nothing, but who deserves, we doubt not, more than his friend's delicacy permitted him to record in his praise. Yet the good qualities which are with exquisite judgment selected, as entitling him to the honourable post which he occupies, must we think a little surprize even the possessor himself.

'You are not one of those, who pay the strange compliment to heaven of depreciating this world, because you believe in another; you admire its beauties both in nature and art.' These are certainly very uncommon merits; but further—'A rational piety and a manly patriotism does (do) not hinder you from putting the Phidian Jupiter over your organ, or flowers at the end of your room.' While we give the writer all due credit for the admirably close connection between the first and last part of this sentence, we must be excused if we hesitate to believe in the existence of magnanimity so super-human. The partiality of the friend is but too manifest in such praise; indeed Mr. Hunt seems to feel this himself, for he concludes by soothing the offended modesty of his hero—'Pray pardon me this public compliment, for my own sake, and for sincerity's.'

The dedication is followed by a very entertaining preface; but we will take shame to ourselves, and honestly confess, that a certain beautiful and indefinite vagueness in the expression has made it difficult for us to understand parts—while the excursiveness of Mr. Hunt's mind prevents our following him so as to connect the whole. We are aware of the ready answer—'*intellectum non*

* We think it but candid to state thus early, that we claim no other praise than that of selection, for the many new and beautiful epithets, with which this article is adorned. The whole merit of original invention, as far as we know, is Mr. Hunt's,—for our own sakes we could have wished that he had subjoined an explanation of some of them, as we fear that in our ignorance of their meanings we may sometimes, with all our care, have been guilty of misapplying them.

adfero,' and we bow to it; but as a specimen of what we mean in both ways, we quote the following passage. It follows a few remarks on the downfall of the French school of poetry and the consequences of that downfall, with a definition of the true principles of poetry.

'An unattractive creed, however the hypocritical or envious may affect to confound the cheerful tendencies of our nature with vicious ones, or the melancholy may be led really to do so, is an argument against itself. Shall we never have done with begging the question against enjoyment, and denying or doubting the earthly possibility of the only end of virtue itself, with a dreary wilfulness that prevents our obtaining it? The fatality goes even farther—for let them say what they please to the contrary, they who are most doubtful of earth, are far from being the most satisfied with regard to heaven. Even when they think they have got at their security in the latter respect, it is through the medium of opinions which make humanity shudder; and this, except with the most brutal selfishness, comes round to the same thing. The depreciators of this world—the involuntary blasphemers of Nature's goodness—have tried melancholy and partial systems enough, and talked enough of their own humility. It is high time for them and for all of us to look after health and sociality; and to believe that although we cannot alter the world with an ipse dixit, we need not become desponding, or mistake a disappointed egotism for humility. We should consider ourselves as what we really are—creatures made to enjoy more than to know, to know infinitely nevertheless in proportion as we enjoy kindly, and finally to put our own shoulders to the wheel, and get out of the mud upon the green sward again, like the waggoner, whom Jupiter admonishes in the fable. But we persist in being unhealthy, body and mind, and taking our jaundice for wisdom, and then because we persist, we say we must persist on. We admire the happiness, and sometimes the better wisdom of children; and yet we imitate the worst of their nonsense—"I can't—because I can't."—p. 15.

Now we would humbly ask how all this is connected with that which precedes it; or passing over the transition, we would beg Mr. Hunt to tell us what it means by itself. Is nothing intended which the mere words do not express? Is all this argumentation lavished on a few gloomy and disordered ascetics, who will never read Mr. Hunt's book, and could not be benefited by it if they should? We suspect he would disclaim such beating of the air; and when we find him asserting in the next page that the story of Rimini was written with a moral aim; and shortly after talking of a man's 'posing his apprehension with these involved riddles and enigmas of the Divinity, with incarnation and resurrection'; when we are told in a Sonnet on degrading Notions of the Deity, without limitation or caution, that men in general have set up

'A phantom swelled into grim size
Out of their own passions and bigotries,

And

And then for fear proclaim it *meek* and sage!

And this they call a *light* and a *revealing* — p. cxxii.

when we consider too the compositions* of many of those with whom he has recorded his sympathy and agreement in this volume, we fear there can be no want of charity in assigning to this passage, and to many others scattered of set purpose through the book, a far more important, but a more offensive object. It may seem a wild apprehension to talk of the systematic revival of Epicureism amongst us in this age of the world; yet something very like it both speculatively and practically, and that too in its most dangerous because least offensive form, seems to be inculcated in all the writings we have alluded to. Lucretius is the philosopher whom these men profess most to admire; and their leading tenet is, that the enjoyment of the pleasures of intellect and sense is not to be considered as the permitted, and regulated use of God's blessings, but the great object, and duty of life. Strip Mr. Hunt of his 'leafy luxuries,' 'his flowrets,' 'his wine, music, and sociality,' and this is the bare maxim on which he builds. He may himself perhaps, partly from a namby-pamby disposition, partly from circumstances, and still more we should hope from the force of early principles, live on the safe side of his own theory; but we are greatly mistaken if as much can be affirmed even of all the first preachers of this new sect; and we are quite sure that it ought not to be expected from their followers. There are many obvious reasons why the author of a dangerous moral tenet may himself escape the danger—Epicurus, we believe, did so; but they who have neither the intellectual pride of a first discovery to compensate them for self-restriction, nor the ardent anxiety for the reputation of an infant sect to support them against their own principle, will certainly soon push it, as the Epicureans did, to its legitimate consequences, all impurity and all impiety.

Upon the reasoning of the particular passage quoted it would be a waste of time to argue; yet a few words may be allowed us. The term 'unattractive creed' is a very vague one for a philosophical reasoner—creeds are attractive or not according to the state of heart and mind in which the subject is to whom they are proposed. The Tupinamban Indian found a creed unattractive, that would not tolerate cannibalism; and the Caffre does not

* One of these is now lying before us—the production of a man of some ability, and possessing itself some beauty; but we are in doubt, whether it would be morally right to lend it notoriety by any comments. We know the author's disgraceful and flaccid history well, and could put down some of the vain boasting of his preface. At Eton we remember him notorious for setting fire to old trees with burning glasses, no unmet emblem for a man, who perverts his ingenuity and knowledge to the attacking of all that is ancient and venerable in our civil and religious institutions.

easily renounce his filth and garbage: so the vain and disappointed man, the factious citizen, the adulterer—and he, if such there be, who thinks even adultery vapid unless he can render it more exquisitely poignant by adding incest to it, all these must find a creed unattractive, that enjoins humility, order, purity of heart and practice. But Mr. Hunt is in a state of deplorable ignorance for himself, if he thinks that Christianity is an unattractive creed to the sincere Christian, or that it demands from him any sacrifice, which is not conducive to his real enjoyment even of this life. On this subject we cannot express ourselves so well as in the words of one of the brightest ornaments of this age and nation. 'Rich and multiplied are the springs of innocent relaxation. The Christian relaxes in the temperate use of all the gifts of Providence. Imagination and taste and genius, and the beauties of creation, and the works of art, lie open to him. He relaxes in the feast of reason, in the sweets of friendship, in the endearments of love, in the exercise of hope, of confidence, of joy, of gratitude, of universal good will, of all the benevolent and generous affections, which by the gracious ordination of our Creator, while they disinterestedly intend only happiness to others, are most surely productive to ourselves of complacency and peace. Little do they know of the true measure of enjoyment, who can compare these delightful complacencies with the frivolous pleasures of dissipation, or the coarse gratifications of sensuality.'

We have but one more remark to add on this head: Mr. Hunt may flatter himself with possessing a finer eye, and a warmer feeling for the loveliness of nature, or congratulate himself on the philosophic freedom with which he follows her impulses—he may look upon us and all who differ from him as dull creatures, who have no right to judge of his privileged opinions. Our path indeed may be a plain and beaten one, but at least it keeps us from some things, that seem to be grievous errors—new names and specious declamations do not easily deceive us. We should not, for instance, commend as singularly amiable the receiving great and unmerited favours to be returned with venomous and almost frantic hatred; we are at a loss for the decency which rails at marriage, or the honour which pollutes it; and we have still a reluctance to condemn as a low prejudice the mysterious feeling of separation, which consecrates, and draws to closer intimacy the communion of brothers and sisters. We may be very narrow-minded, but we look upon it still as somewhat dishonourable to have been expelled from a University for the monstrous absurdity of a 'mathematical demonstration of the non-existence of a God:' according to our understandings, it is not proof of a very affectionate heart

heart to break that of a wife by cruelty and infidelity; and if we were told of a man, who, placed on a wild rock among the clouds, yet even in that height surrounded by a loftier amphitheatre of spire-like mountains, hanging over a valley of eternal ice and snow, where the roar of mighty waterfalls was at times unheeded from the hollow and more appalling thunder of the deep and unseen avalanche,—if we were told of a man who, thus witnessing the sublimest assemblage of natural objects, should retire to the cabin near, and write *ἀέρος* after his name in the album, we hope our own feeling would be pity rather than disgust; but we should think it imbecility indeed to court that man's friendship, or to celebrate his intellect or his heart as the wisest or warmest of the age. Mr. Hunt may trace in all these things the loftier spirits that are to exalt mankind; but if this be all that he has gained by the euphrasy and rue with which his visual nerve is purged, he must not be offended if we say with blind Tiresias,

φρονεῖν ὡς θεῖον, ἐνθα μὴ τελέη
 λυσι φρονεῖν.

We have already, without intending it, filled the limits to which Mr. Hunt is entitled; but he might complain of us, if we took no notice, as we promised, of the poems which form the body of his volume. And this is a more agreeable part of our task, because, with much to blame in some of them, there is also something to praise in others, and we shall be enabled to lay an extract or two before our readers, which may in some measure compensate for the dullness of our preceding remarks. Mr. Hunt's faults are a total want of taste, and of ear for metrical harmony; an indulgence of cant terms to a ridiculous excess, an ignorance of common language, a barbarous and uncouth combination of epithets, an affectation of language and sentiment, and what is a far more serious charge, though it occurs but seldom, an impurity of both. He may amuse or deceive himself with distinctions between voluptuousness and grossness, but will he never learn that things indifferent or innocent in themselves may become dangerous from the weakness or corruption of the recipient? An author is bound to consider not how Adam and Eve in Paradise would have been affected by this or that description, but how in the present state of society it may operate on those for whom he writes. If the thing be practically pernicious, its abstract innocence is but a slight compensation; and however he may plead a compact theory of his own, no man in a work of fancy is justified in writing that which a modest woman cannot hear without pain.

Mr. Hunt's merits are a general richness of language, and a picturesque imagination; this last indeed, the faculty of placing

before us, with considerable warmth of colouring, and truth of drawing, the groups which his fancy assembles, he possesses in an eminent degree—we doubt whether he does not exercise it even to a faulty excess, when the result is an involuntary idea in our minds, that the whole scene has been actually copied from some old painting, rather than grown up under the creative hand of the poet himself. This idea has several times intruded itself on our minds in reading the 'Nymphs,' the first poem in the collection; the following lines are however free from the objection, and entitled to praise—they form part of the account of the Dryads.

' They screen the cuckoo when he sings, and teach
The mother blackbird, how to lead astray
The unformed spirit of the foolish boy,
From *thick to thick*, from hedge to *lacy* beech,
When he would steal the huddled nest away
Of yellow bills up-gaping for their food,
And spoil the song of the free solitude.
And they at sound of the brute insolent horn
Hurry the deer out of the dewy *morn*;
And take into their sudden laps with joy
The startled hare, that did but peep abroad;
And from the trodden road
Help the bruised hedge-hog. But when tired, they love
The back-turned pheasant hanging from the tree
His sunny drapery;
And handy squirrel, nibbling hastily,
And fragrant-living bee
So happy, that he will not move, *not he*,
Without a song; and hidden amorous dove
With his deep breath; and bird of wakeful glow
Whose louder song is like the voice of life
Triumphant o'er death's image, but whose deep
Low, lovelier note is like a gentle wife,
A poor, a pensive, yet a happy one,
Stealing, when day-light's common tasks are done
An hour for mother's work, and singing low,
While her tired husband and her children sleep.'—p. x.

Our next extract shall be of a different nature, and one perhaps which will be more generally interesting. It is an address to his son at the age of six years during a sickness; and must come home, we think, to the feelings of every father.

' Sleep breathes at last from *out thee*,
My little patient boy,
And balmy rest *about thee*
Smooths off the day's annoy.

I sit

I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways,
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.
Thy side-long pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things, that may demand
Dread memories for years.
Sorrows I've had, severe ones—
I will not think of now,
And calmly, midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.
Ah! first born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too:
My light, where'er I go,
My bird when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion—no—
My prayers shall hold thee round.
To say—"he has departed,"—
"His voice—his face—is gone,"
To feel impatient hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on,—
Oh! I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.
Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem *whispering us a smile*—
Something divine and dim
Seems going by *one's* ear,
Like parting wings of Cherubim—
Who say—"we've finished here."—p. xlvii.

We will not spoil the effect of these pleasing stanzas by any verbal criticism, but we may be allowed without offence to hint
to

to Mr. Hunt, that he might have found the 'unattractive creed' a very consoling one under the sorrows and apprehensions which gave rise to the poem; and therefore, for the sake of others who may be visited in the same way if not for his own, he should hesitate before he lifts up his voice to undermine its influence.

But what shall we say of the next poem, addressed to J. Hunt four years old?—surely this must have been a real effusion for the nursery, and have crept into the volume by accident.

' Ah, little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe, and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With bat just thrown upon ye—
Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio,
As blithe as laughing Trio.
Sir Richard too, you rattler,
So christened from the Tatler,
My Bacchus in his glory
My little cor-di-fiori,
My tricksome Puck, my Robin,
Who in and out come bobbing
As full of feints and frolic as
That fibbing rogue Autolycus,
And play the graceless robber on
Your grave-eyed brother Oberon—
Ah, Dick—ah, Dolce Riso,
How can you—can you be so?'—p. liii.

How master Dick 'can be so?' may be matter of wonder; but it seems to us far more strange, how master Dick's father could be so ill-advised as to publish nearly a hundred lines such as those last quoted, that have neither fancy nor prettiness to recommend them, not even homely verity and simplicity to excuse them—nothing, in short, but affectation and silliness to distinguish them: they are neither a poet's address to his child, nor a nurse's lullaby—but just what might have been expected from a pert, forward boarding-school girl in her seventh or eighth year. Mr. Hunt however delights in such effusions; in the next page, on hearing a little musical box, he breaks out in this exquisite manner—

' Hallo—what? where?—what can it be
That strikes up so deliciously?—
I never in my life—what no!
That little tin-box playing so.'

If 'Master Dick loquitur' had stood at the head of this poem, there would have been at least a dramatic propriety in it; and if, as we shrewdly suspect, the lines really were dictated by him, it

is a little unfatherly to deprive him of the honour of their production.

But our limits oblige us to have done; we therefore pass over the remainder of the 'foliage,' that we may give our readers a specimen of the 'evergreens,' as Mr. Hunt is pleased to denominate his translations from the poets of antiquity, imagining, we suppose, that copies however taken would retain the perpetual bloom of their originals. Mr. Hunt shall here be his own critic. 'In the translations from Homer my object is to give the intelligent reader, who is no scholar, a stronger sense of the natural energy of the original, than has yet been furnished him.' This is the rule, now for the example; we refer our readers who *are* scholars to the 253d line of the last book of the *Iliad*; and those who are not, to the corresponding passage 'in that elegant mistake of Pope's in two volumes octavo, called *Homer's Iliad*.'

'Be quicker—do—and help me, evil children,
Down-looking set! Would ye had all been killed
Instead of Hector at the ships! Oh me,
Curs'd creature that I am! I had brave sons
Here in wide Troy, and now I cannot say
That one is left me. Mestor like a God
And Troilus, my fine hearted charioteer,
And Hector, who for mortal was a God,
For he seemed born not of a mortal man,
But of a God—yet Mars has swept them all,
And none but these convicted knaves are left me,—
Liars and dancers, excellent time-beaters,
Notorious pilferers of lambs and goats.
Why don't ye get the chariot ready and set
The things upon it here, that we may go?'—p. 12.

We hardly know whether to admire most the spirit or the fidelity of this rendering; but however good this is, Mr. Hunt 'is more confident of the other pieces, and he thinks he may venture to say, that the reader who does not feel something pathetic in the Cyclops, something sunny and exuberant in the *Rural Journey*, and even some of the gentler Greek music in the elegy on the death of Bion, would not be very likely to feel the finer part of it in the originals. All, however, that he answers for is, that 'he has felt them himself, like the sunny atmosphere which they resemble.' Now for the example again, and it shall be of the sunny and exuberant kind.

'Dear Lycidas, cried I, you talk indeed
Like one whom all agree, shepherd and reaper,
To pipe among them nobly—which delights me—
And yet I trust I am your equal too.

It is a feast we're going to. Some friends
 Keep one to day to the well-draped Ceres,
 Mother of Earth, and offer their first fruits
 For gratitude, their garners are so full.
 But come, as we have lighted on each other,
 Let us take mutual help, and by the way
 Pastoralize a little; for my mouth
 Breathes also of the muse, and people call me
 Greatest of living song—a praise however
 Of which I am not credulous—no by earth—
 For there's Philetas and our Samian too
 Whom I no more pretend to have surpassed,
 Than frogs the grasshoppers.—p. 25.

Who does not feel a glow reflected on him from the 'sunny atmosphere' of these lines? A few hundred of them carefully packed and hermetically sealed would be a valuable addition to the stores of the Dorothea and Isabella, if, in spite of our hopes and predictions, they should chance to be frozen up in the polar basin.

We have done, and we trust Mr. Hunt 'will pardon us these public compliments for our own sakes, and for sincerity's.' He possesses talents, which might have made him a useful citizen, and a respectable writer; but he wants sound principle and Christian humility; and the want of them has made him as a citizen what we do not like to name, and as a writer only not contemptible because he is sometimes pernicious. Had he been thoroughly well principled, and properly humble, he might still have been anxious to improve the taste and manners of his countrymen as well as to correct the abuses of their government; but he would not have undertaken the task without a due sense of its difficulty, and a diffidence, at least, of his own ability to perform it. Instead of rushing with boy-like presumption to his task, he would have passed years in silent study and diligent observation; instead of panting with womanish impatience for immediate notoriety, and courting it in the poor publicity of a weekly paper, instead of demanding perpetually-renewed gratification for a diseased vanity, protruding every fresh fancy crude as it came from the brain, and sacrificing every thing for the worthless applause of the mob, he would, like Achilles, have abstained from the battle till he had possessed himself of the heavenly armour; in the mean time he would have derived ample enjoyment from his cause, and his conscience, and if he desired any other reward, it would have been the applause of the few now, and undisputed and immortal fame hereafter. How painful is it to turn our eyes upon the contrast before us! Mr. Hunt is indeed a most pitiable man,

man, and whatever he may think or say of us, we do pity him most sincerely. He began life, we doubt not, with pure and lofty dreams; he must now feel that he has taken the wrong course, that he can never realize them—he has put on himself his own trammels, he knows that he has done so, they gall him, but he can never break them. Henceforth all will be wormwood and bitterness to him: he may write a few more stinging and a few more brilliant periods, he may slander a few more eminent characters, he may go on to deride venerable and holy institutions, he may stir up more discontent and sedition, but he will have no peace of mind within, he will do none of the good he once hoped to do, nor yet have the bitter satisfaction of doing all the evil he now desires; he will live and die unhonoured in his own generation, and, for his own sake it is to be hoped, moulder unknown in those which are to follow.

ART. IV. *Narrative of an Expedition to explore the River Zaire, usually called the Congo, in South Africa, in 1816, under the Direction of Captain J. H. Tuckey, R. N.;—to which are added the Journal of Professor Smith, some General Observations on the Country and its Inhabitants; and an Appendix, containing the Natural History of that Part of the Kingdom of Congo through which the Zaire flows.* Published by permission of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 4to. London. 1818.

PERHAPS it is not too much to say that, with the single exception of the expedition now on its way for exploring the polar regions, no enterprize, since the voyages of Cook, excited a greater share of public interest than that of Captain Tuckey to explore the river Congo, and, by tracing it to the northward, to attempt the solution of that great geographical problem—the termination of the Niger—which, as Park has emphatically stated in his Memoir to Lord Camden, may be 'considered, in a commercial point of view, as second only to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope; and, in a geographical point of view, as certainly the greatest discovery that remains to be made in this world.' The occurrences and results of this ill-fated attempt are now before the public; and the volume which contains them must be considered as an important and valuable addition to the records of African discovery. As this subject has occupied a distinguished place in our pages, we take this early opportunity to resume it, in tracing the history of this unfortunate voyage; after which we shall take a brief prospective view, favourable, as we think, to the hope of better success in the prosecution of future discoveries.

The

The motives which gave birth to the expedition for exploring the Zaire, the preparations for carrying it into execution, the selection of the officers, and the instructions given to Captain Tuckey, and the scientific gentlemen who accompanied him, are detailed at considerable length in a very interesting 'Introduction by the Editor,' who is stated in the publisher's advertisement, though not in the title-page, to be Mr. Barrow, Secretary of the Admiralty. It contains also 'a few brief Sketches, which the editor has been able to collect, of the professional and literary history of those valuable men, who may be said to have fallen the victims of a too ardent zeal in the pursuit of science, which, how much soever we may lament, leaves nothing for us to censure.' Of those unfortunate and enterprising men we shall have to speak hereafter.

The voyage, as we are told, was planned with the view of solving, or of being instrumental in solving, a great geographical problem, in which all Europe had for some time manifested no common degree of interest. The immediate and primary object therefore was to determine, by tracing the Zaire upwards, whether the impression, which had been so strongly rooted in Park's mind, of this river being identical with the Niger, was founded in fact;—should it turn out otherwise, the examination of this great stream would, at any rate, it was thought, furnish the means of procuring more correct, as well as more extensive, information respecting an important part of 'that ill-fated country, whose unhappy natives, without laws to restrain or governments to protect them, have too long been the prey of a senseless domestic superstition, and the victims of a foreign infamous and rapacious commerce.'

The arguments in favour of the identity of the Niger and the Zaire, an hypothesis first suggested by Mr. Maxwell, and strenuously supported by Park to the moment of his departure from Sansanding, we have already stated in our Review of 'Park's Journal of a Mission into the Interior of Africa';* in which we also endeavoured to combat the objections urged by his biographer against the hypothesis of their identity. As the same ground nearly is taken up in the Introduction, it will only be necessary for us, in this place, to refer our readers to the Article just mentioned. We shall see presently how far the hypothesis has been corroborated by the present expedition.

In making the necessary preparations, it was suggested by Sir Joseph Banks, that a steam-engine might be found useful to impel the vessel against the rapid current of the river, when the wind should fail or prove foul. It was known that, on the banks of the

* No. XXV. Art. VI.

lower parts of the Zaire, extensive forests of mangrove existed, and that this wood possessed the peculiar quality of burning in a green state better than when dry; but it was not known to what extent upwards these forests might reach; though it was reasonable to conclude, that, in an equinoctial climate, where water was to be found, wood was not likely to be wanting.—‘At the same time,’ observes the editor, ‘it could not escape notice that the labour of felling and preparing fuel for the boiler of a steam-engine, to the amount of about three tons a day, in such a climate, might be fully as fatiguing, and in all probability more fatal, to the crew, than the occasional operation of rowing.’ As an auxiliary, however, there could be no objection; but a difficulty seems to have arisen as to the particular construction of a vessel that should, at one and the same time, be adapted to the flats and shallows of a river navigation, and to proceed across the Atlantic. Many naval men were of opinion, that a vessel of this description could not with safety be navigated across the Bay of Biscay, and, both before and after she was built, sinister bodings were conceived and uttered.* Mr. Sep-
pings,

* When it is recollected that Captain Bligh, with seventeen persons besides himself, navigated in his launch twelve hundred leagues—and Captain Inglesfield, with eleven others in a leaky pinnace, having one of the gunwales staved, two hundred and fifty leagues in the middle of the Western Ocean, without compass, quadrant, or sail, safety may be said to depend less on the vehicle than on good management. Of all the feats of navigation on record, however, that of Diogo Botelho Perreira, in the early period of 1556-7, stands pre-eminent; it is extracted from the voluminous *Decades of Diogo de Couto*, whose work, though abounding with much curious matter, like those of most of the old Portuguese writers, has not been fortunate enough to obtain an English translation. We are indebted to a friend for pointing it out to us, and we conceive it will be read with interest.

‘In the time of the vice-royalty of Don Francisco de Almeyda there was a young gentleman in India of the name of Diogo Botelho Perreira, son of the commander of Cochín, who educated him with great care, so that he soon became skilled in the art of navigation, and an adept in the construction of marine charts. As he grew up, he felt anxious to visit Portugal, where, on his arrival, he was well received at court, and the king took pleasure in conversing with him on those subjects which had been the particular objects of his studies. Confident of his own talents, and presuming on the favour with which the king always treated him, he ventured one day to request his majesty to appoint him commander of the fortress of Chaul. The king smiled at his request, and replied, that “the command of fortresses was not for pilots.” Botelho was piqued at this answer, and, on returning into the anti-chamber, was met by Don Antonio Noronha, second son of the Marquis of Villa Real, who asked him if his suit had been granted: he answered, “Sir, I will apply where my suit will not be neglected.” When this answer came to the ears of the king, he immediately ordered Botelho to be confined in the castle of Lisbon, lest he should follow the example of Megalhiens, and go over to Spain. There he remained a prisoner until the admiral viceroy, Don Vasco da Gama, solicited his release, and was permitted to take him to India; but on the express condition that he should not return to Portugal, except by special permission. Under these unpleasant circumstances this gentleman proceeded to India, anxious for an opportunity of distinguishing himself, that he might be permitted again to visit Portugal.

It happened about this time that the Sultan Badur, sovereign of Cambaya, gave the governor, Nuno da Cunha, permission to erect a fortress on the island of Dio, an ob-
ject

pings, however, undertook to build such a vessel; but owing to some misconception, as to the weight of the engine, and draught of water,

ject long and anxiously wished for, as being of the greatest importance to the security of the Portuguese possessions in India. Botelho was aware how acceptable this information would be to the king, and therefore deemed this a favourable opportunity of regaining his favour, by conveying such important intelligence; and he resolved to perform the voyage in a vessel so small, and so unlike what had ever appeared in Portugal, that it should not fail to excite astonishment, how any man could undertake so long and perilous a navigation, in such a frail and diminutive bottom.

Without communicating his scheme to any person, he procured a *fiata*, put a deck on it from head to stern, furnished it with spare sails and spars, and every other necessary, and constructed two small tanks for water.

As soon as the monsoon served, he embarked with some men in his service, giving out that he was going to Melinde; and, to give colour to this story, he proceeded to Baticala, where he purchased some cloths and beads for that market, and laid in provisions; some native merchants also embarked with a few articles on board for the Melinde market, to which he did not choose to object, lest it should alarm his sailors.

He set sail with the eastern monsoon, in the beginning of October, and arrived safely at Melinde, where he landed the native merchants, took in wood, water, and refreshments, and again put to sea, informing his crew that he was going to Quiloa. When he had got to a distance from the land, it would appear that some of his crew had mutinied; but this he had foreseen and provided for; putting some of them in irons, and promising at the same time amply to reward the services of the rest, and giving them to understand that he was going to Sofala on account of the trade in gold. Thus he proceeded, touching at various places for refreshments, which he met with in great plenty and very cheap.

From Sofala he proceeded along the coast till he had passed the Cabo dos Correntes, and from thence along the shore, without ever venturing to a distance from the land, and touching at the different rivers, until he passed the Cape of Good Hope, which he did in January 1587.

From thence he stretched into the ocean with gentle breezes, steering for St. Helena; where, on arriving, he drew his little vessel ashore, to clean her bottom and repair her, and also to give a few days' rest to his crew, of whom some had perished of cold, notwithstanding his having provided warm clothing for them.

Departing from St. Helena, he boldly steered his little bark across the wide ocean, directing his career to St. Thomê, where he took in provisions, wood, and water; and from thence proceeded to the bar of Lisbon, where he arrived in May, when the king was at Almeyrin.—He entered the river with his oars, his little vessel being dressed with flags and pendants, and anchored at Point Leira, opposite to Salvaterra, not being able to get farther up the river. This novelty produced such a sensation in Lisbon that the Tagus was covered with boats to see the *fusta*. Diogo Botelho Pereira landed in a boat, and proceeded to Almeyrin, to give the king an account of his voyage, and solicit a gratification for the good news which he brought, of his majesty now being possessed of a fortress on the island of Diu.

The king was highly pleased with this intelligence, but, as Botelho brought no letters from the governor, he did not give him the kind of reception which he had expected.—On the contrary, the king treated him with coldness and distance; his majesty, however, embarked to see the *fusta*, on board of which he examined every thing with much attention, and was gratified in viewing a vessel of such a peculiar form, and ordered money and clothes to be given to the sailors—nor could he help considering Diogo Botelho as a man of extraordinary enterprise and courage, on whose firmness implicit reliance might be placed.

The little vessel was ordered to be drawn ashore at Sacabem, where it remained many years, (until it fell to pieces,) and was visited by people from all parts of Europe, who beheld it with astonishment. The king subsequently received letters from the governor of Nuno da Cunha, confirming the news brought by Botelho; the bearer of these letters, a Jew, was immediately rewarded with a pension of a hundred and forty milrees.

water, the utmost speed at which the vessel could be propelled on the Thames, when complete, was little more than five miles an hour; and as this rate of proceeding could not be considered to compensate in any way for the great incumbrance of a machine, which occupied one third part of the whole vessel, it was very properly determined to get rid of it altogether.

A circumstance connected with the plan on which the vessel was constructed is deserving of particular notice, as it tends to shew how very little progress has yet been made in determining the shape of bodies which, in all cases, shall be calculated to move in fluids with least resistance. That of the Congo (for so she was named) is stated to have resembled pretty nearly the form of a horse-trough; and yet Captain Tuckey says that, in sailing from the Nore to the Downs, she beat every vessel which sailed with her; that she scarcely felt her sails, was perfectly safe at sea, and in the worst weather always dry and comfortable. 'It is worthy of notice,' adds the editor, 'that the principle on which the Congo was built is very similar to that for which the late Lord Stanhope so strongly contended, as being the most proper for ships of war, uniting, in one body, strength, stability, stowage, accommodation for the people, and a light draught of water: but Lord Stanhope's ideas were rejected by a committee of naval officers, as crude and visionary, with the exception of one individual.'

The Dorothea transport, now employed, with happier auspices, we trust, on the Polar expedition, was appointed to accompany the Congo into the river Zaire, with the boats, presents, provisions, and such other articles as were deemed necessary for the prosecution of the enterprize. Mathematical and philosophical instruments of various descriptions were provided; and in addition to the naval officers, consisting of Captain Tuckey, the commander; Mr. Hawkey, lieutenant; and Mr. Fitzmaurice, master and surveyor; two master's mates, an assistant-surgeon and purser; the following men of science were embarked:—Mr. Professor Smith, botanist; Mr. Cranch, collector of objects of natural history; Mr. Tudor, comparative anatomist, and Mr. Lockhart, a gardener from the King's botanical garden at Kew; besides two natives of Congo.

railreass; but Botelho was neglected for many years, and at last appointed commander of St. Thomé, and finally made captain of Cananor in India, that he might be at a distance from Portugal.'

The vessel named *fusta* is a long, shallow, Indian-built row-boat, which uses latine sails in fine weather. These boats are usually open, but Botelho covered his with a deck; its dimensions, according to Lavanha, in his edition of De Barros' unfinished Decade, is as follows:—length, 22 palmos, or 16 feet 6 inches. Breadth, 12 palmos, or 9 feet. Depth, 6 palmos, or 4 feet 6 inches. Bligh's boat was 23 feet long—6 feet 9 inches broad, and 2 feet 9 inches deep. From the circumstance mentioned of some of his crew having perished with cold, it is probable that they were natives of India, whom the Portuguese were in the habit of bringing home as part of their crew.

The crew consisted of eight petty officers, six artificers, fourteen able seamen, a serjeant, a corporal, and twelve privates of marines, making in all fifty-six persons, of whom twenty-one were doomed never to return. 'Never,' says the editor, 'was an expedition of discovery sent out with more flattering hopes of success;' 'yet, by a fatality almost inexplicable, never were the results of an expedition more melancholy and disastrous.' Captain Tuckey, Lieutenant Hawkey, Mr. Eyre (purser), and ten (eleven) of the Congo's crew,—Professor Smith, Mr. Cranch, Mr. Tudor, and Mr. Galwey, (a volunteer,) in all eighteen persons, died in the short space of three months! Two had died in the passage outwards, and the serjeant of marines survived only till the vessels reached Bahia.

'This great mortality is the more extraordinary, as it appears from Captain Tuckey's journal that nothing could be finer than the climate, the thermometer never descending lower than 60° of Fahrenheit during the night, and seldom exceeding 76° in the day-time; the atmosphere remarkably dry; scarcely a shower falling during the whole of the journey; and the sun sometimes for three or four days not shewing himself sufficiently clear to enable them to get an observation.'—p. xliii.

So little indeed were they incommoded by heat, or rain or a moist atmosphere, that Captain Tuckey, writing from the Cataracts in the middle of August, after an excursion of several days, observes, 'the climate is so good, and the nights so pleasant, that we feel no inconvenience from our bivouac in the open air.' Mr. M'Kerrow, the surgeon, reports that although the greater number were carried off by a most violent fever of the remittent type, some of them appeared to have no other ailment than that which had been caused by extreme fatigue; and actually died of exhaustion. This was probably the case with Captain Tuckey; but those who remained in the lower part of the river, with the ship, caught the fever, as it would seem, through their own imprudence. 'They were permitted to go on shore; where the day was passed in running about the country from one village to another, and the night commonly in the open air; and though the dews were scarcely sensible at this season, the fall of the thermometer was very considerable, 15° or 20° below that of the day.'—'Spirituous liquors,' it is added, 'were not to be obtained; but excesses of another kind were freely indulged, to which they were prompted by the native blacks, who were always ready to give up their sisters, daughters, or even their wives, for the hope only of getting in return a small quantity of spirits.' From the general symptoms, the Congo fever would appear to be nearly allied to the yellow fever of the West Indies. Its most prominent features are thus described by the surgeon.

'The fever, as I observed it in those who were attacked on board, was generally ushered in by cold rigors, succeeded by severe headache, chiefly confined to the temples and across the forehead; in some cases,

pain

pain of the back and lower extremities, great oppression at the præcordia, and bilious vomiting, which in many cases proved extremely distressing; but in general, where the headache was very severe, the gastric symptoms were milder, and *vice versa*, though in some, both existed in a violent degree. Great anxiety and prostration of strength, the eyes in general watery, though in some the *tunica conjunctiva* was of a pearly lustre; the tongue at first white and smooth, having a tremulous motion when put out, and shortly becoming yellowish or brown, and in the last stage covered with a black crust; in some cases the face was flushed, though frequently pale, and the features rather shrunk. The skin in some cases dry and pungent, with a hard and frequent pulse; in others the pulse below the natural standard, with a clammy perspiration on the surface. In several a yellow suffusion took place from the third to the sixth or seventh day; in one case livid blotches appeared on the wrists and ankles. The delirium was most commonly of the low kind, with great aversion from medicine. Singultus, a common and distressing symptom. The fatal termination in some happened as early as the third or fourth, but in others was protracted even to the twentieth day. With regard to the treatment, I shall here only observe, that bleeding was particularly unsuccessful. Cathartics were of the greatest utility; and calomel, so administered as speedily to induce copious salivation, generally procured a remission of all the violent symptoms; when I found it immediately necessary to give bark and wine."—p. xlv. xlvii.

The body of the work consists of the Journals of Captain Tuckey and Professor Smith,—that of the former being given, as we are told, 'just as it came from the hands of its author, not a sentence having been added or suppressed, nor the least alteration made therein, beyond the correction of some trifling error in grammar or orthography;' that of the latter is a translation, by Dr. Rydberg, of 'the original minutes and observations of the Professor, as they appear to have been entered, from day to day, in a small pocket memorandum book, written in the Danish language, and in so small and ill-formed a character as in some places to be perfectly illegible,'—circumstances which cannot fail to insure that indulgence which the editor is desirous of bespeaking for the ill-fated writer. To these journals are added some general observations resulting from the information contained in them, and in the detached notes of the other officers and naturalists employed in this expedition. They comprehend a concise and condensed view of the nature of the Zaire, and of the country through which it flows; of the question as to its northern origin and identity with the Niger, as far as may be deduced from the information acquired, and the observations made, on the present expedition; and of the inhabitants and the natural history of the district along the line of the river. An Appendix follows, containing—1. A vocabulary of the Malemba and Embomma languages. 2. Observations on the genus *Ocythoe* of Rafinesque,

with a description of a new species. 3. The distinguishing characters between the ova of the *Sepia* and those of the *Vermes testacea* that live in water explained. 4. A general notice of the animals taken by Mr. John Cranch during the expedition. 5. Observations, systematical and geographical, on Professor Christian Smith's collection of plants from the vicinity of the river Congo, by Mr. Brown. 6. Geological remarks on the specimens of rocks presented to the British Museum. And 7. Hydrographical remarks from the island of St. Thomas to the mouth of the Zaire:—the whole illustrated by a chart of the Zaire as far as it was traced upwards, and thirteen plates, besides a number of wood-cuts interspersed among the letter-press, forming a very handsome, and, we may add, what is no mean recommendation in these days, a very cheap volume.

On the 19th of March, 1716, the expedition cleared the Channel, and on the 2d of April came to anchor in *Porta Praya* road, which afforded an opportunity to Professor Smith to obtain a more correct account of the botany of St. Jago than has hitherto been given; and his account of the interior of this island, of which we know so little, is interesting and amusing.

The passage from St. Jago to the mouth of the Zaire was exceedingly tedious, owing to their having kept too close to the coast of Africa, instead of stretching away to the westward. It afforded them, however, an opportunity of procuring a great number of new and curious marine animals, and among others of ascertaining the animal that takes possession of the beautiful paper nautilus, or Argonaut shell, on which two papers are given in the Appendix. It was also the means of correcting the erroneous geography of the coast of Southern Africa, from Cape Lopez to Cape Padron, which was found to be laid down in what are esteemed the most correct charts, too far to the westward, in some places, by a full degree of longitude.

On anchoring off Malemba, they were visited by an officer called a Mafook, or king's merchant; she was announced by a person who said 'he was a gentleman, and that his name was Tom Liverpool.' They were asked if they wanted slaves; and on being answered in the negative, and that none but the Portugueze were now allowed to carry on that traffic, the mafook poured forth a volley of abuse on all the sovereigns of Europe, and more especially on the king of England,—said he was overrun with captives, which he would sell at half their value; and added that, with one exception, it was five years since a single vessel had visited Malemba; admitting, however, that now and then he had a demand from Cabenda, where, at that moment, he said, there were nine vessels under Portugueze, and one under Spanish colours.

It was several days before the vessels succeeded in forcing their passage into the Zaire, on account of the strength of the current; but no sooner were they anchored within the river, than they were assailed by numerous visitors, of which those from the province of Sonio, on the south bank, who were 'Christians after the Portuguese fashion,' are represented as by far the worst people they had met with, being, 'almost without exception, sulky looking vagabonds, dirty, swarming with lice, and scaled over with the itch, all strong symptoms of their having been *civilized* by the Portuguese.' One of them was a priest, who had been ordained by the Capuchin monks of Loando: he could just write his name and that of St. Antonio, and read the Romish ritual; he was however but an indifferent Catholic, for his rosary, his relics, and his crosses were mixed with his domestic fetiches: 'this bare-footed apostle,' as Dr. Smith calls him, boasted of having no fewer than five wives.

The difficulty of getting the transport up the river induced Captain Tuckey to put together his double boats, with which and the Congo he proceeded upwards on the 18th of July, and on the 26th reached Lombee, the market-town of the Chenoo or king of Embomma. Here Simmons, a black man, who had been taken on board the Congo at Deptford, first met with his father and brother, who received him with transports of joy: on going on shore with his friends, the town resounded the whole night 'with the drum and the songs of rejoicing.' The adventures of Simmons afford a presumption that the tale of Oronoco may not be a romance.

The story of this man, which I had before never thought of enquiring into, and which was partly related by his father, adds one blot more to the character of European slave-traders. His father, who is called Mongova Seki, a prince of the blood, and counsellor to the king of Embomma, entrusted him, when eight or ten years old, to a Liverpool captain of the name of ———, (we wish we knew it) 'to be educated (or, according to his expression, to learn to make book) in England; but his conscientious guardian found it less troublesome to have him taught to make sugar at St. Kitts, where he accordingly sold him; and from whence he contrived to make his escape and get on board an English ship of war, from which he was paid off on the reduction of the fleet. During our passage, he performed, without any signs of impatience or disgust, the menial office of cook's-mate.'—p. 98, 99.

A ceremonial visit was here paid to the Chenoo of Embomma, who was with difficulty made to comprehend the nature of the voyage. After a tedious conversation, they sat down to an entertainment in a large apartment, where some chests covered with carpets served, at once, for seats and tables. The repast consisted of a soup of plantains and goats' flesh, a fowl cut in pieces and broiled, and roasted plantains in lieu of bread; some sweet palm

wine, in a large silver tankard, was the only beverage. When dinner was ended, the king and his chiefs still appeared doubtful as to the real motives of the visit; at length an old man, starting up, plucked a leaf from a tree, and holding it to Captain Tuckey, said, 'If you come to trade, swear by your God and break the leaf;' on his refusing to do so, he said, 'Swear by your God you don't come to make war, and break the leaf:' this Captain Tuckey immediately did, on which the whole company performed a grand *sakilla*, a kind of measured dance, expressive of approbation; and the assembly then broke up apparently quite satisfied.

The Chenoo had about fifty women for his own use; these, as well as his daughters, he offered, with equal liberality, to the visitors; and the example was not lost upon his courtiers. 'The language of the men,' Captain Tuckey says, 'in offering them was most disgusting and obscene; being composed of the vilest words picked up from English, French and Portuguese.' As no such offers were made farther up the river, it is but fair to presume that they were trained to this offensive custom by the European slave-dealers, who used to frequent Embomma as the principal mart on the Zaire. In returning to the ships, the party observed a hut in which the corpse of a female was lying drest as when alive: within were four women howling, to whom two men on the outside responded in a kind of cadence, producing a concert not unlike the yell of an Irish funeral. In passing through the burying-ground, they observed two graves, not less than nine feet by five; for the extraordinary size of which the following passage enables us to account.

'Simmons requested a piece of cloth to envelope his aunt, who had been dead seven years, and was to be buried in two months, being now arrived at a size to make a genteel funeral. The manner of preserving corpses, for so long a time, is by enveloping them in cloth money of the country, or in European cottons, the smell of putrefaction being only kept in by the quantity of wrappers, which are successively multiplied as they can be procured by the relations of the deceased, or according to the rank of the person; in the case of a rich and very great man, the bulk acquired being only limited by the power of conveyance to the grave; so that the first hut in which the body is deposited, becoming too small, a second, a third, even to a sixth, increasing in dimensions, is placed over it.—pp. 115, 116.

On the 5th of August, the party proceeded up the river in the double boats; but on the 9th they found the Slate Mountains on either side had contracted it within such narrow banks, and the velocity of the current in consequence was so strong, and so many whirlpools and eddies were occasioned by ledges of rocks, that Captain Tuckey determined at once to quit them and proceed by land to the first cataract, called in the language of the country Yel-lala.

lala. They found nothing, on their arrival, to justify the tremendous account given of it by the natives:—compared with Niagara, (Captain Tuckey says,) it might be considered as ‘a brook bubbling over its stony bed.’ It was observed, however, and with some surprise, that the quantity of water which flowed over it was by no means equal to the volume of the river below: yet it had been ascertained that not a stream fell into the river between Yellala and the sea; and the only explanation of the phenomenon that occurred to them was that of a subterranean communication between the upper and the lower part of the cataract under the ridges of slate, which is not at all improbable.

This journey to the cataracts and a further one over the hills, in both of which they suffered great fatigue and privations, seems to have laid the foundation of that disease which proved fatal to so many of the party. Mr. Tudor, the anatomist, was the first who fell ill; and by the 17th of August, more than half the number were similarly circumstanced. Provisions of all kinds were now very scarce, and all they could procure were a few fowls and eggs, with a little cassada root, green plantains and beans; the towns or villages were thinly scattered and the population very scanty. The natives offered no resistance to their further progress; but their aid was dearly purchased and reluctantly afforded.

On the 22d of August, Captain Tuckey found himself very ill, but was determined to proceed; on the same day he was deserted by Simmons, the interpreter, but he luckily had with him another whom he had brought from Embomma. Though the party continued to droop, and to fall behind one after the other, Captain Tuckey and Professor Smith still resolved to push on, especially as above a town called Inga, the residence of a Chenoo, the river again was found to become navigable, and to stretch out into a magnificent sheet of water. The sight of this fine stream, and the improved appearance of the country, gave them new spirits; they hired canoes, and partly by river navigation, and partly by land marches, continued their progress upwards till the 9th of September, when the bearers of their baggage positively refused to go any farther.

‘Finding all persuasions useless, (Captain Tuckey says,) I was obliged to pitch the tent at this place, and with Dr. Smith and Lieutenant Hawkey walked to the summit of a hill, where we perceived the river winding again to the S. E. but our view did not extend above three miles of the reach: the water clear of rocks, and, according to the information of all the people, there is no impediment whatever, as far as they know, above this place.

‘And here we were under the necessity of turning our back on the river,

river, which we did with great regret, but with the consciousness of having done all that we possibly could.'—pp. 216, 217.

The few who had proceeded thus far were in a miserable condition; the only two who retained their health being Doctor Smith and Mr. Lockhart, the gardener, the former of whom had become so much enraptured with the improved appearance of the country and the magnificence of the river, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could be prevailed on to return,—four days after this he was attacked with fever, and expired the day after he had reached the ship. Professor Smith's journal will be found an interesting document to all who delight in a simple and unaffected narration of transactions and occurrences, mixed with lively descriptions of the country and its most prominent objects; and a faithful record of the impressions and reflexions noted down on the spot and at the moment they were made, without regard to arrangement or juxtaposition of kindred subjects. In this respect, his journal forms a close resemblance to that of Professor Thunberg.

We have slightly passed over the journey up the river, in order that we might have room for a summary of the information obtained by this expedition, and which the editor has skilfully condensed in his 'Concise View.'

In the first place, we are told, 'that the name of the river is neither the Congo, the Zaire, nor the Barbela, but Moienzi Enzaddi, the great river, or the river which absorbs all other rivers;' that in some respects its magnitude and velocity have been exaggerated, in others underrated; that its current was found to be less strong than usually represented, but its depth at the mouth much greater. In sounding from the ships, no bottom could be found with one hundred and sixty fathoms; and Massey's machine indicated a descent to one hundred and thirteen fathoms, without having touched the ground; the velocity never exceeded five knots an hour, and was seldom so much as four and a half; but the river, it should be observed, was then in its lowest state. The tide too, which it had been said could make no impression on the Zaire, was found to force back the current as far as Sondie, or the commencement of the narrows, about one hundred and forty miles from the mouth, where the rise and fall were from twelve to sixteen inches. These narrows continue nearly forty miles to a town called Inga; the width of the river throughout this distance being generally not more than from three to five hundred yards, most parts of it bristled with rocks; the banks every where precipitous, and composed entirely of masses of slate, which run in ledges from bank to bank, forming those rapids or cataracts, which the natives distinguish by the name of yellala; the lowest and most formidable of which was a fall of about thirty feet perpendicular

dicular in a sloping bed of mica slate about three hundred yards in length.

Beyond Inga, or the termination of the narrows, the river again began to expand to the width of two, three, and even more than four miles in width, flowing with a gentle current from two to three miles an hour; and not far from the point where Captain Tuckey was compelled to abandon the further prosecution of the journey, which was about one hundred miles beyond Inga, or two hundred and eighty miles from Cape Padron, it is said that the river put on a most majestic appearance; that the scenery was beautiful, and not inferior to any on the banks of the Thames; that the natives of this part all agreed in stating that they knew of no impediment to the continued navigation of the river upwards; that higher up it divided into two branches; and that the only obstruction, in that to the north-east, was a single ledge of rocks, forming a kind of rapid, over which, however, canoes were able to pass.

Though the question of the identity of the Niger and the Zaire remains pretty much in the same state of uncertainty in which it was previously to the expedition, we entirely concur in the opinion of the editor, which was also clearly that of Captain Tuckey, that the Zaire has its origin in Northern Africa. The arguments in favour of this hypothesis appear to us to be incontrovertible. The Zaire, like other tropical rivers, has its periodical floods; but they are less than in most rivers; the difference between the highest and the lowest elevation, as marked on the rocks, no where exceeding eleven feet; and in several places not more than eight or nine. On the 1st of September it was observed to rise, above Yellala, three inches; on the 17th, at the Tall Trees, near the mouth, seven feet; the velocity continuing nearly the same, and not a single shower of rain having fallen. It was still the dry season to the southward of the line; but it had only risen four feet higher in the wet season: the main supply, therefore, could not be in Southern Africa, where every thing was dried up, but in the northern part of that continent, where the rains had been prevailing for five or six months.

It is mentioned as a minute in Captain Tuckey's Journal—'extraordinary great rise of the river shews it to issue from some lake which had received almost the whole of its water from the north of the line'—and, in a private letter written from Yellala in his way up, he observes, that, 'combining his observations with the information which he had been able to collect from the natives, vague and trifling as it was, he could not help thinking that the Zaire would be found to issue from some large lake, or chain of lakes, considerably to the northward of the line;'—and he conceives that the low

state

state of the river in July and August gave additional weight to this hypothesis—'provided,' he adds, 'the river should begin to swell in the early part of September, an event I am taught to expect, and for which I am anxiously looking out.' The river did begin to swell at the precise period he had anticipated, and he notes down in his journal in two words 'hypothesis confirmed.' The inconveniences and difficulties experienced in their progress upwards, the loss of their canoes and baggage, but, above all, the fatigue and sickness which overcame the party, prevented them from keeping any regular journal, and towards the conclusion of the journey we find only a few desultory memoranda. The reasoning, therefore, which Captain Tuckey might have employed to establish his hypothesis is supplied by the editor.

He supposes the southern outlet of the lakes of Wangara to be about the twelfth parallel of northern latitude, which, by making allowance for the winding of the river, may be about one thousand six hundred miles from the point where Captain Tuckey first observed the Zaire to rise. These lakes, according to the accounts of the Arabian geographers, begin to overflow towards the middle or end of August. Supposing them to commence overflowing the first week in August, and the current in the Channel which receives them to move at the rate of two and a half miles an hour (the average rate above the narrows) the flooded stream would reach that spot in the first week of September, and swell the river just at the time and in the manner noticed by Captain Tuckey. The manner, indeed, is as remarkable as the coincidence in point of time, and we think the editor has hit on the precise ground on which Captain Tuckey adopted the idea of its issuing from a lake. 'This idea of a lake seems to have arisen from the "extraordinary *quiet* rise" of the river, which was from three to six inches in twenty-four hours. If the rise of the Zaire had proceeded from rains to the southward of the line, swelling the tributary streams and pouring in mountain torrents the waters into the main channel, the rise would have been *sudden and impetuous*, but coming on as it did in a *quiet and regular* manner, it could proceed only from the gradual overflowing of a lake.' This we think decisive, both as to its northern origin and its proceeding out of a lake—but whether that lake be Wangara or some other, we pretend not to decide. That the Niger does not terminate in the lakes and swamps of Ghana or Wangara, we maintained, with all due deference to the contrary opinion of Major Rennell, in a former Article. One of our arguments against that opinion, we here find insisted on at considerable length, namely; that the waters of every lake in the known world, which has *no outlet*, are and necessarily must be salt—as may be instanced in the Caspian, the Aral and other lakes of Asia, the
Asphaltites

Asphaltites or Dead Sea, &c. The waters of Wangara in particular, under such a supposition, would be more than ordinarily salt, as every river in Africa is loaded with saline impregnations; and the Niger, in its long easterly course, collecting the streamlets from the sandy and saline soil of the desert, where almost every plant is saturated with salt, must convey so large a quantity into this great reservoir, as to leave on the margin, when the water was evaporated, an annual incrustation of it; but, according to the Arabian writers, salt is carried to Wangara as an article of traffic, to exchange for gold. If, therefore, the Niger flows into Wangara, it most probably also flows out of it—and whither so likely as into the Zaire or Congo? The editor observes, that if any faith could be placed in Sidi Hamet's account of Wassanah, as given to Riley, the two streams of the Niger and the Zaire would be brought to approximate within a very short distance. 'The name of *Zadi* (observes the editor) given by this Arab merchant to the Niger at Wassanah, that of *Zad*, which Horneman learned to be its name to the eastward of Tombuctoo, where it turned off to the southward; the *Enzaddi*, which Maxwell says is the name given to the cataracts of the Zaire, and the *Moienzi Enzaddi*, which Captain Tuckey understood to be the name of the river at Embomma, are so many concurring circumstances which give a favourable, though a faint colour to the hypothesis of the identity of the two rivers.'

The country through which this great river descends, as far at least as the expedition proceeded, is not very interesting either as to its general appearance, its natural products, or the condition of its inhabitants. The mountains which form the narrows and rapids of the river, though not exceeding two thousand feet in height, are destitute of arborescent plants, and the lower ranges of hills are not clothed with those forests of perpetual verdure which are usually met with in tropical climates. The large trees are only found in the valleys, or thinly sprinkled over the sides and summits of the hills; those which chiefly characterize the landscape, and appear to be very general along the whole extent of the shores, are said to be the *Adansonia*, *Bombax pentandrum*, *Anthocleista*, *Musanga* of the natives, (the genus related to *Cecropia*,) *Elaeis guiniensis*, *Raphia vinifera* and *Pandanus Candelabrum*. On the alluvial banks, the Mangrove, mixed with the palm, the *Adansonia* and the *Bombax*, with intermediate patches of the Egyptian papyrus, forms the grand feature of the vegetation. The principal articles of food are maize, cassava both sweet and bitter, two kinds of pulse, the *Cytisus rajan*, and a species of *phaseolus*, and ground nuts (*Arachis hypogæa*.) The common yam, and another species of *Dioscorea*, so bitter as to require 'four days boiling

to free it from its pernicious qualities,' sugar-cane, capsicum and tobacco, were among the alimentary plants of secondary importance. The most valuable fruits observed were the plantain, the papaw, limes and oranges, pine-apples, pumpkins, the tamarind, and a fruit about the size of a small plum, called Safu. The plant, however, of most importance to the natives, is the *Elais guiniensis*, or the oil-palm, from which is extracted the best palm-wine, though this beverage is procured from two other species, the *Raphia vinifera*, and that which Professor Smith supposed to be an *Hyphæne*. These palms are to the natives of Congo what the cocoa-tree is to many of the Asiatic islanders. The indigenous fruits are, the *Anona Senegalensis*, *Sarcocephalus*, a species of cream-fruit, *Chrysobalanus Icaco*, a species of *Ximenia*, and another of *Antidesina*.

'It is particularly deserving of attention,' Mr. Brown observes, 'that the greater part of the plants now enumerated, as cultivated on the banks of the Congo, and among them nearly the whole of the most important species, have probably been introduced from other parts of the world, and do not originally belong even to the continent of Africa. Thus it may be stated with confidence, that the maize, the manioc, or cassava, and the pine-apple, have been brought from America, and probably the papaw, the capsicum and tobacco; while the banana or plantain, the lime, the orange, the tamarind and the sugar-cane, may be considered as of Asiatic origin.' (Ap. p. 469.)

The observations which follow on the dispersion of plants, and the arguments made use of in tracing some of the most remarkable ones to their native country, are highly ingenious and interesting. Indeed the essay of Mr. Brown, containing nearly seventy pages, is arranged in so clear and perspicuous a manner, is so abundant in facts and philosophical reasoning, and displays such depth of research, as will, we think, establish his character as the first botanist of the age. Mr. Brown is friendly to the system of natural orders, as more philosophical and more capable of giving a broad and extended view of the vegetable part of the creation than the artificial arrangement of Linnæus; in this, as an English botanist, we believe he is singular, and we are not sorry for it. The Linnæan method, artificial as it is, must be considered as the best *dictionary of nature* that has yet been made, and the best adapted for assisting in the study of her language: it is, besides, the most perfect index that has ever been invented for tracing the object of which we are in search: it has its anomalies, but the system of natural orders has more; both, however, are worthy of cultivation, and may on most occasions be brought in aid of each other—but we cannot afford to digress.* The general statement of the propor-

* The comparative merits of the two systems are fairly and ably stated by Sir James Smith in the 'Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica,' Article 'Botany.'

tion of new genera and species, contained in Professor Smith's Herbarium, is thus given by Mr. Brown:—

* The whole number of species in the collection is about six hundred and twenty; but as specimens of about thirty of these are so imperfect as not to be referable to their proper genera, and some of them not even to natural orders, its amount may be stated at five hundred and ninety species.

* Of these about two hundred and fifty are absolutely new: nearly an equal number exist also in different parts of the west coast of equinoctial Africa, and not in other countries; of which, however, the greater part are yet unpublished: and about seventy are common to other intratropical regions.

* Of unpublished genera there are thirty-two in the collection; twelve of which are absolutely new, and three, though observed in other parts of this coast of equinoctial Africa, had not been found before in a state sufficiently perfect, to ascertain their structure; ten belong to different parts of the same line of coast; and seven are common to other countries.

* No natural order, absolutely new, exists in the herbarium; nor has any family been found peculiar to equinoctial Africa.'—Ap. p. 485.

And he adds,

* The extent of Professor Smith's herbarium proves not only the zeal and activity of my lamented friend, but also his great acquirements in that branch of science, which was his more particular province, and to his excessive exertions in the investigation of which he fell a victim, in the ill fated expedition to Congo.'—Ap. p. 485.

The animals appear to be those chiefly which are found in every part of this great continent, lions, leopards, elephants, buffaloes, antelopes, wild hogs, porcupines, hares, monkeys, &c. A long list of birds, fishes, and inferior animals, is given in the Appendix, by Doctor Leach, many of which appear to have hitherto been unknown. The river abounds with good fish; and it abounds also with those huge monsters, the hippopotamus and the crocodile of the Nile.

Domestic animals are of few species and scarce. The natives have hogs, goats, fowls, muscovy ducks and pigeons; a few sheep, generally spotted, and with hair instead of wool. They appear to be uncleanly feeders, being seldom at the trouble of picking the feathers from the fowls, or removing the skin, much less the hair, from the flesh of goats, which they devour when scarcely warmed by the fire, tearing it in pieces with their teeth.

Few of the villages seen along the line of the Zaire contained more than a hundred huts; these were mostly placed amidst groves of the palm and *adansonia*. They consist generally of six pieces; the better kind being constructed of palm leaves matted together with considerable skill; their bedding is also of palm leaves; they have gourds or calabashes for

earthen vessels for boiling their victuals, and wooden spoons for eating them. A piece of bask or of grass matting, bound round their loins, is their only clothing; but the women wear rings and bracelets of beads or cowrie shells, or the seeds of certain plants: their canoes are the hollowed trunks of the bombax or cotton tree, each being from twenty to twenty-four feet long, and from eighteen to twenty inches wide. A rude hoe, or piece of iron stuck through a short wooden handle, is the implement in use for agricultural purposes. The climate is so fine that little is required beyond that of putting the seed into the ground; and so temperate, that all the European fruits, grains, and culinary vegetables might here flourish together. 'The winter,' says the missionary Carli, 'of the kingdom of Congo is the mild spring or autumn of Italy; it is not subject to rains, but every morning there falls a dew which fertilizes the earth.' Captain Tuckey found the atmosphere 'cool, dry, and refreshing;' the sun so seldom shining out, that for four or five days together they were unable to get a correct altitude. From Embomma upwards the temperature seldom exceeded 76° by day, and was sometimes as low as 60° by night.

Fine, however, as the climate certainly is, it was every where apparent that the general condition of the people was that of extreme poverty. The population too was far more thinly scattered along the banks of the river than could have been supposed. Those vast masses of people mentioned by Carli, Merolla, and most of the missionaries, had no existence in this part of the country; and it would almost seem that those armies, counted by hundreds of thousands, were so many fictions, unless we are to conceive that, in the course of two centuries, wars, pestilence, famine, and the slave trade, have swept them away. The country, however, was evidently improving, both in appearance and population, where the party were compelled to abandon the further prosecution of the journey.

The banks of the Zaire are not the part of Africa where the slave trade at present is carried on with much activity: on the first arrival of the expedition, three Portuguese schooners and four pinnaces were at Embomma; and a schooner under Spanish colours, with an English mate on board of the name of Sherwood, slipped out of the river as the Congo entered it. The chiefs were all intent on trade, and were angry and disappointed when they learned that slaves were not the objects of the expedition; and one of them, on being told that they neither came to trade nor make war, asked, 'What then come for; only to take walk and make book?' It would seem, however, that the saleable slaves are chiefly confined to such as have been taken in war, or kidnapped in the interior, or such as may have

had a sentence of death commuted into that of foreign slavery. Domestic slavery exists, but only in a slight degree, and the objects of it are not transferable to foreign traders; but the gradation from domestic to foreign slavery is too short and easy, we should conceive, to afford much security to those who are placed in this humiliating condition. It is stated by Mr. Fitzmaurice that, while he was at Embomma, a man had been condemned to suffer death; that he was taken to Sherwood, the mate of the slave-ship before mentioned, and offered for sale; but that, on being rejected, those who had charge of him bound his hands and feet, and without further ceremony threw him into the river.

The state of society, among the tribes of Congo, appears to be pretty nearly the same as that of all the negro nations; but in their moral and physical character they ought probably to be placed at the lower end of the scale of Africans. The women cultivate the land, carry the produce to market, range the woods for food and firing, manage the canoes in catching fish, and perform all the laborious duties, while the men saunter about, or lie at full length stringing beads or strumming on some musical instrument; or, if they exert themselves at all, it is in dancing by moonlight. They are represented, however, as lively and good humoured, hospitable to strangers, ready at all times to share their pittance with the passing traveller; and, considering the low state of civilization, far more honest than could have been expected. Their features are neither so strong nor their colour so deep as those of the more northern negroes, and they are said to indicate great simplicity and innocence. The discovery of some burnt human bones, and of skulls hanging on the branches of trees, on the first entering of the party into the river, made an injurious impression on those who landed, as indicating the practice of eating human flesh; but it was soon discovered that this was the place of public execution. Nothing could be more abhorrent from their practice; and, in fact, a negro cannibal, we verily believe, does not exist.

We cannot be surprized that a people so ignorant should be superstitious. Every one wears about him, and keeps also in his dwelling, a charm against evil, and there is nothing so vile in nature that does not serve for a negro's *fetiché*;—the horn, the hoof, the hair, the teeth, and the bones of all manner of quadrupeds—the feathers, beaks, claws, skulls, and bones of birds—the heads and skins of snakes—the shells and fins of fishes—pieces of old iron, copper, wood, seeds of plants—and sometimes a mixture of all or most of them strung together on the same string. They are generally guided, however, by the priest in the choice of a *fetiché* as a protection against any particular danger; and if it should unfortunately happen that

that the wearer perishes by the very means against which the charm had been adopted, it is not for want of power in the fetiche, but for the possessor having offended it. On this account, when a man has predetermined to commit an act, which may be displeasing to his fetiche, or which his conscience tells him he ought not to do, he lays aside his guardian deity, and covers him up, that he may not behold the wickedness which he is about to commit. This may be superstition; but it is not confined to the African savage. Louis the Eleventh, a faithless, rapacious, and cruel despot, is said to have covered his whole body with reliques and scapularies, to which some supposed virtue was attached; but his favourite *fetiche* was a leaden image of the Virgin, which he always wore on his hat, and such was the veneration which this tutelary guardian exacted from the monarch, that, whenever he was about to perform a wicked or unjust act, he always put it aside. It is worthy of remark that the word *fetiche*, which extends throughout the whole of the negro coast, is Portuguese—*fetico*, a charm or witchcraft; and we perhaps shall not be far amiss in supposing this nation to have encouraged, rather than used any endeavour to suppress, the superstitious notions of the ignorant natives.

The language of Congo, it would appear from some observations of Mr. Marsden, extends quite across the continent, and many of its words are found to correspond not only with the language of Mosambique, but also with that of the Caffres, near the Cape of Good Hope; but it does not appear to possess any of that complicated mechanism which some authors have assigned to it, or to have required that 'meditative genius, foreign to the habitual condition of the people,' which Malte-Brun seems to have discovered in its construction. A copious vocabulary of the Malemba and Embomma languages, collected by Captain Tuckey, is contained in the Appendix.

We now proceed to lay before our readers a brief biographical notice of each of the sufferers on this ill-fated expedition, the melancholy catastrophe of which has added so largely to the catalogue of martyrs to the spirit of African discovery.

JAMES HINGSTON TUCKEY, the youngest son of Thomas Tuckey, Esq. of Greenhill, near Mallow, was born in 1776, went to sea in 1791, served on board the *Suffolk* as master's mate at the capture of Trincomallee, when he received a slight wound in his left arm; and assisted at the surrender of Amboyna, 'famous,' as he observes in a letter to his friends, 'for Dutch cruelty and English forbearance.' Here, when in the act of firing a gun, it burst, and broke his right arm. 'Having no surgeon on board,' he writes, 'I was obliged to officiate for myself, and set it in a truly sailor-like fashion,

so that in a week after it was again obliged to be broken, by the advice of the surgeon.' For his exertions in quelling a mutiny which broke out in the *Suffolk*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Rainier, that officer appointed him acting lieutenant. While at Madras in a prize, he volunteered into the *Sybil*, on intelligence being received of the French frigate *La Forte* cruising in the Bay of Bengal; and in the gallant action which ensued, Lieutenant Tuckey commanded on the fore-castle.

In 1799 he was sent with dispatches for Admiral Blankett, then commanding in the Red Sea. Here the excessive heat seems to have laid the foundation of a complaint which never left him. 'It may surprize you' (he writes from Bombay) 'to hear me complain of heat, after six years broiling between the tropics; but the hottest day I ever felt, either in the East or the West Indies, was winter to the coolest one we had in the Red Sea. The whole coast of "Araby the Blest," from Babelmandel to Suez, for forty miles inland, is an arid sand, producing not a single blade of grass nor affording one drop of fresh water; that which we drank for nine months, on being analyzed, was found to contain a very considerable portion of sea salt. In the Red Sea, the thermometer at midnight was never lower than 94° , at sun-rise 104° , and at noon 112° . In India the medium is 82° , the highest 94° .' On a second visit to this inland sea, he experienced so violent an attack of the liver, and was so much debilitated, that a return to Europe was the only chance of saving his life.

His native climate had the desired effect, and in 1802 he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Calcutta*, when sent to form an establishment in New South Wales. Here he made several surveys, and particularly one of Port Philip, and on reaching England in 1804, published an account of the voyage. The following year the *Calcutta*, in bringing home a valuable convoy from St. Helena, was met by the Rochefort squadron, consisting of five sail of the line and two frigates. For the preservation of this convoy, Captain Woodruff determined to engage the whole squadron, and maintained a sort of running fight in a direction opposite to the course of the convoy, till he saw it out of danger, and the *Calcutta* became perfectly unmanageable, and was compelled to surrender. Captain Woodruff, after an imprisonment of eighteen months, was exchanged for a French officer of equal rank; but Lieutenant Tuckey was kept in confinement till the termination of the war. The Court Martial having 'most honourably acquitted Captain Woodruff, his officers, and ship's company,' the Captain delivered a paper to the court to the following effect:—'I cannot, Mr. President, and members of this honourable Court, omit to express to you how much I regret that the captivity of Lieutenant Tuckey, late first lieutenant of his

Majesty's ship *Calcutta*, should be a bar to the promotion he so highly merits; his courage, cool intrepidity, and superior abilities as a seaman and an officer, entitle him to my warmest gratitude, and render him most worthy of the attention of the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

In 1806, Mr. Tuckey married a fellow-prisoner, Miss Margaret Stuart, daughter of the commander of a ship in the East India Company's service at Bengal. She also had been taken by the *Roche-fort* squadron on her passage, to join her father in India. In vain Mr. Tuckey and his friends exerted themselves in procuring his release, by exchange or otherwise; and it was not till after repeated refusals that he even obtained permission, in 1810, for his wife to visit England to look after his concerns. Her object accomplished, she procured passports to return to France by way of Morlaix: here she was detained, and after six weeks sent back to England.

On the advance of the allied armies into France in 1814, Mr. Tuckey was ordered to Blois, and, with his two little boys, obliged to travel in the most severe weather, he says, that he ever experienced. His youngest son fell a victim to fatigue and sickness. 'I had indeed,' says the father, 'a hard trial with my little boy, for after attending him day and night for three weeks, (he had no mother, no servant, no friend but me to watch over him,) I received his last breath, and then had not only to direct his interment, but also to follow him to the grave, and recommend his innocent soul to his God: this was indeed a severe trial, but it was a duty, and I did not shrink from it.' But one still more severe awaited him shortly after his arrival in England: he had the misfortune to lose a fine child, a girl of seven years of age, in consequence of her clothes taking fire, after lingering several days in excruciating agony.

On account of Mr. Tuckey's meritorious services in the *Calcutta*, and his sufferings and long imprisonment in France, Lord Melville promoted him, in the year 1814, to the rank of commander; and in the following year, on hearing of the intention of sending an expedition to explore the *Zaire*, he applied, among several others, to be appointed to that service. His abilities were unquestionable: he was an excellent surveyor, spoke several languages, and during his confinement he had stored his mind with such various knowledge, and had turned his attention so particularly to the subject of nautical discovery and river navigation, that he appeared to be in every respect eligible for the service, and accordingly was entrusted with the command, of which his narrative is the best proof that he was not undeserving. His zeal to accomplish the objects of the expedition appears to have been without bounds, and his unwearied exertions evidently brought on his old disorder. He returned to the ships
from

from his river excursion in a state of extreme exhaustion; he had no fever, however, nor pain during the whole of his illness, from the 17th of September, when he reached the Congo, till the 4th of October, when he expired. We insert with pleasure the following testimony of his merits.

* The few survivors of this ill-fated expedition will long cherish the memory of Captain Tuckey, of whom Mr. Fitzmaurice, the master, who succeeded to the command, observes, in reporting his death, "in him the navy has lost an ornament, and its seamen a father." But his benevolence was not confined to the profession of which he was so distinguished a member. A poor black of South Africa, who, in his youth, had been kidnapped by a slave-dealer, was put on board the Congo, while in the Thames, with a view of restoring him to his friends and country, neither of which turned out to be in the neighbourhood of the Zaire, and he was brought back to England. This black was publicly baptized at Deptford church, by the name of Benjamin Peters, having learned to read on the passage out by Captain Tuckey's instructions, of whom he speaks in the strongest terms of gratitude and affection. He was generous to a fault. A near relation has observed, "that a want of sufficient economy, and an incapability of refusal to open his purse to the necessities of others, have been the cause of many of the difficulties which clouded the prospects of his after life;"—that "he knew nothing of the value of money, except as it enabled him to gratify the feelings of a benevolent heart."

* In his person Captain Tuckey was tall, and must once have been handsome; but his long residence in India had broken down his constitution, and, at the age of thirty, his hair was gray, and his head nearly bald: his countenance was pleasing, but wore rather a pensive cast; but he was at all times gentle and kind in his manners, cheerful in conversation, and indulgent to every one placed under his command. In him it may fairly be said, the profession has lost an ornament; his country has been deprived of an able, enterprising, and experienced officer; and his widow and children have sustained an irreparable loss.—*Intro.* p.lix.lx.

LIEUTENANT HAWKEY had been a fellow prisoner with Captain Tuckey in France, where, under the inhuman system of Buonaparte, he had suffered an imprisonment of eleven years: every prospect of rising in his profession being clouded and lost in a hopeless captivity, limited only by the duration of the war, and aggravated by the cruel reflection, that, after having spent the early and best years of life in the active service of his country, and the middle part of it in a prison, he would have to begin the world anew, if ever the day of liberation should arrive—such was the condition to which a number of gallant officers in the navy and army were reduced by this malignant tyrant.

Lieutenant Hawkey was an excellent draughtsman; he sketched in a bold and artist-like manner; and, to a general knowledge of natural history, he united the talent of painting the minuter sea and land animals

imals with great spirit and accuracy, and in an exquisite style of colouring. A number of specimens of this kind were found in a small pocket-book, accompanied with some slight memoranda; but his papers, containing descriptions of those sketches and drawings, and other remarks made in the progress up the river, have unfortunately been lost. He proceeded with the captain to the farthest point of the journey, and, though employed in the most active manner, and exposed to the same weather and the same hardships as the rest of the party, he had no complaint whatever when he returned to the vessel on the 17th September; his case was therefore somewhat singular. He continued in good health, and without any complaint till the 3d October, when the ship was at sea; he then expressed a sense of lassitude about his loins, and irritability of stomach; but there was no apparent febrile action; the pulse being about the natural standard, which with him was only 65°, without the body undergoing any increase of temperature. The only symptoms were irritability of stomach, with extreme languor and debility; the next day, however, he was seized with vomiting; on the 6th became insensible, the pulse scarcely perceptible at the wrist, and the extremities cold; and he continued thus till 11 o'clock in the evening, when he expired without a struggle.—*Introd.* p. lxi. lxii.

MR. EYRE, the purser, was a young man of a corpulent and bloated habit; he had no illness while in the river; had not been on shore for three weeks, and never exposed himself either to the sun or fatigue during the whole voyage. He was attacked with fever after leaving the river, and, on the third day, breathed his last. His disease appears to have had all the symptoms of the Bulam fever.

MR. CHRISTIAN SMITH, professor of botany, the son of a respectable landholder near Drammen in Norway, was born in October 1785; he studied botany under Professor Hornemann, and more particularly that branch of the science of which his native mountains afforded such ample stores—the mosses and lichens. Brought up to the profession of physic, and appointed physician to the great hospital at Copenhagen, he could not resist the temptation of accompanying his friends Hornemann and Wormskiold on a botanical tour into the mountains of Norway, in which he particularly distinguished himself. In 1812 he made a second excursion across the mountains of Tellemarck and Hallingdud, ascertained their heights, examined their productions, and in short traversed those solitary regions not only as a botanist but as a natural philosopher. He published a narrative of his observations, which, to use the words of his friend Von Buch, 'must always be considered as one of the most curious and instructive documents of physical geography.' In a third scientific expedition, on which he was engaged by the Patriotic Society of Norway, he extended his travels into remote regions 'untrod even by the hunters of the rein-deer. Here he assembled the scattered peasantry,

peasantry, explained to them the characters and the valuable properties of the lichens which covered their mountains, instructed them how to convert their mosses into bread pleasant to the taste, nourishing, and wholesome, and prevailed on them to adopt it instead of the miserable bark bread, which affords but little nourishment, and that little at the expense of health.'

After this he came to England, traversed its northern mountains and those of Scotland, visited North and South Wales, and scoured the mountains of Ireland. On his return to London, in 1814, he met, at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, the celebrated geologist Baron Von Buch, whose habits and feelings being congenial with his own, they soon formed an intimacy, and projected a voyage to Madeira and the Canaries. In this expedition Professor Smith was enraptured with the luxuriance of the vegetable world, which far surpassed any idea he could have possibly formed of it from the languid and stunted vegetation of his northern climate. He returned to England in December 1815; and when the expedition to explore the Zaire was mentioned to him by Sir Joseph Banks, he most readily and unconditionally accepted the offer of the appointment of botanist from a pure love of science, and the hope of being useful to mankind. The zeal and qualifications of Professor Smith are apparent from his journal, though it seems this interesting document had undergone no revision, but was found, as we before mentioned, as originally written, in a small pocket memorandum-book. He was first taken ill on returning with Captain Tuckey to the vessels, and pertinaciously refused all nutriment and medicine, except cold water. On the 21st of September, four days after they reached the ship, he became delirious, and died on the following day.

MR. CRANCH, collector of subjects in natural history, was one of those extraordinary self-taught characters, to whom particular branches of science and literature are sometimes more indebted, than to the efforts of those who have had the advantage of a regular education. He was born at Exeter, in the year 1785, of humble but respectable parents; having lost his father at eight years of age, he was turned over to an avaricious uncle, who scarcely allowed him a common education, and, at fourteen, put him out as an apprentice to learn 'the art and mystery of shoe-making.' In this situation every moment that could be stolen from his labour was either devoted to the few books which he had been able to collect, or to the study of natural history, and particularly that branch of it which relates to entomology. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he repaired to London. That great mart of human knowledge inspired him with higher objects, and better hopes than those of advancement in the art of shoe-making.

On his return to his native spot his circumstances were favourably improved by marriage. Every thing was now left to his journeymen, while he was sedulously and successfully employed in collecting objects of natural history. The ardour with which he prosecuted his inquiries is thus described:—

‘No difficulties nor dangers impeded his researches: he climbed the most rugged precipices—he was frequently lowered down by the peasants from the summits of the tallest cliffs—he waded through rapid streams—he explored the beds of the muddiest rivers—he sought the deepest recesses. He frequently wandered for whole weeks from home, and often ventured out to sea for several days together entirely alone in the smallest skiffs of the fishermen. No inclemency of weather, no vicissitudes of “storms and sunshine,” ever prevented his fatiguing pursuits; the discovery of a new insect amply repaid the most painful exertions. Several papers in the “Weekly Entertainer,” a little work which accompanies one of the most popular of the western newspapers, were written by him; and by these, and his collection of subjects in natural history, he gradually became better known, and his talents duly appreciated by the most able naturalists.’—*Introd.* p. lxxiv.

Dr. Leach was so well pleased with the accuracy and intelligence of this self-educated and zealous naturalist, that he engaged him to collect insects, and particularly marine productions, for the British Museum. This was the height of his ambition,—

‘He immediately discharged his journeymen, and converted his manufactory of boots and shoes into apartments for the reception and preservation of such objects of natural history as his daily excursions might procure. He kept up a continual communication with the fishermen of Plymouth, and constantly received from them baskets filled with the rubbish they dredged from the bottom of the sea; and this he examined with diligence and attention, preserving all the new objects that he discovered, and making descriptions of them. He visited occasionally the Brixham, Plymouth, and Falmouth fishermen, and made excursions with them. He very often left Kingsbridge in an open boat, and remained absent for a long time together, during which he dredged, when the tide was full, and examined the shores when it was out. At night he slept in his boat, which he drew on shore; and, when the weather was too stormy for marine excursions, he would leave his boat and proceed to examine the country and woods for insects, birds, &c.’—*Introd.* p. lxxv. lxxvi.

When the expedition to the Zaire was in agitation, Mr. Cranch was thus employed in the collection of subjects of natural history for the British Museum; and was recommended by Dr. Leach to Sir Joseph Banks, as particularly fitted for the situation of collector on this voyage of discovery. Mr. Cranch was taken ill between Cooloo and Iuga; was carried back on the shoulders of the natives to the former place, from thence in a hammock to the foot of the first cataract, where he was put into a canoe, and on the
tenth

tenth day reached the ship. On the third day after this he died, and was buried at Embomma, by permission of the king, in his own burying ground. 'He was of that order of dissenters,' says Mr. Fitzmaurice, 'who are called Methodists; and, if I may judge from external appearances, he was an affectionate husband and father, a sincere friend, a pious, honest, and good man.' He died in the thirty-first year of his age.

MR. TUDOR was a young man who had served his apprenticeship to a surgeon in Liverpool, and was recommended by Mr. Brookes the anatomist, and approved by Sir Everard Home, as a person well qualified to fill the situation of comparative anatomist. The unfortunate circumstances of the expedition afforded him but few materials to work upon, and little opportunity to exercise his skill on those few. He was the youngest of the party, and the first who was attacked with fever on the march over the hills, being seized on the 15th of August, three days after they set out. On the 22d he reached the Congo sloop in one of the double boats, in a state of great debility, anxiety, and impatience, and, on the evening of the 29th, he expired without pain.

MR. EDWARD GALWEY was second son to the banker of that name in Mallow. He had been educated with a view to one of the learned professions; but by the advice of his friends he was prevailed on to take a seat in his father's office. It was soon found, however, that the dull routine of a banker's counting-house was but little congenial with his inclinations, and he escaped from it whenever he could, to indulge his zeal for scientific pursuits. He thus acquired a practical knowledge of botany, made himself conversant with all the new discoveries in chemistry, and these, with geology, became his favourite studies. He was soon compelled, however, to withdraw from his retired and studious pursuits to seek for health in the South of Europe, having greatly suffered from the alarming symptoms of a confirmed consumption; from which he is said to have completely recovered by a tempestuous and protracted passage to Lisbon, in the year 1813. Here he seized the opportunity of gratifying his ardent zeal for research, by availing himself of the facility which his uniform of a yeomanry officer gave him to explore various parts of the Peninsula. In this journey he acquired such a taste for foreign travel, that on his return to Ireland his friends quickly perceived an opportunity only was wanting to set him forth again. That opportunity soon occurred in the ill-fated expedition before us. Captain Tuckey had been one of his early friends, and to him he immediately applied to be taken on board as a volunteer. In vain was he told that he would be exposed to privations and hardships of every kind; he pleaded the example of Sir

Joseph Banks :—in short, remonstrance and persuasion were useless, and he persevered till he was permitted to embark.

In the march overland he was taken ill at the village of Inga, about the 24th of August, but did not reach the Congo till the 7th of September, being then in a state of great exhaustion. On the 9th he became insensible, and expired, without pain, about the middle of the day. His body was interred in the burying ground of the king of Embomma, with such honours as the dispirited party left with the vessels, could bestow, by the side of his unfortunate companions Cranch and Tudor.

‘ Mr. Galwey had taken a very active part in collecting specimens, and making remarks on the natural products of the country, and more particularly on its geology; but both his journal and his collection are lost. They had met in their progress with a party of slave-dealers, having in their possession a negro in fetters, from the Mandingo country. From motives of humanity, and with the view of returning this man to his friends and country, as well as under the hope that he might become useful as they proceeded, and give some account of the regions through which he must have passed, as soon as he should be able to speak a little English, Captain Tuckey purchased him, and appointed him to attend Mr. Galwey; but he was utterly incapable, it seems, of feeling either pleasure or gratitude at his release from captivity; and when Mr. Galwey was taken ill, he not only abandoned him, but carried off the little property he had with him, no part of which was ever recovered.’—*Introd.* pp. lxxx. lxxxi.

We cannot suffer this occasion to pass without offering our tribute of respect and regret to the memory of another enterprizing traveller, whose name has frequently been mentioned in our pages, and the best part of whose life has been devoted to the cause of African discovery; but which unfortunately has been cut off in its prime, just at the moment when he was about to realize his plan of penetrating into the interior of this continent.

Mr. J. L. BURCKHARDT, a cadet of one of the principal families in Switzerland, was a native of Zurich. At the time when the despotism of France had closed every avenue, but one, of distinction to the youth of the continent, our young traveller, unwilling to engage in the career of a military life, came over to England, with an introduction to Sir Joseph Banks, and, after a few months' residence in London, offered his services to the African Association. The result of Park's first attempt had more effect in kindling his hopes of final success, than the fate of Houghton, Horneman, and Ledyard in depressing them. Possessed of a good constitution and an unimpeached moral character, well educated, and capable of improving his talents by application in whatever pursuit might be found necessary to qualify him for the undertaking, he was immediately

diately enlisted into the service of the Association, and received from various quarters every assistance he required in the different branches of science, to which his attention was directed.

Mr. Burckhardt left England on the 2d of March, 1809, for Malta, whence he set out for Aleppo, which he reached on the 6th of July following. Here, and at Damascus, he spent a principal part of the next three years; during which he made a variety of excursions into the Hauran and the Lesge, visited the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbec, passed some time amongst the Turkmans of the northern provinces of Syria, and perfected himself in the knowledge of the religion, manners, and language of the Mahomedan Arabs, by frequent and long residences among the Bedouins of the desert. The result of his researches in that part of the world, which he considered as merely preparatory to his great enterprize, the African Association now possess, in the form of journals, and of political, geographical, and statistical notices. On the 18th of June, 1812, he set out from Damascus for Cairo, avoiding the usual route of the sea coast and desert between El Arish and the borders of Egypt, and directing his course, in the disguise of the poorest of the Bedouins, from the Holy Land, east of the Jordan, by Szalt, into Arabia Petrea, and across the great desert El Ty: he reached Cairo on the 4th of September, with the intention of availing himself of the first opportunity of penetrating into Africa, which the departure of a Fezzan or a Darfour caravan might afford him.

Finding, however, that this was not likely soon to take place, he determined to pass the intermediate time in exploring Egypt and the country above the Cataracts, and was thus enabled to perform two very arduous and interesting journeys into the ancient Æthiopia; one of them along the banks of the Nile from Assouan to Dar El Mahasa on the frontiers of Dongola, in the months of February and March 1813, during which he discovered many remains of ancient Egyptian and Nubian architecture, with Greek inscriptions, such as are found in the temples of Philæ;—the other, between March and July in the following year, through Nubia to Souakim and Djedda. The details of this journey contain the best notices ever received in Europe of the actual state of society, trade, manufactures and government, in what was once the cradle of all the knowledge of the Egyptians.

Our traveller's next excursion appears to have been from Cairo into the peninsula of Arabia, for the purpose of visiting the holy cities of Mecca and Medina; in the former of which he resided between four and five months, making his observations secure under the character of a Mahomedan Hadjé or pilgrim, and with all the advantage

advantage of the perfect knowledge which he had now acquired in the religion, language and manners of the inhabitants. His residence in this part of the east necessarily brought him into contact with the Wahabees; and the Association have received from him, besides a full description of Mecca, and of the early and recent superstitions of that part of the world, a very elaborate account of the rise and progress of this extraordinary sect of Mahomedan puritans, comprehending the whole of their political history from the foundation of the sect, between fifty and sixty years ago, by Abd El Wahab and Mohammed Ibn Saoud, to the peace between Abdallah Ibn Saoud and Tooson Pasha, on the part of Mohammed Ali, pashaw of Egypt, in 1815.

The last excursion of Mr. Burckhardt was from Cairo to Mount Sinai and the eastern head of the Red Sea. The journal of this interesting tour is interspersed with a variety of historical notices on the former state of the country, and annexed to it is a memoir of the wanderings of the Israelites on their departure from the land of Pharaoh.

Besides these works, we are happy to learn that the Association are also in possession of a variety of notices on the interior of Africa, with several vocabularies of African languages, collected from the natives who visited Egypt during Mr. Burckhardt's detention in that country. There is also a series of nine hundred and ninety-nine Arabic proverbs, in the original language, together with English translations and illustrations of the various allusions contained in them; to these is added a literal and spirited translation of a burlesque epic poem in the vulgar dialect of Cairo; the subject of which is a contest between wine and *hasht*, the latter being a generic term for all the intoxicating substances composed of the leaves of the hemp-flower and opium, whether in the form of pastes, pills, or sweetmeats.

Such are a small part of the labours of this extraordinary person, whose accomplishments and perseverance were such as could not have failed, had he lived, to place him high in the ranks of the most distinguished travellers of this or indeed any age. He has in fact left behind him materials which have scarcely ever been equalled by any of his predecessors for the interest and importance of the subjects, the extent of his observations, and for the elegance even of his style, though written in a foreign idiom.

The close of Mr. Burckhardt's last work, we understand, is brought down to the 25th March, 1817, when the approaching summer seemed to offer to him the pleasing prospect of a caravan destined to Mourzouk, a route which he had long before decided on as the most likely to conduct towards that point which had now for many years been the principal object of his life. His expressions on this occasion,

casion, and which we copy from one of the last letters he was destined to write, cannot be contemplated, at the present moment, without feelings of deep regret.

‘I write to Sir Joseph Banks, and repeat to you, that I am in anxious expectation of a caravan for Libya, and I have been long prepared to start on the shortest notice. I shall leave Egypt with more pleasure, because I shall now no more have to regret leaving my journals in a rude state, which would have been the case, if I had started last year; and it will afford me no small consolation upon my future travels, to think that, whatever may be my fate, some profit has, at least, hitherto accrued from my pursuits, and that the Association are now in possession of several Journals of mine treating of new and interesting countries.’

Such was the eager and lively hope with which he looked forward to joining the departing caravan! but Providence ordained otherwise. On the 5th of October, 1817, he was suddenly seized with a dysentery, which, in spite of the attendance of an English physician, hurried him to an untimely end on the 15th of that month. No words can better depict the last moments of this object of our regret, his ardent mind and his affectionate heart, than those of a letter from the consul-general of Egypt to the secretary of the African Association, of which the following is an extract:—

‘I have the painful task of communicating to you very heart-rending intelligence. Our valuable traveller and friend, Sheick Ibrahim, is no more; he died on Wednesday last, after an illness of only ten days continuance, of a dysentery, which baffled all the skill of Dr. Richardson, then travelling with Lord Belmore, who most fortunately happened to be present at the commencement of his malady, and who attended him with great kindness and anxious zeal throughout its progress. The Doctor tells me that he never saw an instance where the constitution made so little effort to recover itself. The disease went on from bad to worse with amazing rapidity until he sunk a victim to its ravages. On Wednesday morning his dangerous situation became very apparent, and he then felt so conscious of his approaching end, that he begged I might be sent for.

‘I went over immediately, and cannot describe how shocking it was to see the change which in so short a time had taken place. On the Tuesday se’nnight previous, he had been walking in my garden, with all the appearance of health about him, and conversing with his usual liveliness and vigour; he could now scarcely articulate his words; often made use of one for the other—was of a ghastly hue, covered with a cold clammy sweat, and had all the symptomatic restlessness of approaching death. Yet he still perfectly retained his senses, and was surprizingly firm and collected, and desired I would take pen and paper, and write down what he should dictate. The following is almost word for word what he said. “If I should now die, I wish you to draw upon Mr. Hamilton for £250, for money due to me from the African Association, and, together with what I have in Mr. Boghoz’ hands, (2000 piastres) make

poem, some allusion is, for the first time, made to the appearance of Mahomet, the whole body of the work being entirely free from the customs and principles of Islamism: and one of the few supernatural phenomena related in it is the extraordinary effect produced by the first uttering of the name of the prophet. The episodes which are here and there introduced into the work add to the interest of the story, paint the manners of the desert to the life, and afford a variety of humorous and tender scenes. The female sex bears throughout a much more important part in the conduct of the poem than is now allowed to it by Mahomedan jealousy; and, contrary to the supposed usages of Arabian poetry, women are made often to appear clothed in armour, and to fight as stoutly as any heroine of our Christian romances. The narrative part of the work is in plain and unadorned prose; but most of the speeches are in the highest strain of Arab poetry. There are but few references to the superstitions, or religion of the time. The Christians are mentioned, but with no peculiar marks of aversion. The chiefs in their oaths swear by their idols, and they appear to have peculiar images in the temple which they worship, and to which victims are offered. The Kaaba is spoken of as a sacred object. The sudden burst of a tempest is at times attributed to the immediate interference of the Deity, though never to magical illusions. A talismanic ring relieves diseases, and now and then a sorceress is employed in good or evil deeds.

The 'Memnon' mentioned in the Consul-general's letter is the head of a colossal statue found at Thebes, and brought from that place to Alexandria at the joint expense of our deceased traveller and Mr. Salt, as a present to the British Museum, where, while we are writing, it has just arrived in safety. This extraordinary head is, without doubt, the finest specimen of ancient Egyptian sculpture which has yet been discovered.* It is formed of a single block of granite about ten tons in weight. Under the direction of M. Belzoni, it was moved by the sheer labour of the Arab peasantry two

* 'After all I have said on the subject of the statue of Memnon, I am very much inclined to think that there were two pretended vocal statues at Thebes; and that the one which Philostratus speaks of, as having, besides its youthful appearance and other circumstances above mentioned, a peculiar intelligence in its eyes, and a mouth as if on the point of speaking, was placed within the temple called the Memnonian. The head of such a statue is still to be seen within this building, and it is certainly the most beautiful and perfect piece of Egyptian sculpture that can be seen throughout the whole country. We were struck with its extraordinary delicacy; the very uncommon expression visible in its features; and with a marked character that well entitled it to the admiration of Damis. It is of granite, the stone the ancients very commonly denominated as the μέλας λίθος. Its proportions are not so colossal as those of the two which are together in the plain; and the place in which it is to be found exactly answers to the τίμας τῷ Μίμνῳ, — as described by the same biographer, — a space within a ruined temple, such as often occurs in abandoned cities, strewed with fragments of columns, traces of walls, pedestals, doorways, and statues of Hermes, or the Egyptian Mercury, partim manu, partim tempore consumpta.' *Hamilton's Egyptica.*

miles, and, without the aid of any kind of machinery, embarked on the Nile. The French, unable to remove it, attempted to blow off with gunpowder the large mass of hair behind, forming that bushy coëffure so common on Egyptian statues, and part of the bust; fortunately, the face has sustained no injury. If we mistake not, there is a plate of this bust, not exactly as it now is, but as the French savans had intended it to be after the operation of blowing off the wig.

By the indefatigable labour of M. Belzoni and Mr. Salt, the British Museum is likely to become the richest depository in the world of Egyptian antiquities. They uncovered the front of the great sphynx, when numerous pieces of antiquity, as unexpected as extraordinary, were developed, pieces which, for many centuries, had not been exposed to human eyes. Among other things, a beautiful monolithic temple of very considerable dimensions was discovered between the legs of the sphynx, having within it a sculptured lion and a small sphynx. In one of the paws of the great sphynx was another temple, with a sculptured lion standing on an altar. In front of the great sphynx were the remains of buildings, apparently temples, and several granite slabs with inscriptions cut into them, some entire, and others broken. One of these is by Claudius Cæsar, recording his visits to the pyramids, and another by Antoninus Pius; both of which, with the little lions, are now in the British Museum. Several paint-pots were also found fronting the sphynx, with paint of different colours in them. At Thebes, M. Belzoni has made many new and curious discoveries, and found many valuable relics which had escaped the ravages of the invading Persians and the modern Arabs: he has also uncovered six tombs of the kings of Egypt, which for centuries had not been entered or, indeed, known. That of Apis he represents as uncommonly magnificent and interesting. 'It is certainly,' he says, 'the most curious and astonishing thing in Egypt, and impresses one with the highest idea of the workmanship of the ancient inhabitants. The interior, from one extremity to the other, is one hundred and ninety feet, containing a great number of apartments and galleries. The walls are every where covered with hieroglyphics and *bas-reliefs*, in fresco colours, which are brighter than any colour we have, and as fresh as if they had been only just laid on. But the finest antique in this place is in the principal chamber. It is a sarcophagus, formed of a single piece of alabaster, nine feet seven inches long, three feet nine inches wide, the interior and the exterior being equally covered with hieroglyphics and figures, hollowed with a chissel. This sarcophagus sounds like a silver bell, and is as transparent as ice; no doubt, when I shall have it transported to England, as I hope to do successfully, it will be esteemed as one of the most precious treasures of which any European museum can boast.'

But we must return to the afflicting task from which the seductive and

and interesting nature of our correspondence almost unconsciously withdrew us. The last victim (would he might be the last!) that we have to mention is LIEUTENANT STOKOE, of the navy. This brave officer was severely wounded when our little squadron so gallantly defended itself against an overwhelming force on lake Erie; and when taken prisoner was marched several hundred miles into Kentucky, handcuffed like a felon. After the war, he was appointed lieutenant of the Inconstant, commanded by Sir James Yeo; and being sent to Sierra Leone in a prize, and unwilling to remain there inactive, first joined the unfortunate expedition of Major Peddie, and after a long detention in the Foolah country by the rains, and by fruitless palavers, returned in November last to Sierra Leone, where he unfortunately died.

The retrospective view of African discoveries, which will be found in various Numbers of our Journal, has hitherto, it must be owned, been rather of a gloomy nature. Many, however, as the sufferers have been in the hazardous enterprize of exploring the mysterious Niger, or in attempting to reach the celebrated city of Tombuctoo, new adventurers start up, ready to run the same career of difficulties and dangers. Captain Gray, of the Royal African corps, who has been seven years in that country, and who has made himself well acquainted with the Jalloff language, has assumed the command of a new expedition, more likely to be successful than the former, by taking the route of the Gambia. In the early part of this year he had entered this river; and letters from him state that his preparations were nearly complete, his people all well and in good spirits, and that he waited only the arrival of a transport which had been sent to the Cape de Verde islands for horses and mules, and which was daily expected, to commence his journey into the interior: the rains had ceased, and the season was favourable.

The time must come, and we are willing to hope it is not very distant, when the veil of African mystery will be drawn aside. Even now the prospective view appears to be enlivened with a brighter colouring than has yet tinted the African landscape. Never, certainly, was there a fairer prospect of success, in pushing researches into the interior, than under the pledged protection of the present bashaw of Tripoli; whose earnest and anxious wish to do that which may be acceptable to the Prince Regent and his government, whose marked attention to Englishmen, whose alliance with Fezzan and Bournou, and offers of protection to any English traveller who may be disposed to visit those countries, are guarantees of safety which no former traveller enjoyed. We mentioned in a former Number, that he had given permission to Captain Smith and Mr. Warrington, to excavate and explore the ruins of ancient Leptis, and to carry away the columns, statues, fragments of antiquities, or whatever else they might discover; and that, with the assistance of the Arab

Arab peasantry, they had succeeded in procuring many remains of ancient art, some fine porphyritic columns, parts of frizes, and fragments of statues, which have since arrived at the British Museum. Some of these columns are represented as of large dimensions and of beautiful marble: it may be doubted, however, if Lebida contained any sculpture of much value. The zeal of the Vandal Christians, under Genseric, led them to destroy all pagan monuments within their reach, and what escaped them fell by the blind fury of the Arabs. Add to this, that Louis XIV. had the ransacking of Lebida, and carried away the choicest columns of granitic porphyry which could be found, and which now adorn the church of St. Germain in Paris.

The temper and disposition of the Bey, the encouraging frankness with which he enters on the subject of discoveries in the interior of Africa, and the sincerity of his intentions to fall in with the views of the English, are strongly evinced in a conversation which Captain Smith and our consul recently held with him and with some of his officers, which is so curious as well as important, that our readers, we think, will not be displeased with having it laid before them from the original minutes.

Q. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, by a magnanimous perseverance in the cause of humanity and justice, having bestowed peace on Europe, is now solicitous to extend his benevolent views to the natives of those regions lying to the southward of the dominions of your Highness, and the several kings, your allies; will your Highness therefore assist so laudable an object by affording your powerful protection?

A. I shall be happy to render every assistance to such an undertaking; I have already shewn that to two Englishmen who came here some years ago.

Q. Is your Highness certain they were Englishmen?

A. They said they were, and that they came from Egypt by way of Fezzan.

Q. Does your Highness, or any person in the Divan, recollect either of their names?

No answer was given to this question for some time; on which I asked if the name of one might not be Horneman, when Mourad Reis said he now recollected it was.

Q. How long is it since they were in Tripoli?

A. About fifteen or sixteen years.

Q. What became of them after they left Tripoli; and where were they bound to?

A. They returned to Fezzan with intent to penetrate southward to the Nile (Niger) and thence by the river to Tombuctoo, but one of them who had been ill of a fever, occasioned by drinking too much bad water after fatigue, died at Aucasas.

Q. Was that the same person mentioned to me last winter by the Bey of Fezzan?

A. The same; the Bey had charge to conduct them to Bournou.

Q. Does your Highness know what became of the other?

A. He continued his journey, but fell ill at Houssor, in the dwelling of a Tripoline merchant established there, and resuming his travels before he was perfectly recovered, relapsed, and died at Tombuctoo.

Q. Does your Highness know whether either of them left any papers, books or effects?

A. No; but I will direct an inquiry. Moors never destroy papers.

Q. Does your Highness imagine it difficult for a party to reach the Nile (Niger) through the dominions of your friend the King of Bournou?

A. Not in the least; the road to Bournou is as beaten as that to Bengazi.

Q. Will your Highness grant protection to a party wishing to proceed that way?

A. Any person wishing to go in that direction, I will send an embassy to Bournou to escort him thither, and from thence the King will protect him to the Nile. But I must first clothe him as a Turk.

Q. Will he be subject to much troublesome enquiry on that head?

A. No; but he must not say he is a Christian. People in the interior are very ignorant; I will clothe him myself in a particular way.

Q. But will your Highness guarantee perfect safety of such a person against all accidents, except sickness or unavoidable casualties?

A. I do guarantee.

Q. Will your Highness undertake to produce, in the event of disaster, the papers and effects of the deceased, with a particular note written by himself, commencing on the day he might be taken ill, stating his opinion, &c. of the cause, and continued daily, until he shall be rendered incapable of writing? This question is not to be considered by your Highness as a doubt of safe conduct, but it is absolutely necessary for the consolation of the friends of the defunct.

A. I do undertake to produce all such papers; but there ought not to be less than four persons, in case of misfortune, by sickness.

Q. Will your Highness give directions that a party shall not be obliged to proceed at the will of the escort, nor to travel in the heat of the sun, nor in the summer unless they like?

A. The strangers shall be masters. From September to May is the time I recommend for an Englishman, but travellers have a fault of generally hurrying a caravan.

Q. Will you also answer for the assistance and guarantee of the King of Bournou?

A. Most certainly.

Q. Can your Highness afford protection to a party going to the south-westward?

A. Nearly the same as through Bournou.

Q. Are there many boats passing and re-passing that part of the Nile (Niger) south of Bournou, and what is their object?

A. They are numerous, and carry effects and passengers to the several towns on the banks of the river.

Q. What

Q. What are the names of the towns in that direction, your Highness has the greatest commerce with?

A. In Wangarra, Cuthorra, Cashna, Zangarra, Gooba, Bombarra, Houssa and Tombuctoo, there are always some Tripoline merchants.

Q. Next to Bournou, what place has your Highness most direct communication with?

A. Souat, which is the principal station for caravans that proceed to Tombuctoo, by way of Gadam.

Q. What is the form of government at Souat?

A. Republican, with a sort of head chief or prince, the same as at Houssa and Tombuctoo.

Q. In what manner do the subjects of your Highness obtain leave to pass those countries at a great distance from your frontier?

A. The travelling merchants insure themselves by giving presents, trifling ones, to the head of the country they arrive at, who affords them safe conduct to the next.

Q. How is the usual trade between Tripoli and Tombuctoo conducted?

A. It is mostly carried on by Fezzan and Gadam merchants.

Q. What number of camels does the Tombuctoo caravan usually consist of?

A. Not so many as formerly; not above a hundred and fifty. The caravan to Morocco is the largest, as they have not so far to go; it is generally composed of three or four thousand camels.

Q. When does the Fezzan caravan proceed to Tombuctoo?

A. The direct road is rather by Gadam, as the nearer one. They set out commonly in March, travel greatly by night, and return towards November, where there is a very extensive fair held at Gadam, resorted to by immense numbers.

Q. What are the principal articles of traffic?

A. Slaves, gold, gum, hides, dates, barracans, nitre, cotton cloth, and great quantities of a fruit resembling coffee.

Q. What is the greatest length of time the caravan is without the means of replenishing their water?

A. Eight days.

'Such,' Captain Smith writes, 'is the substance of the principal questions I asked of the Bashaw, whose patience and good nature during the long conference were eminently conspicuous, particularly as the discussion of several of them required time and reference.'

'I trust such conduct will be duly appreciated, when it is considered that this prince, by the communications thus made, and the free access to his several towns, already given to me, has fully proved himself above the mean intolerance that actuates the generality of Turks; and more especially as he is acting thus in defiance of the memorable prophecy, stating that all these countries are to be restored to the Christians, and which is so universally believed, that the gates of the several towns and fortresses are closed every Friday from 11 A. M. till 1 P. M., the day and hour predicted for the event; to this, in a great measure, may be ascribed the jealous anxiety with which the Turks watch our desire of exploring these countries.'

The Bashaw, pursuant to his promise, directed an immediate inquiry to be made respecting the effects of the late Mr. Horneman; and it appears that his books, papers, several sealed letters, instruments and clothes, were sent to Tripoli by the Bey of Fezzan, and were all to be delivered to Mr. M^r Domaghi, (formerly surgeon to the consulate,) by an intriguing man at the Bashaw's court, one Signor Naudi, a notoriously bad character. The consul-general is now actively employed in investigating the whole transaction.

Captain Smith had, on a journey to Ghirza, learned that Horneman died at Aucas; but from this conversation it would appear that a second European was with him. It could not be his German servant, as intelligence of his death had reached England before it was known that Horneman had set out from Fezzan; thus it remains doubtful whether Horneman may not have died in Tombuctoo. Such a circumstance would give great additional interest to his papers, which, if still in existence, we have every reason to hope, from the zeal and intelligence of Consul Warrington, assisted by the powerful aid of the Bashaw, may yet be forthcoming.

Tripoli has always been considered as the most eligible point to commence the prosecution of discoveries in the interior of northern Africa; and, in consequence of the friendly disposition of the present bashaw, and his readiness to meet the views of the British government, it has been determined to appoint a person of talent and enterprize to the official situation of vice-consul at Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan, which is a dependency of Tripoli, and governed by a bey, who happens to be a son of the bashaw, and, what is not very usual, on the most friendly terms with his father. From Fezzan, it is understood, there is a constant communication with Kashna, Bornou, and Tombuctoo, the kings of which are all on good terms with the bashaw of Tripoli. From a MS. journal, found in a convent at Tripoli belonging to the *Propaganda Fide*, and recording many interesting details concerning the missions to Bornou about the beginning of the last century, it appears that the road thither had once been perfectly open and safe even for Christians;—the passes between Fezzan and Bornou, however, being at that time occupied by robbers, the fathers took the route to Cassina, where, it would seem, they all perished from the badness of the water.*

Under

* The following is a close translation of an extract from this curious manuscript:—
'1710, July 20th.—The before-mentioned Rev. Carlo Maria, of Genoa, prefect of Bornou, and Father Serafino, his companion, departed from Fezzan, leaving in Tripoli Father Anastasio, who, being unable, from infirmity, to prosecute the mission to Bornou, returned to Christendom, having embarked July 13th.

'1711.—In the month of August Father Carlo, prefect of the mission to Bornou, not being able to undertake his journey in that direction, the passes being closed in

Under the present favourable auspices for exploring Africa, the gentleman selected for this interesting enterprize is Mr. Ritchie, late private secretary to Sir Charles Stuart, ambassador at Paris. He is a young man, and is said to possess excellent abilities; full of zeal for scientific research; and well acquainted with the use of mathematical instruments; he is familiar with various branches of natural history, and possesses besides, the advantage of having been brought up to surgery. Captain Marryat of the navy has, we understand, volunteered his services to accompany him, and, should they be so fortunate as to embark on the Niger, he will, no doubt, be of most essential service in exploring that mysterious stream.

The French, who are by no means backward in encouraging the prosecution of discoveries in science, and who, properly enough, consider Africa as a sort of common theatre on which all nations have a right to exercise their talents, have got the start of us on the present occasion. The moment it was understood in Paris that Mr. Ritchie had been appointed to this mission, it was officially announced to Sir Charles Stuart, by the minister of marine, that it

consequence of the multitude of robbers and other impediments, set off from Fezzan accompanied by Father Sevarino di Silesia. They took their way together towards the kingdom of Agadez. Having at length arrived there, they found that the objects of the Propaganda could not be prosecuted there; and, having received intelligence that in the kingdom of Cassina they would have an opportunity of exercising their spiritual office, particularly in some village or other of that kingdom, but not in the capital, they set off in the name of the Lord, leaving the kingdom of Agadez. After a journey of a month with the caravan through the desert, they arrived at the capital of the kingdom of Cassina. Since, however, the secrets of God are inscrutable, it so happened that, through the malignity of the water there, the above-mentioned Father Prefect grew sick, being attacked with the swelling of the whole body, and in eight days gave up his spirit to God. On hearing this, the king of that kingdom, then dwelling at Cassina, had him stript of every thing that he possessed. Father Sevarino di Silesia, his companion, seeing every thing thus wrongfully taken away, presented himself before the king, and told him that those clothes were his property, that which his deceased companion had, being not his own private property, but in common; he therefore begged him to make restitution; hereupon the king answered, 'If you desire me to do this, turn Mahomedan as I am.' The missionary declined this proposal; upon which the king rejoined, 'Begone then, and for thy deeds thou shalt die like thy companion.' In fact, within two or three days, he fell sick of the same infirmity as the prefect, and in the course of eleven days, he also gave up his spirit to his Creator.

The whole of this account we received from a Moorish merchant, a native of Tripoli in Barbary, named Hadjie Milleit; he gave it us with an air of compassion, having been the faithful companion of these fathers from Tripoli to Fezzan, and from Fezzan to Agadez. The tidings of their death, with all its circumstances, he received from a merchant who accompanied these fathers from the kingdom of Agadez to the kingdom of Cassina, and who, out of ten that set out on that journey, was the only one that did not perish by this sickness, he having escaped by the will of God, that he might bear the tidings of the unhappy end of these religious. He further informed us, that in the said kingdom of Cassina the sickness has always existed, in consequence of the badness of those waters—those who are not accustomed to them dying infallibly upon drinking them; those therefore who wish to trade there negotiate with the caravan of Agadez, and go on no farther. He also stated that all foreigners dying in Cassina are not interred, not even the richest merchants, but are carried out into the country and left a prey to the wild beasts.'

was the intention of the French government to send an expedition into the interior of Africa; that he had deemed it proper to make this communication, lest the English might suspect it was meant to counteract the proceedings of Mr. Ritchie; whereas the idea had long been in contemplation, and the preparations were now nearly complete. Soon after this it was whispered in Paris that a person was engaged for this undertaking who had recently made some noise in the literary world; this was no other than Bahdia, the Spaniard, who, having some years ago been initiated, in London, into the external rites of Mohamedanism, visited the north of Africa and part of Asia, and, on his return, published his travels under the fictitious name of Ali Bey. It was also said that he was to proceed, in the first instance, to Cairo; thence, by joining the Tombuctoo caravan, to penetrate to the Niger; which he was to trace up to its source, and thence to cross over to the Senegal; the main object being that of ascertaining the possibility of opening a communication between Tombuctoo and the French settlement at Gallam. A committee of the Institute, consisting of Messrs. Delambre, Cuvier, and some other members, were appointed to draw up his instructions; and the government having agreed to advance him 25,000 francs, and to provide for his family in the event of his death, he set out on his travels about the beginning of the present year, ostensibly by the way of Egypt, but actually, we have been informed by a member of the Institute, for Tripoli, with a view of anticipating Mr. Ritchie. We have no objection to see two great nations endeavouring to outstrip each other in their exertions for extending the limits of human knowledge; but it appears as absurd in the French, as unnecessary, to have recourse to duplicity, for no other purpose, that we can conceive, (for we would not attribute it to so mean a passion as jealousy,) than that of throwing a veil of mystery over their proceedings.

After all, we are much mistaken if the shortest and best road for Europeans, to Tombuctoo, will not be found to be that from Cummazee, the capital of the Ashantees. It is somewhat remarkable that we should just now, for the first time in the course of two hundred years, learn any thing of this rich and populous nation, whose capital is situated not a hundred and fifty miles from the British factory. In the course of last year a mission from the governor of Cape Coast Castle was sent to Zey Tooleo Quamina, king of Ashantee, consisting of Mr. Bowdich, Mr. Hutchison, and Mr. Tedlie. For some time after their arrival in the capital they were kept in close confinement, owing to the jealousy instilled into the king's mind by some Moorish merchants, assisted by the intrigues of the notorious Daendels, once the servile tool of Buonaparte, and now the representative of his Netherlandish majesty on this part of the coast of Africa. Their good conduct, however, enabled them

them to overcome all difficulties, and the king was so well satisfied of the sincerity of their views and declarations, that he concluded a treaty with them, and consented to send his children to be educated at Cape Coast Castle. The following extract of a letter from Mr. Bowdich will amuse our readers:—

‘The palace itself is most magnificent, the frame work of some of the windows is made of gold, and the architecture is so perfect that it might be technically described. We were permitted to enter soon after two o’clock, and the king received us with the most encouraging courtesy, and the most flattering distinction; we paid our respects in pairs, passing along a surprising extent of line to the principal Caboceers, many from remote and some from Moorish territories, all of them encircled by retinues, astonishing to us from their number, order, and decorations. We were then requested to remove to a distant tree to receive their salutes, which procession, though simply transient, continued until past eight o’clock; it was indescribably imposing from its variety, magnificence and etiquette. When the presents were displayed, nothing could surpass the surprise of the king, but the warm yet dignified avowal of his obligation. “Englishmen,” said he, (admiring the workmanship of the articles,) “know how to do every thing proper,” turning to his favourite, with a smile auspicious to our interests. On Wednesday morning the king’s mother and sisters, and one of the Caboceers of the largest Ashantee towns on the frontier, paid us a visit of ceremony; their manners were courteous and dignified, and they were handed and attended with a surprising politeness by the captains in waiting.

‘To-day we were conducted to a large yard, where the king, encircled by a varied profusion of insignia, more sumptuous than what we had seen before, sat at the end of a long file of counsellors, caboceers and captains. They were seated under their umbrellas of scarlet or yellow cloth, of silk shawls, coltons of every glaring variety, and decorated with carved and golden pelicans, panthers, baboons, barrels and crescents, &c. on the top; their shape generally that of a dome. Distinct and pompous retinues were placed around with gold canes, spangled elephants’ tails to keep off the flies, gold-headed swords, embossed muskets, and many other splendid novelties too numerous to mention. Each chief had the dignity of his own province to his right and left; it was truly “concilium in concilio.” We have observed only one horse, which is kept by the chief captain for state, the people riding on bullocks. At the request of the king I mounted this rare animal, first with a Moorish saddle, but it was inconvenient; and the king having heard Englishmen could ride with a cloth only, begged me to display my horsemanship, which I did for his amusement.

‘The manners and deportment of the king are dignified in the extreme, and his sentiments would do credit to the most civilized monarch; he is highly delighted with the medicines, and has begged for a great quantity, trying to learn by heart the doses and uses of each. The surgical instruments also attracted his close attention, and when Mr. Tedlie shewed him a piece of bone which he had taken from an Indian blackman’s head, who survived the operation, his wonder could only be equalled by

his admiration. When I displayed my telescope and camera-obscura, the king exclaimed, "White man next to God; black man know nothing."

The king, it seems, keeps his harem at a little distance from the capital, and once took the gentlemen of the mission on a visit to it. The ladies live in the midst of a park, in small houses adjoining one another, and are allowed to walk about within the enclosure, but not to pass the gates, which are guarded by slaves. The number of these ladies, kept like pheasants in a preserve, was said to amount to three hundred and thirty-three.

The capital of Ashantee is supposed to contain about forty thousand inhabitants. It lies in a vale, and is surrounded with one unbroken mass of the deepest verdure. The houses are low and small, of a square or oblong form, and composed of canes wattled together and smoothly plastered over with a mixture of clay and sand called *swish*, which is also used to form their floors. The roofs are thatched with long grass. A piece of cloth passed round the loins and extending to the knee is the general dress of the natives. The richer class have a larger and finer piece, which they sometimes throw over the shoulders. They wear a great number of gold ornaments, rings, bracelets, necklaces, pendants, &c. and gold *fetiches* of every form.

While the gentlemen of the mission remained at Cummazee, a near relation of the king shot himself; among other ceremonies observed at his funeral, a slave was put to death by torture; and it was understood that human sacrifices were always a part of the funeral rites of all persons of consequence in the state. It is also said that suicide is very common among them.

Mr. Bowdich has been indefatigable in his endeavours to procure information respecting Ashantee and the countries beyond it. From one of the travelling Moors, he obtained, he says, a route-book at the expense of his own wardrobe and the doctor's medicines; but the fellow told him 'he had sold him his eye.' The route from Cummazee to Tombuctoo, it appears, is much travelled; in the way thither, the next adjoining territory is that of Dwabin, with the king of which Mr. Bowdich also concluded a treaty. Bordering on this is a large lake of brackish water, several miles in extent, and surrounded by numerous and populous towns; and beyond the lake is the country of Buntookoo, with the king of which the king of Ashantee was unfortunately at war. He obtained also the exact situation of the gold pits in Ashantee and the neighbouring kingdoms, from which it appears that the name of the 'Gold Coast' has not been inaptly given to this part of Africa.

Mr. Bowdich learned from some of the Moorish merchants, who had formerly been at Haoussa, that, during their residence there, a
white

white man was seen going down the Niger near that capital in a large canoe, in which all the rest were blacks. This circumstance being reported to the king, he immediately dispatched some of his people to advise him to return, and to inform him that, if he ventured to proceed much farther, he would be destroyed by the cataracts of the river; the white man, however, persisted in his voyage, mistaking apparently the good intentions of those sent by the king to warn him of his danger. A large party was then dispatched, with orders to seize and bring him to Haoussa, which they effected after some opposition; here he was detained by the king for the space of two years, at the end of which he took a fever and died. These Moors declared that they had themselves seen this white man at Haoussa. This is unquestionably a more probable account of the fate of Park than that which was given by Isacco, on the supposed authority of Amadou Fatima; and, as 'Moors do not destroy papers,' it is just possible that, by offering a considerable sum of money, those of this unfortunate traveller may be recovered through the channel of some of the Moors of Cummazee.

ART. V. *Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus.* 3 vols.
London. 1818.

FRANKENSTEIN, a Swiss student at the university of Ingolstadt, is led by a peculiar enthusiasm to study the structure of the human frame, and to attempt to follow to its recondite sources 'the stream of animal being.' In examining the causes of *life*, he informs us, antithetically, that he had first recourse to *death*.—He became acquainted with anatomy; but that was not all; he traced through vaults and charnel-houses the decay and corruption of the human body, and whilst engaged in this agreeable pursuit, examining and analyzing the minutiae of mortality, and the phenomena of the change from life to death and from death to life, a sudden light broke in upon him—

'A light so brilliant and wondrous, yet so simple, that while I became dizzy with the immensity of the prospect which it illustrated, I was surprized that among so many men of genius, who had directed their inquiries towards the same science, I alone should be reserved to discover so astonishing a secret.

'Remember, I am not recording the vision of a madman. The sun does not more certainly shine in the heavens, than that which I now affirm is true. Some miracle might have produced it, yet the stages of the discovery were distinct and probable. After days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue, I succeeded in discovering the cause of generation and life; nay, more, I became myself capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter.'—p. 84—85.

Having made this wonderful discovery, he hastened to put it in practice;

jumps in at Mr. Walton's cabin window, and is surprised by that gentleman pronouncing a funeral oration over the departed Frankenstein; after which, declaring that he will go back to the Pole, and there burn himself on a funeral pyre (of ice, we conjecture) of his own collecting, he jumps again out of the window into his raft, and is out of sight in a moment.

Our readers will guess from this summary, what a tissue of horrible and disgusting absurdity this work presents.—It is piously dedicated to Mr. Godwin, and is written in the spirit of his school. The dreams of insanity are embodied in the strong and striking language of the insane, and the author, notwithstanding the rationality of his preface, often leaves us in doubt whether he is not as mad as his hero. Mr. Godwin is the patriarch of a literary family, whose chief skill is in delineating the wanderings of the intellect, and which strangely delights in the most afflicting and humiliating of human miseries. His disciples are a kind of *out-pensioners of Bedlam*, and, like 'Mad Bess' or 'Mad Tom,' are occasionally visited with paroxysms of genius and fits of expression, which make sober-minded people wonder and shudder.

We shall give our readers a very favourable specimen of the vigour of fancy and language with which this work is written, by extracting from it the three passages which struck us the most on our perusal of it. The first is the account of the animation of the image.

'It was on a dreary night of November, that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

'How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful!—Great God!—His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion, and straight black lips.

'The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart.

Unable

Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured; and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain: I slept indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprized, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed; when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window-shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the court-yard belonging to the house which I inhabited; where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.—vol. i. pp. 97—101.

The next is the description of the meeting in the valley of Chamouny.

‘It was nearly noon when I arrived at the top of the ascent. For some time I sat upon the rock that overlooks the sea of ice. A mist covered both that and the surrounding mountains. Presently a breeze dissipated the cloud, and I descended upon the glacier. The surface is very uneven, rising like the waves of a troubled sea, descending low, and interspersed by rifts that sink deep. The field of ice is almost a league in width, but I spent nearly two hours in crossing it. The opposite mountain is a bare perpendicular rock. From the side where I now stood Montanvert was exactly opposite, at the distance of a league; and above it rose Mont Blanc, in awful majesty. I remained in a recess of the rock, gazing on this wonderful and stupendous scene. The sea, or rather the vast river of ice, wound among its dependent mountains, whose aerial summits hung over its recesses. Their icy and glittering peaks shone in the sunlight over the clouds. My heart, which was before sorrowful, now swelled with something like joy; I exclaimed—“Wandering spirits, if indeed ye wander, and do not rest in your narrow beds, allow me this faint happiness, or take me, as your companion, away from the joys of life.”

‘As I said this, I suddenly beheld the figure of a man, at some distance, advancing towards me with superhuman speed. He bounded
over

over the crevices in the ice, among which I had walked with caution; his stature also, as he approached, seemed to exceed that of man. I was troubled: a mist came over my eyes, and I felt a faintness seize me; but I was quickly restored by the cold gale of the mountains. I perceived, as the shape came nearer, (with tremendous and abhorred!) that it was the wretch whom I had created. I trembled with rage and horror, resolving to wait his approach, and then close with him in mortal combat. He approached; his countenance bespoke bitter anguish, combined with disdain and malignity, while its unearthly ugliness rendered it almost too horrible for human eyes. But I scarcely observed this; anger and hatred had at first deprived me of utterance, and I recovered only to overwhelm him with words expressive of furious detestation and contempt.—vol. ii. pp. 21—23.

The last with which we shall agitate the nerves of our readers is Captain Walton's description of the monster he found in his cabin.

'O! what a scene has just taken place! I am yet dizzy with the remembrance of it. I hardly know whether I shall have the power to detail it; yet the tale which I have recorded would be incomplete without this final and wonderful catastrophe.

'I entered the cabin, where lay the remains of my ill-fated and admirable friend. Over him hung a form which I cannot find words to describe; gigantic in stature, yet uncouth and distorted in its proportions. As he hung over the coffin, his face was concealed by long locks of ragged hair; but one vast hand was extended, in colour and apparent texture like that of a mummy. When he heard the sound of my approach, he ceased to utter exclamations of grief and horror, and sprung towards the window. Never did I behold a vision so horrible as his face, of such loathsome, yet appalling hideousness. I shut my eyes involuntarily, and endeavoured to recollect what were my duties with regard to this destroyer. I called on him to stay.

'He paused, looking on me with wonder; and, again turning towards the lifeless form of his creator, he seemed to forget my presence, and every feature and gesture seemed instigated by the wildest rage of some uncontrollable passion.

'“That is also my victim!” he exclaimed; “in his murder my crimes are consummated; the miserable series of my being is wound to its close! Oh, Frankenstein! generous and self-devoted being! what does it avail that I now ask thee to pardon me? I, who irretrievably destroyed thee by destroying all thou lovedst. Alas! he is cold; he may not answer me.”

'His voice seemed suffocated; and my first impulses, which had suggested to me the duty of obeying the dying request of my friend, in destroying his enemy, were now suspended by a mixture of curiosity and compassion. I approached this tremendous being; I dared not again raise my looks upon his face, there was something so scaring and unearthly in its ugliness. I attempted to speak, but the words died away on my lips. The monster continued to utter wild and incoherent self-reproaches.—vol. iii. pp. 178—181.

It

It cannot be denied that this is nonsense—but it is nonsense decked out with circumstances and clothed in language highly terrific: it is, indeed,

‘ a tale
Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing—’

but still there is something tremendous in the unmeaning hollowness of its sound, and the vague obscurity of its images.

But when we have thus admitted that Frankenstein has passages which appal the mind and make the flesh creep, we have given it all the praise (if praise it can be called) which we dare to bestow. Our taste and our judgment alike revolt at this kind of writing, and the greater the ability with which it may be executed the worse it is—it inculcates no lesson of conduct, manners, or morality; it cannot mend, and will not even amuse its readers, unless their taste have been deplorably vitiated—it fatigues the feelings without interesting the understanding; it gratuitously harasses the heart, and wantonly adds to the store, already too great, of painful sensations. The author has powers, both of conception and language, which employed in a happier direction might, perhaps, (we speak dubiously,) give him a name among those whose writings amuse or amend their fellow-creatures; but we take the liberty of assuring him, and hope that he may be in a temper to listen to us, that the style which he has adopted in the present publication merely tends to defeat his own purpose, if he really had any other object in view than that of leaving the wearied reader, after a struggle between laughter and loathing, in doubt whether the head or the heart of the author be the most diseased.

ART. VI. *An Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the Bengal Native Infantry, from its first formation in 1757 to 1796, when the present Regulations took place: together with a Detail of the Services on which the several battalions have been employed during that period.* By the late Captain Williams, of the Invalid Establishment of the Bengal Army. 8vo. London. 1817.

THE title of this book attracted our notice, and we were gratified by a perusal of it. The motives which induced its deceased author (an officer in the service of the East India Company) to prepare it for publication, are briefly stated in the introductory pages. The original work has been greatly enhanced in value, by the kindness of a brother officer, who has given a concise but able account of the changes which have taken place, and the events which have

have occurred in the Bengal army, since A.D. 1796, the period at which the narrative of Captain Williams ceases.

The subject of this work is truly interesting, and we shall rejoice to see others of a similar description; for it is not specious theory, but an accumulation of facts, which we require to guide our judgment through the difficult, and, we may say, the awful task of governing the vast dominions which we have acquired in the East; and none are more important than those which throw light upon the character of that army, by whose valour and attachment the great conquest has been principally achieved, and without whose continued fidelity it cannot be preserved.

The decided preference which a great proportion of the inhabitants of India have shewn towards the rule of the British government, originated in several causes, but in none more than an observation of the courage and discipline of its troops, and the comparative superiority both in regard to the justice and permanence of its civil institutions. Nations wearied out with the dissensions and oppressions of barbarous and rival chiefs, found (to use the oriental phrase) repose under the shadow of its protection; and the great mass of the people have been benefited in their condition by the extension of its power—but their princes have almost all fallen.—The territories of the monarchs who opposed, and who supported this government, have shared the same fate—all have been absorbed in one vortex;—the only difference has been, that the one has perished by a sudden and violent death, while the dissolution of the other has been comparatively easy and gradual. It is difficult to repress those feelings which the past view of this picture is calculated to excite; one of the most natural and legitimate sentiments of the human mind leads it to regard that power which has been long established in ancient and noble families with respect, if not veneration. It is the great link of order in every society, particularly in those where the rule is simple and despotic. We are compelled by the impulse of this feeling to regard every species of usurpation with disgust, but above all, that of strangers, who appear to the general observer to have subdued the natives of one of the finest portions of the earth, with no view but the sordid and inglorious one of rendering their land a source of profit, or at least using that power which its possession gave them, to protect a profitable commerce. British India cannot be considered as a colony. Its rank is that of a dependent empire;—and though the claim of connection by which it is preserved in subjection may want some of those links which have ever been deemed essential to the maintenance of power, there are in its constitution, advantages of no ordinary magnitude. One of the most striking is, that it contains fewer of those elements, which produce acts of violence and injustice,

tice; than any other state in the universe. Its governors are mere ministers, who are controuled by their superiors in England, and checked (if they attempt any unwise or illegal exercise of their authority) by their colleagues in power in India.

The character of the government they serve, and of that they preside over, precludes those ebullitions of personal ambition which have so often hastened the downfall of other kingdoms; and we believe that the benefit derived from that calmness and exclusive attention to the public interest, with which their peculiar condition enables them to exercise their sovereign functions, is the chief ground upon which we can build any expectation of the duration of the empire we have established. This empire has probably not yet reached its zenith—we are aware of all the dangers of its increase. Like the circle in the water, the very trace of our power will, in all probability, be lost in expansion; but we are among those who doubt the possibility of fixing the limits of our career. Every effort, however, should be made to retard it. As European politicians we may be allowed to express our fear, that the local government of India, throughout all its branches, is impelled, by its very nature, to promote change and the aggrandizement of the state. Public officers, from the governor-general to the lowest of those who hold stations of any consequence, must, from the ephemeral character of their power, have an anxiety to recommend themselves, during the short hour of their authority, to their superiors; and men of the most distinguished virtue and talent often desire action with an ardour that makes them more ready to combat than to attend to the cold dictates of moderation and prudence. To the Indian government in England, which is, on the other hand, perhaps too free from the influence of similar motives, belongs the task of repressing and keeping within due limits, that natural spirit of ambition, which the minds of those imbibe whose attention for any period is exclusively fixed on India. But to render this check efficient, it is necessary that those in whose hands it is placed should act with full knowledge, and with the most enlarged views; otherwise the end will be defeated. If orders grounded on imperfect knowledge, narrow views, and general maxims of rule, which are, perhaps, inapplicable to the actual condition of the empire, and to passing events, are sent to India, they will, they must be evaded or neglected. The safety of the state requires that they should—and after all, though we may, and ought to use every endeavour to retard, if we cannot arrest, the growth of our eastern possessions, still events will occur to mock every attempt to reduce our conduct in the pursuit of this policy to any exact laws. For let us suppose for a moment, that those employed to govern abroad were subdued into the most passive and unempassioned instruments

that the lovers of implicit obedience could desire, can we make the plunderer renounce his love of plunder—the vanquished forgive his conqueror—or the faithless maintain his engagements? To us the progress of our power in India appears, in a great degree, to be the triumph of civilization and knowledge, over rudeness and ignorance. States whose territories adjoin, whose subjects are the same in language and manners, and who are governed on such opposite principles, cannot avoid collision; and the English have always been in a situation in India that forbade any compromise of a power, the peculiar character of which has required a constant accession to that impression of superiority upon which its existence depends. This principle, or rather necessity of action, for such it would appear, has propelled us forward, till our empire has attained its present magnitude, and we contemplate with equal astonishment and awe, the political phenomenon of a few strangers, whose ships have conveyed them from a distant island in Europe, exercising sovereign sway over 400,000 square miles of the finest part of the continent of Asia, and claiming as their indefeasible right, the allegiance of fifty millions of the inhabitants of that quarter of the globe.

One of the principal means by which this extensive conquest has been made, and the one to which we must chiefly trust for its defence, is the Native army of the East India Company, which at present exceeds 150,000 effective men. The work before us gives the best account we have met with, of the origin and formation of that part of this great army, which more particularly belongs to Bengal;—but we have made it our duty to seek other sources of information, that we may be able to take the most comprehensive view of a subject so vital to our eastern empire: we shall endeavour to trace the progress of the Native troops at Madras and Bombay, before we examine the facts brought before us by Captain Williams; a combined view of the whole may suggest some reflections on the means which appear best calculated to maintain the efficiency, and preserve the attachment of the Indian army.

Though Bombay was the first possession which the English obtained in the east, the establishment on that island was for a very long period on too limited a scale to maintain more than its European garrison, and a few companies of disciplined sepoys. On the coast of Coromandel, which became towards the middle of the last century a scene of warfare between the English and French, who mutually aided and received support from the princes of that quarter, the natives of India were first instructed in European discipline. During the siege of Madras, which took place in A.D. 1746, a number of peons, a species of irregular infantry armed with swords and spears, or matchlocks, were enlisted for the occasion;

sion; to those some English officers were attached, among whom a young gentleman of the civil service, of the name of Haliburton, was the most distinguished. This gentleman, who had been rewarded with the commission of a lieutenant, was employed in the ensuing year in training a small corps of natives in the European manner; he did not, however, live to perfect that system which he appears to have first introduced into the Madras service.

'It was by one of our own sepoys,' (the Council of Fort St. David observe, in a dispatch dated the 2d September, 1748, in which they pass an eulogium on the character of Mr. Haliburton,) 'that he had the misfortune to be killed, who shot him upon his reprimanding him for some offence;—the poor gentleman (they add) died next day, and the villain did not live so long, for his comrades that stood by, cut him to pieces immediately.'

It appears from other authorities, that the first sepoys who were raised by the English, were either Mahomedans, or Hindoos of very high cast, being chiefly rajpoots; and the event we have related marked the two strongest feelings of the minds of these classes, resentment for real or supposed injury, and attachment to their leader. The name of Mr. Haliburton was long cherished by the Madras native troops,—and about twenty years ago, on an examination of old grants, some veterans, wearing medals, appeared, as claimants, who called themselves Sabeb Ra Sepoy, or Haliburton's soldiers. One of the first services on which the regular sepoys of Madras were employed, was the defence of Arcot, A.D. 1751. The particulars of that siege, which forms a remarkable feature in the life of the celebrated Clive, have been given by an eloquent and faithful historian;* but he has not informed us of one occurrence that took place, and which, as it illustrates the character of the Indian soldiers, well merited to be preserved. When provisions were very low, the Hindoo sepoys entreated their commander to allow them to boil the rice (the only food left) for the whole garrison. 'Your English soldiers,' they said, 'can eat from our hands, though we cannot from theirs—we will allot as their share every grain of the rice, and subsist ourselves by drinking the water in which it has been boiled.'—We have received this remarkable anecdote from an authority we cannot doubt, as it refers to the most unexceptionable contemporary witnesses.

During all the wars of Clive, of Lawrence, of Smith, and of Coote, the sepoys of Madras continued to display the same valour and attachment. In the years 1780, 81 and 82, they suffered hardships of a nature almost unparalleled; there was hardly a corps that was not twenty months in arrears; they were supported, it is true, by a daily allowance of rice, but this was not enough to save many

* Orme.

of their families from being the victims of that dreadful famine, which, during these years, wasted the Company's dominions in India. Their fidelity never gave way in this hour of extreme trial, and they repaid with gratitude and attachment the kindness and consideration with which they were treated by their European officers, who, being few in number, but, generally speaking, very efficient, tried every means that could conciliate the regard, excite the pride, or stimulate the valour of those they commanded.

In the campaigns of 1790 and 91, against Tippoo Sultan, the sepoys of this establishment shewed their usual zeal and courage; but the number of European troops which were now intermixed with them, lessened their opportunities of distinguishing themselves—and though improved in discipline, they perhaps fell in their own estimation. The native army, in some degree, became a secondary one, and the pride of those of whom it was composed was lowered. We are neither questioning the necessity of the increased number of his majesty's troops, which were employed in India at this period, or the propriety of allotting to their superior strength and active courage, services of the greatest danger, and consequently of pre-eminent honour;—we only speak to the effect which the change made in the minds of the native army. The campaigns of Lord Cornwallis and General Meadows were certainly not inferior, either in their operations or results, to those of Sir Eyre Coote; and every officer can tell how differently they are regarded by the sepoys, who served in both; the latter may bring to their memory the distresses and hardships which they suffered, and perhaps the recollection of children who perished from famine—but it is associated with a sense of their own importance, at that period, to the government they served, with the pride of fidelity and patient valour. The pictures of these three distinguished leaders are in the great room of the exchange at Madras—to that, (we speak of ten years ago,) when a battalion comes into garrison, the old sepoys lead their families. *Wallis* and *Meadows* (these are the names by which the two first commanders are known to them) are pointed out as great and brave chiefs; but it is to the image of their favourite, Coote, the pilgrimage is made, and the youngest of their children are taught to pay a respect bordering on devotion to this revered leader.

In the year 1796, new regulations were introduced into the Indian army, the whole form of which was in fact changed. Instead of single battalions of a thousand men, commanded by a captain who was selected from the European corps in the Hon. Company's service, and a subaltern to each company; they were formed into regiments of two battalions, to which officers were appointed of the same rank and nearly of the same number as to a battalion in the service of his majesty. The good effects of this change, as

far

far as related to the temper and attachment of the native army of Fort St. George, have been questioned by an officer of that establishment, who was from local experience well qualified to judge.*—That the appearance and discipline of these troops have been improved, there is no doubt; and they have in the campaign against Seringapatam in 1799, and in the recent war with the Mahrattas, shewn their usual patience and courage; but events have occurred to prove that their affections were not only capable of being alienated from their European officers, but that they could become their murderers. It is not here meant to enter into the particulars of the mutiny at Vellore, which came like a shock to dispel the charm of half a century, and to shew by what a tenure our empire is held; but we are certainly disposed to think, with the officer to whom we have alluded, that this event could not have taken place, had the ties which formerly existed in the native army not been much weakened, if not entirely broken;—of what has since occurred, we forbear to speak, but we are assured that time, and the efforts of great wisdom, can alone afford a hope of a radical cure to the deep wounds that have been inflicted.

The general history of the native army of Fort St. George is short. Sepoys were first disciplined, as has been stated, on that establishment, in 1748; they were at that period, and for some time afterwards, in independent companies, under subadars or native captains. Mahomed Esof, one of the most distinguished of those officers, rose by his talents and courage to the general command of the whole; and the name of this hero, for such he was, occurs almost as often in the page of the English historian † of India, as that of Lawrence and Clive. As the numbers of the native army increased, the form changed. In A.D. 1766, we find ten battalions of 1000 men each, and three European officers to each corps. In 1770, there were eighteen battalions of similar strength; and in 1784, the number of this army had increased to 20000 native cavalry, and 28,000 infantry: a considerable reduction was made at this period—but subsequent wars and conquests have caused a great increase, and the present effective strength of the native army of Fort St. George consists of eight regiments of cavalry, and twenty-four regiments or forty-eight battalions of native infantry. There are besides several troops of horse artillery, some battalions of gun lascars, and a very large invalid establishment.

A few remarks on the appearance and conduct of this army, with some anecdotes of remarkable individuals, will fully illustrate its character, and convey to the uninformed reader a just idea of the elements of which it is composed.

The native cavalry of Fort St. George was originally raised by

* Vide Malcolm's Political History of India, p. 495.

† Orme,

the nabob of the Carnatic. The first corps embodied into a regiment under the command of European officers, on the suggestion of General Joseph Smith, served in the campaign of 1768, in the Mysore. From 1771 to 1776, the cavalry force was greatly augmented, but then again declined both in numbers and efficiency. The proportion that was retained, nominally in the service of the Nabob, but actually in that of the Company, served in the campaigns of 1780, 81, 82 and 83, and was formally transferred, with the European officers attached to it, to the Company's service in 1784. The prospect of fortune which the liberality of an Indian prince offered, attracted to this corps many active and enterprising European officers, and the favour which a native court extended to its choicest troops, filled the ranks of its regiments of regular cavalry with the prime of the Mahomedan youth * of the Carnatic. When this corps was in the service of the nabob of the Carnatic, though it was often very highly distinguished, the intrigues of a venal court, and irregular payments, caused frequent mutinies. Since it has been transferred to the Company's establishment, a period of more than thirty years, its career has been one of faithful service, and of brilliant achievement, unstained by any example that we can recollect of disaffection or of defeat. The two severest trials of the courage and discipline of this corps were at Assaye and Vellore;—in both these services they were associated with the 19th dragoons.

The distinguished commander † of that gallant regiment had, from the day of its arrival in India, laboured to establish the ties of mutual and cordial regard between the European and native soldiers. His success was complete—his own fame, while he remained in India, was promoted by their combined efforts—and the friendship which he established and which had continued for many years, was, after his departure, consummated upon the plains of Assaye. At the most critical moment of a battle which ranks amongst the hardest fought of those that have been gained by the illustrious Wellington, the British dragoons, when making their extremest efforts, saw their Asiatic fellow-soldiers 'keep pace for pace, and blow for every blow.' A more arduous task awaited the latter, when the battalions of native infantry which formed the garrison of Vellore were led by the infatuation of the moment to rise upon and murder the Europeans of that garrison. The fidelity of the native

* There cannot be men more suited from their frame and disposition for the duty of light cavalry, than those of which this corps is composed. They are, generally speaking, from five feet five to five feet ten inches in height, of light but active make. Their strength is preserved and improved by moderation in their diet, and by exercises common to the military tribe, and which are calculated to increase the muscular force.

† The present General Sir John Floyd, Bart.

cavalry did not shrink from this severe trial, and after the gates of the fortress were blown open, their sabres were as deeply * stained as those of the English dragoons with the blood of their misguided and guilty countrymen.

But a few authentic anecdotes of some of the most distinguished individuals of the native cavalry of Madras will shew better than volumes the high spirit which pervades that corps.

In the campaign of 1791, when Secunder Beg, one of the oldest subadars of the native cavalry, was riding at a little distance in the flank of his troop, two or three horsemen of Tippoo's army, favoured by some brushwood, came suddenly upon him; the combat had hardly commenced, when the son of the subadar, who was a havildar or serjeant in the same regiment, flew to his father's aid, and slew the foremost of his opponents; the others fled, but nothing could exceed the rage of the old man at his son's conduct;—he put him instantly under a guard, and insisted upon his being brought to condign punishment for quitting his ranks without leave. It was with the greatest difficulty that Colonel Floyd, who commanded the force, could reconcile him to the disgrace he conceived he had suffered (to use his own expression) 'from his enemy being taken from him by a presumptuous boy in front of his regiment.'

Cawder Beg, late subadar of the fourth regiment, may be deemed throughout his life as one of the most distinguished officers of the native cavalry of Madras. In 1790, he was attached to Colonel Floyd as an orderly subadar, when that officer, who had been reconnoitring with a small detachment, was attacked by a considerable body of the enemy's horse. Nothing but the greatest exertions of every individual could have saved the party from being cut off. Those of Cawder Beg were the most conspicuous, and they received a reward of which he was proud to the last hour of his life; an English sabre was sent to him, with the name of Colonel Floyd upon it, and an inscription stating that it was the reward of valour.—But personal courage was the least quality of Cawder Beg—his talents eminently fitted him for the exercise of military command. During the campaign of 1799, it was essential to prevent the enemy's looties, a species of Cossack horse, from penetrating between the columns and the rear guard, and plundering any part of that immense train of provisions and luggage which it was necessary to carry to Seringapatam.—Cawder Beg, with two or three of his relations from the native cavalry, and a select body of infantry, were placed under the orders of Captain Malcolm,† who was then political representative with the army of the subah of the Deckan,

* We state this fact upon the high authority of a respectable officer, who belonged to the 19th dragoons, and was with them on this memorable occasion.

† Now Sir John Malcolm.

and commanded a considerable body of the troops of that prince. Captain Malcolm, who had applied for Cawder Beg on account of his reputation, prevailed upon Meer Allum, the leader of the subah's forces, to place a corps of 2000 of his best regular horse under the subadar's orders. Two days after the corps was formed, an orderly trooper came up to Captain Malcolm, and told him that Cawder Beg was engaged with some of the enemy's horsemen. Captain Malcolm hastened to the spot, with some alarm for the result, and determined, if Cawder Beg was victor, to reprove him most severely for a conduct so unsuited to the station in which he had been placed. The fears he entertained for his safety were soon dispelled, as he saw him advancing on foot with two swords in his hand, which he hastened to present to Captain Malcolm, begging at the same time he would restrain his indignation at his apparent rashness, till he heard his reasons; then, speaking to him aside, he said,—

‘ Though the general of the Nizam’s army was convinced by your statement of my competence to the command you have entrusted me with, I observed that the high born and high titled leaders of the horse he placed under my orders looked at my close jacket,* straight pantaloons, and European boots, with contempt, and thought themselves disgraced by being told to obey me—I was therefore tempted, on seeing a well mounted horseman of Tippoo’s challenge their whole line, to accept a combat, which they declined. I promised not to use fire arms, and succeeded in cutting him down; a relation came to avenge his death, I wounded him, and have brought him prisoner. You will (he added, smiling) hear a good report of me at the durbar (court) of Meer Allum this evening—and the service will go on better for what has passed,—and I promise most sacredly to fight no more single combats.’

When Captain Malcolm went in the evening to visit the Nizam’s *gurwal*, he found at his tent a number of the principal chiefs, and among others, those that had been with Cawder Beg; with whose praises he was assailed from every quarter. ‘ He was,’ they said, ‘ a perfect hero, a Rustum;† it was an honour to be commanded by so great a leader.’ The consequence was, as the subadar had anticipated—that the different chiefs who were placed under him vied in respect and obedience; and so well were the incessant efforts of this body directed, that scarcely a load of grain was lost: hardly a day passed that the activity and stratagem of Cawder Beg did not delude some of the enemy’s plunderers to their destruction.

It would fill a volume to give a minute account of the actions of this gallant officer; he was the native *aide-de-camp* of General

* The native troops in the English service wear a uniform very like that of Europeans.

† The Persian Hercules.

Dugald Campbell, when that officer reduced the ceded districts;*—he attended Sir Arthur Wellesley (the present Duke of Wellington) in the campaign of 1803, and was employed by that officer in the most confidential manner. At the end of this campaign, during which he had several opportunities of distinguishing himself, Cawder Beg, who had received a pension from the English government, and whose pride was flattered by being created an omrah† of the deckan by the Nizam, retired, but he did not long enjoy the distinction he had obtained,—he died in 1806, worn out with the excessive fatigue to which he had for many years exposed himself.

The body guard of the governor of Madras, which consists of about one hundred men, has always been a very select corps, and the notice and attention with which both the native officers and men of the corps have invariably been treated, may be adduced as one of the causes which have led to its obtaining distinction in every service on which it has been employed.

On the 13th of May, 1791, Lord Cornwallis returned his thanks in the warmest terms to this small corps and its gallant commanding officer, Captain Alexander Grant, for a charge made upon the enemy. It obtained still further distinction under Captain James Grant, the brother of its former commander, when employed in the year 1801 against the Poligars, a race of warlike men who inhabit the southern part of the Madras territory. There are, indeed, few examples of a more desperate and successful charge than was made during that service by this small corps, upon a phalanx of resolute pikemen, more than double its own numbers; and the behaviour of Shaikh Ibrahim, the senior subadar, (a native captain,) on that occasion, merits to be commemorated.

This officer, who was alike remarkable for his gallantry and unrivalled skill as a horseman, anticipated, from his experience of the enemy, all that would happen. He told Captain Grant what he thought would be the fate of those who led the charge, at the same moment that he urged it, and heard with animated delight the resolution of his commander to attempt an exploit which was to reflect such glory on the corps. The leaders of the body guard, and almost one-third of its number, fell, as was expected; but the shock broke the order of their opponents, and they obtained a complete victory. Shaikh Ibrahim was pierced with several pikes, one was in the throat; he held his hand to this, as if eager to keep life till he asked the fate of Captain Grant. The man of whom he

* These districts, which were ceded to the English government by the treaty of Seringapatam, in 1799, lie between Mysore proper, and the territories of the Subah of the Deckan.

† He received the title of Cawder Nuaz Khan, or Cawder the favoured lord.

inquired pointed to that officer, who was lying on the ground, and apparently dead, with a pike through his lungs; the subadar, with an expression of regret that he had disdained to shew for his own fate, pulled the pike from the wound, and instantly expired. His character and his behaviour in the last moment of his existence are fully described in the following General Order, which was issued on this occasion by the government of Fort St. George.

‘A rare combination of talents has rendered the character of Shaikh Ibrahim familiar to the officers of the army: to cool decision and daring valour, he added that sober judgment and those honourable sentiments, that raised him far above the level of his rank in life. An exploit of uncommon energy and personal exertion terminated his career, and the last effort of his voice breathed honour, attachment, and fidelity.’

‘The Governor in Council, desirous of shewing to the army his Lordship’s* sense of the virtue and attainments which have rendered the death of this native officer a severe loss to the service, has been pleased to confer on his family a pension equal to the pay of a subadar of the Body-guard, being 30 pagodas per month; and his lordship has further directed that a certificate to this effect, translated into Persian and Hindostanee, may be presented to the family, as a record of the gift, and a tribute to the memory of the brave subadar Shaikh Ibrahim.’

The posthumous praise given to Shaikh Ibrahim appeared to have inspired others with a desire to share his fate, that they might attain his fame. A jemadar of the same corps, some days afterwards, being appointed with a few select men to watch a road, where it was thought the chief whom they were attacking might try to escape with one or two followers, determined when a whole column came out to make an attempt against its leader, and such was the surprize at seeing five or six horsemen ride into a body of between two or three hundred men, that he had cut down the chief before they recovered from their astonishment; he succeeded in riding out of the column, but was soon afterwards shot. He had, when he meditated this attack, sent a person to inform Captain J. Grant (who had recovered of his wounds) of his intention: ‘The captain will discover,’ he observed, ‘that there are more Shaikh Ibrahims than one in the Body-guard.’ Captain Grant, when the service was over, erected tombs over these gallant officers: a constant lamp is kept at them, which is supported by a trifling monthly donation from every man in the Body-guard, and the noble spirit of the corps is perpetuated by the contemplation of these regimental shrines (for such they may be termed) of heroic valour.

Shaikh Moheedeem, a subadar of the body-guard of Madras,

* Lord Clive (the present Lord Powis) was at this period Governor of Madras; and it is but justice to that nobleman to state that virtue, talent, or valour, either in European or native, were certain under his administration of attaining distinction and reward.

who was one of the first officers appointed to the corps of native horse artillery recently raised on that establishment, accompanied Sir John Malcolm to Persia, and was left with a detachment of his corps under the command of Captain Lindsay, to aid in instructing the Persians in military tactics. This small body of men and their gallant European commander were engaged in several campaigns in Georgia, and their conduct has obtained, not only for the subadar, but for all the men of his party, marked honours and reward, both from the Persian government and their own. Their exertions received additional importance from the scene on which they acted, for it is not easy to calculate the future benefits which may result from the display of the superior courage and discipline of the native soldiers of India on the banks of the Araxes.

The native infantry of Madras is generally composed of Mahomedans and Hindoos of good cast: at its first establishment none were enlisted but men of high military tribes. In the progress of time a considerable change took place, and natives of every description were enrolled in the service. Though some corps that were almost entirely formed of the lowest and most despised races of men obtained considerable reputation, it was feared their encouragement might produce disgust, and particularly when they gained, as they frequently did, the rank of officers. Orders were in consequence given to recruit from none but the most respectable classes of society; and many consider the regular and orderly behaviour of these men as one of the benefits which have resulted from this system.

The infantry sepoy of Madras is rather a small man, but he is of an active make, and capable of undergoing great fatigue upon a very slender diet. We find no man arrive at greater precision in all his military exercises; his moderation, his sobriety, his patience, give him a steadiness that is almost unknown to Europeans: but though there exists in this body of men a fitness to attain mechanical perfection as soldiers, there are no men whose mind it is of more consequence to study. The most marked general feature of the character of the natives of India is a proneness to obedience, accompanied by a great susceptibility of good or bad usage; and there are few in that country who are more imbued with these feelings than the class of which we are now treating. The sepoys of Madras, when kindly treated, have invariably shewn great attachment* to the service; and when we know that this class of men

* In old corps that have been chiefly recruited within the territories which have been long in the possession of the Company, desertion is of very rare occurrence.

The first battalion of the 3d native infantry marched in 1803 from near Madura, of which district and Trichinopoly a great proportion of its men were natives, to the banks of the Taptee, a distance of above a thousand miles, without one desertion!

can be brought, without harshness or punishment, to the highest discipline, we neither can nor ought to have any toleration for those who pursue a different system; and the Commander in Chief is unfit for his station who grants his applause to the mere martinet, and forgets, in his intemperate zeal, that no perfection, in appearance and discipline, can make amends for the loss of the temper and attachment of the native soldiers under his command.

We discover in the pages of Orme many examples of that patient endurance of privations and fatigue, and that steady valour which has since characterised the native infantry of Fort St. George. Their conduct in the war against Hyder Ally in 1766 was such as justly to entitle them to admiration. In the battle of Trinomalee and Molwaggle they displayed all the qualifications of good and steady soldiers, and it was during this war that the fifth battalion of native infantry, commanded by Captain Calvert, distinguished itself by the defence of Ambore, and obtained the honour of bearing a representation of that mountain fortress on one of its standards. To the campaigns of Sir Eyre Coote we have already alluded, and have spoken of the unshaken fidelity which the sepoys of Madras evinced at that trying juncture; but if a moment was to be named when the existence of the British power depended upon its native troops, we should fix upon the battle of Portonovo. Driven to the sea-shore, attacked by an enemy exulting in recent success,* confident in his numbers, and strong in the terror of his name; every circumstance combined that could dishearten the small body of men on whom the fate of the war depended: not a heart shrunk from the trial. Of the European troops it is of course superfluous to speak; but all the native battalions appear, from every account of the action, to have been entitled to equal praise on this memorable occasion; and it is difficult to say whether they were most distinguished when suffering with a patient courage under a heavy cannonade, when receiving and repulsing the shock of the flower of Hyder's cavalry, or when attacking in their turn the troops of that monarch, who, baffled in all his efforts, retreated from this field of anticipated conquest with the loss of his most celebrated commander, and thousands of his bravest soldiers.

* The defeat of Colonel Baillie's detachment which occurred at the commencement of this war. This defeat has been variously attributed to bad arrangements in the general plans of the campaign, to mismanagement on the part of the commanding officer, and to the misconduct of the native troops. It is probable all these causes combined to produce this great misfortune; but we must recollect that the native battalions that were chiefly accused of bad behaviour on this occasion were raw levies who had never before seen service, and most of whom had hardly been in the army a sufficient time to be disciplined. The men composing these corps had been hastily raised in the Circars, or northern possessions of Madras, and their conduct created a prejudice (which experience has since proved to be unjust) against recruits from this quarter.

It would exceed our limits to dwell upon the different actions in the war against Tippoo and the Mahrattas, in which the Madras sepoys signalized themselves; we shall therefore content ourselves with some anecdotes of corps and individuals which appear calculated to give a fair impression of the general character of this class of the defenders of our empire in India.

The natives of India have, generally speaking, a rooted dislike to the sea; and when we consider the great privations and hardships to which Hindoos of high cast are subject on a long voyage, during which some of them, from prejudices of cast, subsist solely on parched grain, we feel less surprize at the occasional mutinies which have been caused by orders for their embarkation, than at the zeal and attachment they have often shewn upon such trying occasions.

A mutiny had occurred in the 9th battalion when ordered to embark for Bombay in 1779 or 1780, which however had been quelled by the spirit and decision of its commandant Captain Kelly. A more serious result had accompanied a similar order for the embarkation of some companies of a corps in the northern Circars, who when they came to Vizagapatam, the port where they were to take shipping, had risen upon their European officers, and in their violence shot all, except one or two who escaped on board the vessel appointed to carry their men.

These events rendered government averse to a repetition of experiments which had proved so dangerous: but in the year 1795, when the island of Ceylon and the possessions of the Dutch in the eastern seas were to be reduced, Lord Hobart,* who was then governor of Fort St. George, made a successful appeal to the zeal and attachment of the native troops, who volunteered in corps for foreign service.

A still greater call for men was necessary when an army was formed in 1797 for the attack of Manilla, and many of the best battalions in the service shewed a forwardness to be employed on this expedition. Among these, one of the most remarkable for its appearance and discipline, was a battalion of the twenty-second regiment. This fine corps was commanded by Lieutenant-colonel James Oram,† an officer not more distinguished for his personal zeal and gallantry than for a thorough knowledge of the men under

* Lord Hobart (afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire) was very successful in inspiring zeal in every branch of the government under his charge, and his attention was peculiarly directed to the conciliation of the natives. The local information he acquired at this period was subsequently matured by a study of the general interests of the Indian empire, and the life of this virtuous nobleman terminated at a moment when his services, from the high station he had attained of President of the Board of Control, were most valuable to his country.

† This officer has been dead upwards of fifteen years.

his command; whose temper he had completely preserved, at the same time that he had imparted to them the highest perfection in their dress and discipline. When he proposed to his corps on parade to volunteer for Manilla, they only requested to know whether Colonel Oram would go with them: the answer was, 'He would.' 'Will he stay with us?' was the second question: the reply was in the affirmative, the whole corps exclaimed 'To Europe, to Europe!' and the alacrity and spirit with which they subsequently embarked, shewed they would as readily have gone to the shores of the Atlantic as to an island of the eastern ocean. Not a man of the corps deserted, from the period they volunteered for service till they embarked; and such was the contagion of their enthusiasm, that several sepoys who were missing from one of the battalions in garrison at Madras were found, when the expedition returned, to have deserted to join the twenty-second under Colonel Oram. We state this anecdote with a full impression of the importance of the lesson it conveys. It is through their affections alone that such a class of men can be well commanded.

We meet in the Madras native army with many instances of unconquerable attachment to the service to which they belong. Among these none can be more remarkable than that of Syud Ibrahim, commandant of the Tanjore cavalry, who was made prisoner by Tippoo Sultan in 1781. The character of this distinguished officer was well known to his enemy, and the highest rank and station were offered to tempt him to enter into the employment of the state of Mysore. His steady refusal occasioned his being treated with such rigour, and was attended, as his fellow prisoners (who were British officers) thought, with such danger to his life, that they, from a generous feeling, contemplating his condition as a Mahomedan and a native of India, as in some essential points different from their own, recommended him to accept the offers of the Sultan; but the firm allegiance of Syud Ibrahim would admit of no compromise, and he treated every overture as an insult. His virtuous resolution provoked at last the personal resentment of Tippoo; and when the English prisoners were released in 1784, the commandant was removed to a dungeon in the mountain fortress of Couley Droog, where he terminated his existence. His sister, who had left her home, the Carnatic, to share the captivity of her brother, was subsequently wounded in the storming of Seringapatam. She however fortunately recovered, and the government of Fort St. George granted her a pension of fifty-two pagodas and half per month, or £ 250 per annum, being the full pay of a native commandant of cavalry. A tomb was also erected at the place where Syud Ibrahim died, and government endowed it with an establishment sufficient to maintain

maintain a fakeer or priest, and to keep two lamps continually burning at the shrine of this faithful soldier.

Among the many instances of the effect which pride in themselves, and the notice of their superiors, inspire in this class of troops, we may state the conduct of the first battalion of the 8th regiment of infantry, which became, at the commencement of his career in India, a favourite corps* of the Duke of Wellington. They were with him on every service, and the men of this corps used often to call themselves 'Wellesley ka Pulten,' or Wellesley's Battalion, and their conduct on every occasion was calculated to support the proud title they had assumed. A staff officer† after the battle of Assaye saw a number of the Mahomedans of this battalion assembled apparently for a funeral; he asked whom they were about to inter? they mentioned the names of five commissioned and non-commissioned officers of a very distinguished family in the corps.—'We are going to put these brothers‡ into one grave,' said one of the party. The officer, who was well acquainted with the individuals who had been slain, expressed his regret and was about to offer some consolation to the survivors, but he was stopped by one of the men—'There is no occasion,' he said, 'for such feelings or expressions: these men (pointing to the dead bodies) were sepoy, (soldiers,) they have died in the performance of their duty: the government they served will protect their children, who will soon fill the ranks they lately occupied.'

Though sensible we have dwelt too long upon this part of our subject, we cannot forbear recording an example of that patience with which the native troops meet privation and distress. In 1804 the subsidiary force in the dekan, commanded by Colonel Hali-burton, was inclosed between two rivers, which became suddenly so swollen as to cut off their supplies of provisions. It was a period of general famine, and the communication was cut off with the grain dealers, from whom alone they could expect a supply. All the rice in camp was found to be barely sufficient for five days allowance, at a very reduced rate, to the European part of the force. Issues to the sepoy were stopt, but while they were left to the

* This corps, some years before the period of which we are now speaking, attained very high reputation under Captain Dunwoody, an officer whose memory continues to be respected and cherished in the native army of Fort St. George.

† The respectable and distinguished officer to whom we owe this, and the following anecdote of the Madras troops, concludes a note he has been kind enough to send us on the subject, with the following remark.

‡ I have seen (he observes) the Madras sepoy engaged in great and trifling actions more than fifty times; I never knew them behave ill, or backward, but once, when two havildars (or sergeants) that were next to me, quitted their post from seeing the fire chiefly directed at me; but it is (he adds) but justice to state that, on other occasions have owed my life to the gallantry of my covering havildar.

§ The term 'Brothers' extends in India to first cousins.

scanty subsistence they might be able to procure for themselves, they were appointed the sole guards over that grain, from all share in which they were from necessity excluded. This duty was performed with the strictest care, and the most cheerful submission. Fortunately the waters subsided, and an ample supply prevented their feeling that extreme of famine, the prospect of which they had contemplated with an attention to discipline, and a composure of mind, which even astonished those best acquainted with their habits of order and obedience.

We have before stated that it was at Bombay that the first native corps were disciplined by the English. Of the exact date we are ignorant, but regular sepoys are noticed in the account of the transactions of that part of India some time before they were embodied at either Madras or Bengal. A corps of one hundred sepoys from Bombay and four hundred from Tellicherry is mentioned as having joined the army at Madras in A. D. 1747; and a company of Bombay sepoys, which had gone with troops from Madras to Bengal, were present at the victory of Plassey. The sepoys at Bombay continued long in independent companies, commanded by subadars, or native captains. As the possessions and political relations of that settlement were enlarged, its army increased. The companies were formed into battalions under European officers, and during the war with the Mahrattas, A. D. 1780, we find the establishment consisting of fifteen battalions. These, at the termination of the war with Tippoo, 1783, were reduced to six, and one battalion of marines. In 1788, its numbers were augmented to twelve battalions. In 1796, it was reformed into an establishment of four regiments of two battalions each, from which it has been progressively raised by the acquisition of territory and subsidiary alliances to its present establishment of nine regiments of native infantry of two battalions each, one battalion of marines, and a small corps of native cavalry.

The men of the native infantry of Bombay are of a standard very near that of Madras. The lowest size taken is five feet three inches, and the average is five feet five, but they are robust and hardy, and capable of enduring great fatigue upon very slender diet.

This army has, from its origin to the present day, been indiscriminately composed of all classes; Mahomedans, Hindoos, Jews, and some few Christians. Among the Hindoos, those of the lowest tribes of Mahrattas, and the Purwarrie, Soortee, and Frost* sects, are much more numerous than the Rajpoots and higher castes. Jews have always been favourite soldiers in this army, and great

* The Purwarrie are generally from the southward of Bombay; the Frost and Soortees from the northward. These are men of what is termed very low cast, being hardly above what are called Pariahs on the coast of Coromandel.

numbers of them attain the rank of commissioned officers.* It is probably owing to the peculiar composition, and to the local situation of the territories in which they are employed, that the Sepoys of Bombay have at all periods been found ready to embark on foreign service. They are, in fact, familiar to the sea, and only a small proportion of them are incommoded in a voyage by those privations to which others are subject from prejudices of cast. But this is only one of the merits of the Bombay native soldier: he is patient, faithful, and brave, and attached in a remarkable degree to his European officers. There cannot be a class of men more cheerful under privation and difficulties; and though desertion is very frequent among the recruits of this army, who, from the local position of Bombay, can, on the first feeling of disgust at discipline, always, in a few hours, escape to the Mahratta territories, where they are safe from pursuit, there are no men, after they become soldiers, more attached to their colours. We question, indeed, if any army can produce more extraordinary examples of attachment to the government it served and to its officers than that of Bombay.

Towards the close of the war with Tippon, in 1782, the whole of the force under General Mathews were made prisoners. The sultan, sensible of the advantages he might derive from the accession of a body of well-disciplined men, made every offer that he thought could tempt the English Sepoys into his service, but in vain. He ordered them to work upon his fortifications, particularly Chitteldroog, which was very unhealthy, upon a sear (two pounds) of ruggy, (a small grain like mustard seed,) and a pice (about a halfpenny) per day. On this pittance they were rigidly kept at hard labour through the day, and in close confinement at night, subject to the continued insults of their guards; but neither insults, oppression, nor sickness, could subdue their fidelity; and at the peace of 1783, fifteen hundred† of the natives of India, who had been made prisoners near the mountains of the coast of Malabar, marched a distance of five hundred miles to Madras, to embark on a voyage of six or eight weeks to rejoin the army to which they belonged at Bombay. During the march from Mysore, the guards of the sultan carefully separated those men, whenever they encamped by a tank (a large reservoir) or some other supposed insurmountable obstacle, from the European prisoners, among whom

* We write from a memorandum of an officer of rank and experience in the Bombay army; he observes, 'the Jews are clean, obedient, and good soldiers; make excellent non-commissioned and commissioned officers until they arrive at an advanced age, when they often fall off and turn drunkards.'

† A considerable number of the Sepoys taken with General Mathews had, at the hazard of their lives, made their escape from the sultan and reached Bombay through the Mahratta territories.

were their officers. Not a night passed (we write from a paper of an officer of distinction, who was a witness of what he states) that some of the Sepoys did not elude the vigilance of their guards by swimming across the tank, or by passing the sentries, that they might see their officers, to whom they brought such small sums as they had saved from their pittance, begging they would condescend to accept the little all they had to give. 'We can live upon any thing, (they used to say,) but you require mutton and beef.'

To the service in Egypt, in 1800, the Bombay troops proceeded with the same alacrity as to every other, and neither the new disorders (to them) of the ophthalmia or plague, from both of which they suffered, abated in the least degree their ardor. It happened that this force and that from Bengal were too late to share in the fame which our arms acquired in Egypt; but we can hardly contemplate an event in any history more calculated to inspire reflection on the character of that transcendent power which our country had attained, than the meeting of her European and Indian armies on the shores of the Mediterranean.

During the progress of the war with France, subsequent to 1803, several parties of the marine battalions of Bombay Sepoys were captured on board of the Company's cruisers, and carried to the Isle of France, where they were treated in a manner that reflects no credit upon the local government of that island, which probably expected that the hardships they endured would make them give way to the temptations continually held out, and induce them to take service; but in this they were disappointed: not one of these men could be persuaded to enter into the employment of the enemies of Great Britain, and when the Isle of France was captured, they met with that notice which they had so well merited. The government of Bombay granted to every individual who survived his captivity a silver medal, as a memorial of the sense which it entertained of his proved fidelity and attachment.

From the documents in our possession many examples of individual heroism in the Bombay Sepoy might be given, but we shall content ourselves with two, which will shew in a very strong point of view the nature of their attachment to their European officers.

Four years ago, when Major Hull, the commanding officer of a battalion on the Bombay establishment, was proceeding along the banks of a ravine, with eight or ten men of his corps, to search for some lions which had been seen near the cantonment of Kaira in Guzerat, a royal tiger suddenly sprang upon him. The ground gave way, and the tiger and Major Hull rolled together to the bottom of the ravine. Though this fall prevented the latter from being killed by the first assault, still his fate seemed certain; and
those

those who know, from having witnessed it, the terror which the attack of this fierce animal inspires, can alone appreciate the character of that feeling which led every Sepoy who was with him to rush at once to his succour. The tiger fell under their bayonets, though not before it had wounded two of the assailants most desperately; one having lost his leg, and the other being so lacerated as to be rendered unfit for future service as a soldier. These wounds, however, were deemed trivial by those who sustained them, when they saw that the officer whom they loved had escaped unhurt from his perilous situation.

The second example of this strong feeling of duty is still more remarkable, as it was not merely encountering danger, but a devotion to certain death. We take our account of the transaction from a document* in which it was recorded at the period of its occurrence.

In 1797, Captain Packenham, in His Majesty's ship *Resistance*, accompanied by some small vessels of war belonging to the Company, took possession of Copong, the chief Dutch settlement on the eastern Isle of Timor. Lieutenant Frost, of the Bombay marine, commander of the *Intrepid* cruizer, who was to be appointed governor of Copong, had taken a house on shore, where he expected Captain Packenham to meet the Dutch governor and make arrangements for the future administration of the place. The Malays had formed a plan by which it was settled that the moment Captain Packenham landed to attend this meeting, they were to rise and murder all the Englishmen on shore. Fortunately something occurred to induce Captain Packenham to defer his visit; but he sent his boat, and its reaching the beach was the signal for the commencement of the massacre. Nearly twenty persons were slain. A large party had rushed to Lieutenant Frost's house. The head of his surgeon had been struck off, and his own destruction seemed inevitable, when two Sepoys of the Bombay marine battalion, whom he had landed from his vessel, exclaimed to him, 'Save yourself by flight, we will fight and die,' at the same time opposing themselves to the fury of the assailants and giving their commander time to escape to a boat. The Sepoys, after a resistance as protracted as they could render it, were slain, and their heads exposed on pikes explained their fate to their lamenting companions on board the *Intrepid*. Captain Packenham took prompt and ample vengeance of this treachery; he opened a heavy fire upon the place, under which he landed an efficient force, which defeated the Malays, who fled after losing two hundred men.

The length into which we have been led in our account of the native armies of Madras and Bombay must, in some degree, limit

* Madras papers, 27th September, 1797.

our observations on that of Bengal: but that is of less consequence, as those who strive to have complete information on this part of the subject can have recourse to the work before us. We shall, therefore, not dwell on details connected with the progress of this army, from a few companies who landed with Lord Clive in 1757, to its present number, which is upwards of sixty thousand effective native soldiers, commanded by about fifteen hundred* European officers: but content ourselves with noticing those facts which appear best calculated to illustrate the disposition and character of the materials of which it is composed.

The narrative of Captain Williams, though not perhaps altogether calculated to please the fastidious reader, is throughout simple and intelligible: and the authenticity of his facts is confirmed by the manner in which they are related. His plan evidently was to give the history of each corps from the period in which it was raised till its dissolution, or till it was formed into a regiment of the present establishment, but having been so active in many of the scenes he describes, he is inevitably led into digressions, which, though sometimes tedious, the reader will generally pardon, from the curious and interesting matter they contain.

The first battalions raised in Bengal were ten companies of 100 men each, commanded by a captain with one lieutenant, one ensign, and one or two sergeants. Each company had a standard of the same ground as the colours, with a different device, (suited to its colour, or native captain,) of a snake, a crescent, or a dagger. The Company's colours, with the Union in one corner, were carried by the grenadiers. The first battalions were known by the name of the captain, by whom they were commanded, and though, in 1757, nineteen corps received a numerical rank corresponding with the actual rank of their commanders at that period, this did not prevent them from continuing as he known under their former appellations, or even assuming the name of a favourite leader: and it is under these names (which Captain Williams has faithfully preserved) that he gives the history of some of the most distinguished corps in the service. He commences with an account of the 15th battalion, which he informs us was raised at Calcutta in 1757, and called the Mathews, from the name of its first commander. This corps was with Colonel Ford, in 1758, when that able officer, with three hundred and forty-six Europeans and fourteen hundred Sepoys, besieged and took by storm the strong fortress of Masulipatam, making prisoners a French garrison, who, both in Europeans and natives, were nearly double his numbers. In this

* *Even a superintendent of the affairs of artillery and engineers, not of militia corps.* In 1759, the whole of the European officers in the service of the Company in Bengal amounted to eighteen captains, twenty-six lieutenants, and fifteen ensigns.

during

daring and arduous enterprize we are told by the historian of India that 'the Sepoys (who lost in killed and wounded on the storm two hundred men) behaved with equal gallantry as the Europeans both in the real and false attacks.*' In 1763, in the wars with the vizier of Oude, the 'Mathews,' which was with the force under the command of Major Adams, is stated, when the Company's European regiment was broken by cavalry, to have nobly supported His Majesty's 84th regiment, whose courage restored the action. Major Adams died shortly afterwards, and a general mutiny of the whole force took place, in which the Sepoys at first joined, but were soon after reclaimed to their duty. Captain Williams at this part enters into a long digression respecting the events of the period. He gives an account of the battle of Buxar, which was fought in 1764, and in which all the native corps appear to have behaved well, though the action was chiefly gained by the courage and discipline of the European part of the force.

In 1782, the Mathews was one of three Bengal corps who mutinied, under an apprehension of being embarked for foreign service; and though the conduct of these corps† was remarkable for the total absence of that spirit of general insubordination and disposition to outrage by which mutinies of soldiery are usually marked, they were in the ensuing year broken, and drafted into some other battalions. 'Thus fell the Mathews;' (says Captain Williams;) 'a corps more highly spoken of during the twenty-six years it existed, than any battalion in the service; and at this day, (he adds,) if you meet any of the old fellows who once belonged to it, and ask them what corps they came from, they will erect their heads and say, "Mathews ka pultan," or Mathews' battalion.'

* Orme's History of India, vol. iii. p. 489.

† We cannot refrain from giving the following account of this mutiny, which is written by an officer who witnessed it. It is very characteristic of the Bengal Sepoys. 'The mutiny, (this officer observes,) excepting a general spirit of murmur and discontent, was confined to the single instance of refusing the service, and whilst in that state preventing the march of two companies which were ordered to protect stores, &c. preparing for the expedition. The men were guilty of no violence of any description, and treated their officers with the usual respect. The discipline of the corps was carried on as usual; and notwithstanding some of the native officers, and men who had acted the most conspicuous part, were confined in the quarter-guards of their respective regiments, no attempt was made to release them. After a lapse of several weeks, a general court-martial was held, and two subadars, and one or two Sepoys, were sentenced to death by being blown away from the mouth of cannon. The sentence was carried into execution in the presence of those troops which had mutinied, excepting one other regiment, which was at the station, without the smallest opposition, or even murmur; and the troops were marched round the spot of execution amidst the mangled remains of their fellow-soldiers, without any other apparent feeling than the horror which such a scene was calculated to excite, and pity for their fate.'

The intended service was given up, and the regiments which had mutinied were pardoned in General Orders; but on the return to the Bengal provinces of General Goddard's detachment, the officers and men of the regiments which had mutinied were drafted into those old battalions.

The present second battalion of the 12th regiment appears, from Captain Williams's account, to have been raised some months before the Mathews. He indeed calls it the first raised battalion. This corps was at the battle of Plassey. It was named by the Sepoys the Lal Pultan, or the Red* Battalion, and afterwards Gallis,† from the name of one of its first captains. It was associated with the Mathews in all its early service, particularly at Masulipatam, Gheretty, &c. but in 1764, it mutinied, on the pretext of some promises which were made to it having been broken. Having no apparent object, it was easily reduced to obedience; but Major Munro, (afterwards Sir Hector Munro,) who then commanded the army, thought a severe example necessary, and twenty-eight of the most guilty were tried by a drum-head court-martial and sentenced to death. Eight of these were directed to be immediately blown away from the guns of the force then at Choprah. As they were on the point of executing the sentence, three grenadiers, who happened to be amongst them, stepped forth and claimed the privilege of being blown away from the right hand guns. 'They had always fought on the right, (they said,) and they hoped they would be permitted to die at that post of honour.' Their request was granted, and they were the first executed. 'I am sure (says Captain Williams, who then belonged to the Royal Marines employed in Bengal, and who was an eye-witness of this remarkable scene) that there was not a dry eye among the Marines, although they had been long accustomed to hard service, and two of them had actually been in the execution party which shot Admiral Byng in the year 1757.'

This corps subsequently distinguished itself in 1776, at the battle of Korah. It had been known originally as the first battalion. It was afterwards numbered the 9th, from the rank of its captain. In a new arrangement of the army it was made the 16th, then the 17th. By the regulations of 1796, it has become the 2d of the 12th regiment; and it has of late years, as we shall hereafter have occasion to mention, far outdone its former fame. But we have said enough to shew the style and object of Captain Williams's Memoir; we now proceed to the second part, or supplement of that work.

There is sufficient internal evidence to satisfy us that the author of this part of the volume is an officer of experience and talent in the army which he describes. He is evidently possessed of the fullest information, and treats the subject like one who has made it the study of his life. The affection and admiration which he evinces

* Probably from its dress.

† The name of this officer (who is still alive) is Galliez. The natives of India often corrupt English names in an extraordinary manner; Dalrymple is made into *Dalduffle*; Ochterlony, *Loungachter*; Littlejohn, *John Litton*; Shalip, *Surreup*; &c. &c.

in every page for the native soldiery of Bengal made us peruse his account with an impression that he was a partial narrator of their deeds, but it is no more than justice to state that we have not discovered an instance in which his warm, and we may add enthusiastic, feelings have betrayed his judgment, and we have found throughout that his accuracy hardly ever admits a fact that is not supported by official record.

Though this part of the work professes to give an account of events subsequent to 1796, the author takes a retrospective view of the changes in the numbers and formation of the Bengal native army, from the earliest date till the publication of the regulations of that year. He also brings under our view the most remarkable military operations of the latter years of the administration of Mr. Hastings, of whose character and genius he speaks in a strain of eulogium the justice of which we are not disposed to question. When the standards of Hyder Ally floated over the desolated fields of the Carnatic, which the inert rulers of Madras had left exposed at every point to invasion; when a league of Mahratta leaders brought combined disgrace and discomfiture on the immature efforts of the government of Bombay; when internal rebellion threatened the peace of Bengal, and the opposition and violence of his colleagues embarrassed and impeded all his measures, the mind of Hastings derived energy from misfortune and fire from collision, and no one, we are convinced, can dispassionately read the history of the period to which we allude, without being satisfied that, to his intimate knowledge of the interests of the government which he administered, to his perfect acquaintance with the characters of every class of the natives, and to his singular power of kindling the zeal and securing the affections of those he employed, we owe the preservation of the British power in India. Among the wisest and boldest of the measures he adopted at this moment of public emergency was the sending of two great detachments from the native army of Bengal to Bombay and Madras. A general account of both these is given in the work before us. We shall first notice that which is prior in date.

‘At the commencement of the year 1778,’ says our author, ‘the presidency of Bombay having been seriously embarrassed by the pressure of the Mahratta war which then prevailed, the governor-general felt the necessity for effectual succour, both in specie and troops, being afforded to that quarter of the Honourable Company’s possessions, with as little delay as possible. Supplies of the former had been, and would again be, sent by sea, in the course of a six weeks’ or two months’ voyage, (as well as by bills through the native bankers of Benares), but no such resource presented itself with regard to troops. On this emergency, the comprehensive mind of Warren Hastings formed the resolution (on his own responsibility, when opposed, as it was understood, by a majority

of his colleagues in the government) to order a compact yet efficient detachment of native troops from the Bengal army to march across the continent of India "through the hostile and unknown regions from the banks of the Ganges to the western coast of India," to create a division in the councils and operations of the enemy, and eventually to co-operate with the Bombay government and forces in the prosecution of the war in which they were involved.*

This detachment, which was composed of six native battalions, a corps of native cavalry, and a proportion of artillery, all together amounting to 103 European officers, 6624 native troops, with 31,000 followers, including the bazar, carriers of baggage, servants of officers, and families of Sepoys, had to march upwards of eight hundred miles through countries where every obstacle and opposition were to be overcome. It has been well observed by an excellent military author,* that an army in India has the appearance of 'a nation emigrating, guarded by its troops.' To the mere European it would appear that this immense proportion of followers must encumber instead of aiding the progress of a corps on a long march, but those better instructed in Indian warfare know that it is, generally speaking, the number of followers which gives efficiency to an army in the east, as every person with it contributes (if the machine be well managed) in some manner or other to its support. The composition of an Indian army, and the scene of its operations, are so different from any thing that is known in other countries, that we cannot be surprised at the erroneous judgment which those unacquainted with the subject so often form. They forget that every luxury which they impute to the European in India originates not in a habit of indulgencies but in an endeavour to obtain relief from severe suffering; and that if an Indian officer carries as great a quantity of wine, or other articles, which custom has rendered necessary, as he can, it is because he has little prospect after once the campaign has commenced of ever receiving another supply. The country in which he operates furnishes nothing, and the communication with European settlements is in general, from the enemy's superiority in light cavalry, cut off. If he has a large and commodious† tent, it is because he cannot, from the nature of the climate, exist in a small one, the heat often rising, even in the best tents of the camp, to 110° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. If when ill he is carried in a dooly or palanquin, it is because there are no hospitals, or even depôts, to which he can be sent, and there

* Lieutenant General Drom.

† We are assured that the Duke of Wellington, when he commanded the army in the Deekan, in 1803, actually ordered a corps to remain in garrison, and refused to allow it to advance with his army, because the officers had neglected to furnish themselves with tents of sufficient texture and size. His experience had taught him how essential such tents were to preserve their health and to enable them to do their duty.

are often no roads on which light wheel carriages can travel. But the European soldier will understand the essential difference which exists between field service in India and in Europe, when told that owing to regard for the prejudices of the natives, and other causes, the term 'billet' is unknown in the former country; and that the troops in India seldom derive support, and never shelter or accommodation, from the villages and towns of the country in which they operate.

But to return from this digression to the detachment which was ordered to the relief of the settlement of Bombay. Its first rendezvous was Culpee, a town on the right bank of the Junnah, near Cawnpore, whence it commenced its march on the 12th of June, 1778. It reached Rajgurb, a town in Bundelcund on the 17th August, where it halted so much longer than Mr. Hastings thought necessary that he removed Colonel Leslie, the commanding officer, and appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Goddard to that charge. Under this active and enterprising officer it continued its route through Malwah and Candeish to Surat, presenting the extraordinary spectacle of a corps of the natives of Hindostan under the guidance of a few English officers, marching from the banks of the Ganges to the westernmost shores of India. During the five years that they were absent from their home, the men of this detachment conducted themselves in the most exemplary manner, and acquired distinction in every service in which they were employed. We shall not repeat the warm and animated eulogium which Mr. Hastings passed upon this corps in one of the last General Orders he issued to the army in Bengal, but we sincerely subscribe to the truth of his observation, that their conduct showed 'that there are no difficulties, which the true spirit of military enterprise is not capable of surmounting.'

The force detached to the Carnatic in 1781 was commanded by Colonel Pearse. It consisted of five regiments of two small battalions (500 men each) of native infantry, some native cavalry, and a proportion of artillery. This corps, which marched about eleven hundred miles along the sea-coast through the province of Cuttack and the Northern Circars to Madras, arrived at that presidency at a most eventful period, and their services were eminently useful to the preservation of our power in that quarter. Among the many occasions which this detachment had of distinguishing itself, the attack on the French lines at Cuddalore in 1783 was the most remarkable. The Bengal Sepoys that were engaged on that occasion behaved nobly. It was, we believe, one of the first times that European troops and the disciplined natives of India had met at the bayonet. The high spirit and bodily vigour of the rajpoots of the provinces of Bahar and Benares (the

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class of which three fourths of this army was then composed) proved fully equal to the contest. In a partial action, which took place in a sortie made by the French, they were defeated with severe loss; and the memory of this event continues to be cherished with just pride both by the officers and men of the Bengal native army. Had the result of this affair, and the character of these sepoys been more generally known, some of our countrymen would have been freed from that excessive alarm which was entertained for the safety of our eastern possessions, when the late despot of continental Europe threatened them with invasion. We trust that every event that can seriously disturb the peace of our Indian empire is at a great distance; but if we even heard that an European army had crossed the Indus, we should not tremble for its fate. We well know that the approach of such a force would strike no terror into the minds of the men of whom we are writing, and that acting with British troops, and led by British officers, they would advance with almost as assured a confidence of victory against a line of well-disciplined Europeans as against a rabble of their own untrained countrymen. They might fail; but they are too bold, and too conscious of their own courage and strength ever to anticipate defeat.

We should feel hesitation in stating our sentiments so strongly on this subject, if we did not know them to be those which have been entertained and avowed by many eminent commanders,* who have had opportunities of forming a judgment upon this question. When Colonel Pearse's detachment, which had been reduced by service from 5000 to 2000 men, returned to Bengal after an absence of four years, the policy of Mr. Hastings heaped every distinction upon them that he thought calculated to reward their merits, or to stimulate others to future exertion of a similar nature. He visited this corps, and his personal conduct towards both the European officers and natives gave grace to his public measures. A lasting impression† was made on the minds of all; and every favour was doubled by the manner in which it was conferred.

The rebellion of Cheyt Singh, the rajah of Benares, in 1781,

* We may particularly quote the late Lord Lake. No officer ever saw troops under more varied and severe trials than he did the Bengal sepoys. He never spoke of them but with admiration; and was forward to declare, that he considered them equal to a contest with any troops that could be brought against them.

† An officer of rank and distinction, who, when a young subaltern, was an eye-witness of this scene, observes in a letter which he has written to us on the subject, 'Mr. Hastings, dressed in a plain blue coat, with his head uncovered, rode along the ranks. The troops had the most striking appearance of hardy veterans. They were all as black as ink contrasted with the sleek olive skins of our home corps. The sight of that day, (he concludes,) and the feelings it excited, have never been absent from my mind: to it, and to the affecting orders (which Mr. Hastings issued) I am satisfied I in a great degree owe whatever of professional pride and emulation I have since possessed.'

must be familiar to most of our readers. Our purpose in mentioning it is limited to the object of shewing the conduct of the Bengal sepoys under one of the severest trials of fidelity to which they were ever exposed.

The numerous followers of the rajah had risen upon two companies of sepoys appointed to guard the house in which he was placed under restraint, and killed and wounded the whole of them. The rashness of an European officer had led another party to slaughter in the streets of Rannagur. Mr. Hastings, who was at Benares when these events occurred, had only a few companies of sepoys to guard his person, and even these he had no money to support. He summoned corps from different quarters to his aid:—but when we reflect on the impression which the first success of Cheyt Singh had made, and consider that by far the greatest proportion of the troops with whom Mr. Hastings had overcome the dangers with which he was surrounded, were men of the same tribe and country as those against whom they were to act; and that the chief who was declared a rebel had long been considered by many of them as their legitimate prince, we must respect the mind that remained firm and unmoved at so alarming a crisis. The knowledge Mr. Hastings had of the sepoys, led him to place implicit trust in them on this trying occasion, and his confidence was well rewarded. Their habits of discipline and their attachment to their officers and the service, proved superior to the ties of cast and of kindred. Not an instance of defection occurred, and the public interests were preserved and restored by their zeal and valour.

Before we make any remarks on the more recent parts of the history of the Bengal native infantry, we shall offer some observations on the composition of the army of that presidency. The native cavalry are not mentioned in the work before us; the authors having strictly adhered to the original intention of giving an account of the native infantry only. This corps, which now consists of eight regiments, is comparatively young. Its formation on the present establishment was only just completed when the Mahratta war of 1803 commenced. The conduct of the Bengal cavalry however in the severe service that ensued has justly raised their reputation, and they at present form a most efficient and distinguished branch of the army to which they belong.* The men
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* We have only to peruse the dispatches of the late Lord Lake in 1803 and 1804, to be sensible of the excellence this corps very early obtained. We know few military exploits of cavalry more extraordinary than that which he performed with a column of three regiments of British light dragoons, and three of native cavalry, supported by some horse artillery, and a small reserve of infantry. With this corps his lordship pursued Jeswant Row Holkar from Delhi through the Douab, till he came up with
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are rather stouter than those in the same corps at Madras. The latter are almost all Mahomedans, and three fourths of the Bengal cavalry are of the same race. The fact is, that with the exception of the Mahratta tribe, the Hindoos are not, generally speaking, so much disposed as Mahomedans to the duties of a trooper; and though the Mahomedans may be more dissipated and less moral in their private conduct than the Hindoos, they are zealous, and high-spirited soldiers, and it is excellent policy to have a considerable proportion of them in the service, to which experience has shewn they often become very warmly attached. In the native infantry of Bengal the Hindoos are in the full proportion of three-fourths to the Mahomedans. They consist chiefly of Rajpoots, who are a distinguished race among the Khitee or military tribe. We may judge of the size of these men when we are told that the standard below which no recruit is taken is five feet six inches.* The great proportion of the grenadiers are six feet and upwards. The Rajpoot is born a soldier. The mother speaks of nothing to her infant but deeds of arms, and every sentiment and action of the future man is marked by the first impressions that he has received. If he tills the ground, (which is the common occupation of this class,) his sword and shield are placed near the furrow, and moved as his labour advances. The frame of the Rajpoot is almost always improved (even if his pursuits are those of civil life) by martial exercises. He is from habit temperate in his diet, of a generous, though warm temper, and of good moral conduct. He is, when well-treated, obedient, zealous, and faithful. Neither the Hindoo nor the Mahomedan soldier of India can be termed revengeful, though both are prone to extreme violence† in points where they deem their

and defeated him at Futtu-ghur. Lord Lake, in a dispatch dated 18th November, in which he gives an account of this operation, observes, 'the troops have daily marched a distance of twenty-three or twenty-four miles. During the night and day previous to the action, they marched fifty-eight miles, and from the distance to which they pursued the enemy, the space passed over before they had taken up their ground must have exceeded seventy miles.'

* Before 1796 it was always five feet six inches and a half. By an order in 1809 men may be taken for light infantry corps, as low as five feet five inches.

† One instance is given in the work before us of the action of this violent spirit. In 1772 a sepoy of the now first battalion of the 10th regiment, who had suffered what he supposed an injury, fell out of the ranks when the corps was at exercise, and going up to Captain Ewens, the commanding officer, with recovered arms, as if to make some request, took a deliberate aim, and shot him; then patiently awaited the death he had merited. We could give, from our own knowledge, several examples of similar feeling—two will suffice. Captain Crook, formerly of the Madras cavalry, struck a sentry for allowing a bullock that brought water to his tent, to step over the threshold and dirty it. The man took no notice of what had occurred till relieved from his post: he then went to his lines, and a short time afterwards sought his captain, and, taking deliberate aim at him, shot him dead upon the spot. He made no attempt to escape. He had avenged his honour from the blows he had received, and met with calmness and fortitude the death that was awarded as the punishment of his crime.

their honour, of which they have a very nice sense, to be slighted or insulted. The Rajpoots sometimes want energy, but seldom, if ever, courage. It is remarkable in this class, that even when their animal spirits have been subdued so far as to cause a cessation of exertion, they shew no fear of death, which they meet in every form it can present itself with surprising fortitude and resignation. Such is the general character of a race of men whose numbers in the army of Bengal amount to between thirty and forty thousand, and of whom we can recruit in our own provinces to any amount. But this instrument of power must be managed with care and wisdom, or that which is our strength may become our danger.

Minds of the cast we have described are alive to every impulse, and from similarity of feeling will all vibrate at the same touch. If we desire to preserve their attachment, we must continue to treat them with kindness, liberality, and justice. We must attend to the most trifling of their prejudices, and avoid rash innovations; but, above all, those that are calculated to convey to their minds the most distant alarm in points connected with their usages, or religion. A detachment of Bengal native troops shared in the glory acquired by Lord Cornwallis in his war against Tippoo Sultan in 1790 and 1791. From that time till 1803 the only operation of any consequence in which they were engaged was a short campaign, in Rohilcund, in 1794. The rude and untrained, but fierce and hardy enemies against whom Sir R. Abercrombie had to act, were perhaps too much despised, and they took advantage of a confusion caused in his right wing, by the bad behaviour of the English commandant of a small body of half disciplined cavalry, to make a furious charge, by which a most destructive impression was made on two battalions of sepoy, and a regiment of Europeans.

Their desperate career was checked by the fire of the English artillery, by whose good conduct, and the steady valour of the other parts of the line, a victory was ultimately gained. The native troops never, perhaps, displayed more courage than on this trying

An officer (still living) was provoked at some offence the man had committed, to strike a Madras native trooper under his command. On the night of the same day, as he was sitting with another officer in his tent, the trooper came in, and taking aim at him, fired; but owing to the other officer striking his arm, the ball missed. As, however, he fell in the confusion, and the light was extinguished, his companion, who considered him killed, ran to obtain aid, and to seize the murderer, who had another pistol in his hand. The moment he was out of the tent, he heard the other pistol go off; and on returning with a guard of men and some lights, he found that the trooper, conceiving that the first shot had taken effect, and that his honour was avenged by the death of the person who had insulted him, had, with the second pistol, shot himself through the head.

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occasion, and all regretted that the infamous* conduct of one man had caused such serious loss of officers and men in some of the most distinguished corps† of the army.

The campaigns of 1803 and 1804 present a series of actions and sieges, in every one of which the Bengal sepoys showed their accustomed valour. At the battles of Delhi and Laswarree they were as eminently distinguished as at the sieges of Agra and Deeg: and we may, perhaps, safely assert that in the only two great reverses which occurred during the war, the retreat of Colonel Monson and the siege of Burtpore, the courage, firmness, and attachment of the native troops were more conspicuous than in its most brilliant periods. We know sufficient of the former operations to regret that no full and faithful account of them has been yet published; nor does the work before us sufficiently supply this blank. We can only express our conviction, founded on a perusal of a private journal kept by an officer of the detachment, that in this disastrous retreat, the native troops (with the exception of a very few, who, after suffering almost unparalleled hardships, were seduced by the offers of the enemy to desert) behaved in the most noble manner. They endured the greatest privations and distresses, during the march from the banks of the Chambul in Malwah, where the first retrograde movement was made, till their arrival at Agra, a distance of nearly four hundred miles. They had at once to combat the elements (for it rained almost incessantly) and the enemy. Scenes of horror‡ occurred which were hardly ever surpassed. Yet, though deprived of regular food and rest, and harassed with continual attacks, their spirit was unbroken.—They maintained throughout the most severe discipline. We are assured that on many occasions, when their European officers, worn down by the climate and fatigue, appeared faint or desponding, the men next

* The name of this officer was Ramsay. He escaped by desertion from the punishment he had so amply merited.

† The corps on the right of the army was the 13th battalion, which had been eminently distinguished against the French at Cuddalore. It had earned more laurels under its well-known commander, Captain Norman Macleod, in the campaigns of Lord Cornwallis. Captain Ramsay's cavalry rode unexpectedly over this fine battalion, and five thousand Rohillas charged it before it could recover from the confusion into which it was thrown.

‡ Particularly at the Chumbullee Nullah, a rapid torrent, at which the elephants were employed to carry the troops over. The animals, becoming wearied or impatient, shook off those on their backs, numbers of whom were drowned. But a still more horrid scene ensued.—The fatigued elephants could not bring over the followers. The Ebrels, a mountain banditti, encouraged by Holkar, came down upon the unprotected females and children, whom they massacred in the most inhuman manner. It was on this extreme trial that some of the gallant fellows, who had before suffered every hardship with firmness, gave way to despair. Several of them, maddened with the screams of their wives and children, threw themselves, with their firelocks, into the rapid stream, and perished in a vain attempt to aid those they loved more than life.

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them exclaimed, 'Keep up your heart, Sir, we will take you in safety to Agra.*' When in square, and sustaining charges from the enemy's horse, it more than once happened, when a musket was fired by a young soldier, that a veteran struck him with the butt-end of his firelock, exclaiming, 'Are you mad, to destroy our discipline and make us like the rabble that are attacking us?'

The only serious impatience that the sepoy's of this detachment shewed, was to be led against the enemy; and the manner in which they behaved on all occasions given them of signalizing their valour, shewed that this feeling had its rise in no vain confidence. The flank companies, under Captain O'Donnell, were very successful in beating up the quarters of a considerable corps of the enemy on the 21st July. On the 24th of August, when all the detachment, which consisted of five battalions and six companies of sepoy's, had been sent across the Bannas river, except the 2d battalion of the 2d regiment and some piquets, Holkar brought up his infantry and guns to attack this corps, which not only defended its position, but advanced with the utmost gallantry, and obtained possession of several pieces of the enemy's artillery. It could not, however, be supported by the other parts of the force, who were divided from it by the river, and it was almost annihilated. Those who witnessed the attack which it made upon Holkar's line from the opposite bank of the Bannas, speak with admiration of the heroism of the European officers, and of the gallant men whom they led to a momentary but fatal victory. At the close of this affair they saw a jemadar (native lieutenant) retiring towards the river, pursued by five or six men. He held the standard of his battalion in one hand, and a sword, with which he defended himself, in the other. When arrived at the river he seemed to have attained his object of saving the colours of his corps, and, springing with them into the current, sunk to rise no more.

There have been few officers who better understood the character of soldiers than the late Lord Lake. He had early discovered that of the Bengal Sepoy's. He attended to their prejudices, flattered their pride, and praised their valour. They repaid his consideration of them with gratitude and affection, and during the whole of the late Mahratta war, their zeal and devotion to the public service was increased by the regard and attachment which they entertained for the commander in chief. Sufficient instances of this occur in the work now before us. There is none, however, more remarkable than the conduct he pursued towards the shattered corps of Colonel Monson's detachment. He formed them into a reserve, and promised them every opportunity of signalizing themselves. No con-

* We have been informed of this fact by officers to whom these expressions were used,

fidence was ever better repaid, and throughout the service that ensued these corps were uniformly distinguished.

The conduct of the 2d battalion of the 12th regiment may be taken as an example of the spirit that animated the whole. This corps, which has been before noticed under its first name of 'Gilliez,' or the Lal Pultan, had behaved with uncommon valour at the battle of Laswarree, where it had one hundred men and three officers killed and wounded. It was associated on that occasion with his Majesty's 76th regiment, and shared in the praise which Lord Lake bestowed on 'the handful of heroes,' as he emphatically termed those whose great exertions decided that battle. It was with Colonel Monson's detachment, and maintained its high character in the disastrous retreat we have alluded to. But all its former deeds were outdone at the siege of Burtpore. It appears by a printed memorial which we have before us of its European commanding officer, that on the first storm of that fortress this corps lost one hundred and fifty officers and men killed and wounded, and did not retire till the last. On the third attack, when joined with the 1st battalion of the same regiment, (amounting together to eight hundred men,) it became the admiration of the whole army. The 2d battalion of the 12th regiment on this occasion not only drove back the enemy who had made a sally to attack the trenches, but effected a lodgment, and planted its colours on one of the bastions of the fort. Unfortunately this work was cut off by a deep ditch from the body of the place; and after the attack had failed, the 12th regiment was ordered to retire, which they did reluctantly, with the loss of seven officers and three hundred and fifty men killed and wounded, being nearly half the number they had carried into action.

Examples of equal valour might be given from many other corps during the war, and instances of individual valour might be noticed in any number, but more is not necessary to satisfy the reader of the just title of the Bengal Sepoys to the high name which they have acquired; and from late accounts* we perceive that their conduct

* We know few instances where more has been required from the zeal and valour of the native troops, than in the late campaign against the Goorkhas. The great successes of Major-General Sir D. Ochterlony could only have been gained by the patience and courage of the troops being equal to the skill and decision of their commander, and in the spirited and able operations of Colonel Nicolls, quarter-master-general of his Majesty's troops in India, against Almorah, where eight hundred sepoy, aided by a few irregulars, were led against three thousand gallant mountaineers, who occupied that mountain fortress and the heights by which it was surrounded. Victory could only have been obtained by every Sepoy partaking of the ardour and resolution of his gallant leader. Of their conduct on this occasion we may, indeed, judge by the admiration with which it inspired Colonel Nicolls, who gave vent to his feelings in an order that does honour to his character. Speaking of an attack made by a party of Sepoy grenadiers, he observes, 'This was an exploit of which the best troops of any age might justly have been proud.'

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throughout the arduous service in Nepaul, where they had at once to contend with the natural obstacles of an almost impracticable country, and the desperate valour of a race of hardy mountaineers, has been worthy of their former fame: since the conclusion of this war a small body of these troops has had an opportunity of exhibiting, in a most distinguished manner, that firmness, courage, and attachment to their officers and the service, which have always characterized this army.—We allude to a recent occurrence of a most serious sedition at Bareilly, the capital of Rohilcund. The introduction of a police tax, intended to provide means for the security of life and property, had spread alarm and discontent among an ignorant population, whose prejudices in favour of their ancient usages are so strong as to lead them to regard any innovation (whatever be its character) with jealousy and indignation. Acting under these feelings, the Rohillas of Bareilly, who are alike remarkable for their strength of body and individual courage, rose in a body to oppose the orders of the civil magistrate. They were led by a priest upwards of ninety years of age, who dug his grave to indicate his resolution to conquer or die, and at whose orders the green flag, or standard of Mahomet, was hoisted, that religious feelings might be excited to aid the efforts which they now proclaimed themselves determined to make to effect the downfall of their European tyrants. What rendered this revolt more alarming was the knowledge that the cause of the insurgents was popular over the whole country, and a belief that their success would be the signal for a general rise in the neighbouring provinces. All the force that could be collected to suppress this revolt was a detachment of between three and four hundred sepoys of the 27th regiment of native infantry, and part of a provincial battalion under Captain Boseawen, with two guns and a party of about four hundred Rohilla horse belonging to a corps lately embodied under Captain Cunningham. The former received, with undismayed courage, the charge of an undisciplined, but furious and desperate rabble, who encouraged by their numbers, which exceeded twelve thousand armed men, persevered in the attack till more than two thousand of them were slain; and the latter, though of the same class and religion as the insurgents, and probably related to many of them by the ties of kindred, proved equally firm as the sepoys to their duty. When their priest advanced and invoked them to join their natural friends, and to range themselves under the standard of their faith, only one man was found wanting in fidelity; he deserted and was soon afterwards slain by his former comrades, who continue display prompt obedience, exemplary courage, and attachment to the officer by whom they were led.

However slight this affair may seem, we do

currence in the history of British India were calculated to shew the dependence of our power on the fidelity of our native troops, and the absolute necessity of adopting every measure by which their attachment can be confirmed and approved. We are as jealous as Englishmen ought to be, of the encroachment of military power, whenever we meet the pretensions or privileges of soldiers marshalled in opposition to the rights of the civil part of the community. The whole bias of our minds is to support the latter; but it is not the part of wisdom to transplant the feelings, the principles, and the maxims, that are essential to the maintenance of the constitution of our native country to India. The soil is not yet prepared for their reception, and it probably never will be. It is, no doubt, our duty to make our government as mild, as just, and as equal in its benefits to every class of our subjects, as it is possible, consistent with attention to the general security; but we must not make ourselves the slaves of our own rules. If we are told, which it is not improbable we may be, that this doctrine has a tendency to infringe some of the most essential of our civil regulations, we must answer that we know of no principle or institution in a government which ought not to yield to another that can be proved necessary for the preservation of the state; and that we must have stronger instances than the history of India yet affords, of the power of our civil regulations and establishments to save us from danger, before we can be convinced that they should not be altered and remodelled, in any points, when alteration would decidedly furnish us with additional means of permanently rewarding and preserving the courage and attachment of that class of the natives of India, to whom we are, by our condition, compelled to confide the sword for the defence and protection of our empire in that quarter of the globe.

We have in the work before us several accounts of mutinies among the Bengal sepoys, but these appear, in almost all cases, to have proceeded from one of two causes: the nefarious or unjustifiable conduct of the commander of the corps, or an attempt to make them proceed by sea on foreign service. The former cause of discontent is not so likely to occur under the present regulation as it was at a period when the command of a battalion could be converted into a source of indirect emolument; and the latter will be avoided as long as the present system continues of forming volunteer* battalions for expeditions that require embarkation.

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* It has been found by experience, that though, from causes before mentioned, corps, collectively, are usually unwilling to embark, volunteers for this species of service can be obtained to any amount. The young men who enter these temporary corps with the hopes of distinction and promotion are perhaps the best suited to the service. The number and quality of the native troops who volunteered from Bengal for the wars of 1791-2 and 1799, in Mysore; in 1801, for Egypt; and in 1810 and 1811, for the Isles of

We shall conclude our observations upon the Bengal Sepoys with two quotations from the Supplement of Captain Williams's Memoir, which we give, first, as a fair specimen of the style and feeling in which this part of the work is written, and secondly, as memorable examples of what the European officers, who understand this class, can effect; and how possible it is to bring them to the highest state of discipline and yet preserve to the fullest degree their temper and attachment.

'Proceeding from Culpee,' the author observes, when speaking of the force under Colonel Goddard, 'the detachment lost on the second day's march one of its most valuable officers, Captain James Crawford, commanding the fourth battalion, who died from a stroke of the sun. Connected with this unfortunate event, the following facts will doubtless be read with unfeigned sympathy and admiration. Captain Crawford had acquired the character of an excellent Sepoy officer, and the battalion which he commanded was considered as one of the finest in the service. The appellation of "Crawford," by which the fourth battalion was called by the men of the corps and the natives in general, was an exception to the practice that generally prevailed in former times, of calling corps by the name of the officer by whom they were formed, or that of the place at which they were raised.

'Captain Crawford was considered by the men as a rigid and, perhaps, severe disciplinarian; yet that excellent officer so happily blended with the strictest principles of military discipline and arrangement the practice of the most inflexible integrity and impartial justice, in the general exercise of the influence and powers of authority, combined with considerate and manly indulgence in regard to the religious habits, the customs and prejudices of the men under his command, that of Captain Crawford it may with truth be affirmed, he had the peculiar good fortune of verifying what ought to be the object and emulation of every military man, with regard to those under his command, the enviable distinction of commanding their lives through the medium of their affections. It is a fact no less creditable to Captain Crawford's memory than it is honourable to the character of the men whom he commanded, that during the halt of the detachment at the encampment where he was interred, (which continued for several days, owing to the severity of the weather,) all the corps, native officers and men, went from time to time to render their tribute of grateful attachment and affection, by making their obeisance, after the manner of their country, at the grave of their lamented commander; and on the day that the detachment moved forward from that encampment, the grateful and sorrowing "Crawford," after the battalion had been told off preparatory to the march, requested leave to pile their arms and be permitted, collectively, to go and express their last benedictory farewell over the remains

of France and Batavia; may be adduced as complete proofs of the truth of this assertion. It formed a part of the able administration of the Marquis Wellesley to conciliate and attach the native troops by every possible means, and his attention was particularly and successfully directed to encourage them to volunteer for the foreign service. Lord Minto adopted similar measures with equal success.

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purposed to make regarding the means best calculated to secure the continuance of the attachment of our native troops to their officers and to the service. This is however of less consequence, as the lesson is already conveyed through the facts which we have stated. It is by treating the Sepoys with kindness and consideration, by stimulating their pride, and by attending, in the most minute manner, to their feelings and prejudices, that we can command, as has been well observed, 'their lives through the medium of their affections:' and so long as we can, by these means, preserve the fidelity and attachment of that proportion of the population of our immense possessions in the East, which we arm to defend the remainder, our empire may be considered as secure.

ART. VII.—*An Essay on the Principles and Construction of Military Bridges, and the Passage of Rivers in Military Operations.* By Colonel Sir Howard Douglas, Bt. F.R.S. Inspector General of the Royal Military College. 8vo. London.

TO ensure a lasting peace it is well that the nation should be prepared for a war—a preparation best made by scientific and timely investigations of the principles and character of those grand military movements which have, within the course of the last quarter of a century, so often agitated nations and subverted thrones. The common soldier, in time of need, is soon trained to his art. He needs but bring courage and strength, the heart and the hand, in which Britons are seldom deficient. But the military art itself depends upon abstruse principles of science, which, though mechanically acted upon with success by many who are not even sensible of their existence, can only be perfectly understood by those who have traced them to their source. It is the duty of every man whose habits and talents may have rendered these researches familiar to him, to place the result within the reach and at the disposal of his country, that in the day of need she may avail herself of them; in fact, great service is rendered to the world in general whenever the use of military art can be brought to supersede that of brute force and violence, since it leads to the decision of campaigns rather by the superiority of intellect than by the amount of human slaughter. A skilful and gallant officer has here given us the result of his experience in accomplishing the passage of rivers, a manœuvre which is frequently decisive of the campaign; and to make good the proposition with which we started, we have only to contrast his ingenious and scientific application of pontoons, rafts, boats, piles, or tressels, with the summary proceeding of a barbarian general encountering a similar obstacle. Mahomet, at the storm of Constantinople,

found a substitute in the bodies of his leading division for all the scientific expedients of the engineering art. *His* ideas on the principle and construction of military bridges are well explained by Joanna Baillie; they are somewhat rude and savage, it must be confessed, but they proved effectual; and, as Gibbon says, 'the death of the devoted vanguard was more serviceable than the life.'

'Some thousand carcasses, living and dead,
Of those who first shall glut the enemy's rage,
Push'd in, pell-mell, by those who press behind,
Will rear for us a bridge to mount the breach,
Where ablest engineers had work'd in vain.'

A work useful in itself comes with peculiar grace before the subject and the duties of the author; and from an officer of Sir public when there is an especial propriety and connection between Howard Douglas's rank and character, selected as he is to superintend the Royal Military College, we receive, with peculiar satisfaction, a practical manual, founded upon scientific principles, for facilitating some of the most important operations of war.

An invaded country may be protected either by a line of artificial fortifications, or by the natural barriers of mountains and rivers. It is against the last obstacles that invaders are usually obliged to contend; and the generals whose names stand highest in military annals have gained their fame as frequently by surmounting the natural difficulties opposed to their progress by rivers, and the defensive lines which they cover, as by victory in the open field. In these cases the necessity of forcing a passage, or establishing communications by military bridges, is so obvious, that the first hostile invader upon record, whom we take to have been no less a person than Milton's Satan, immediately proceeded to secure the advantages which he had gained, by establishing a military bridge extending from the gates of his own fiery dominions, through Chaos, to our own terrestrial globe. Sin and Death formed on this occasion the corps of pontoons, and their formidable operations are thus recorded.

'Deep to the roots of hell the gathered beach
They fastened, and the mole immense brought on,
Over the foaming deep, high-arched, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immovable of this now fenceless world.'

The importance of Sir Howard Douglas's subject, in a military point of view, did not, indeed, require to be enhanced by quoting the example of the author of 'war and fighting' amongst us; but the case appears so strictly in point that we could not suppress it, especially as it seems to have escaped the gallant author's extensive researches.

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To treat more gravely what is certainly of grave importance, we may remark, that until the Chevalier Du Buat published his treatises on *Les Principes d'Hydraulique*, the theory of running water (without an accurate knowledge of which the success of the engineer must be a mere matter of chance) was very ill understood. And the erroneous principles previously adopted by Gulielmini and others being still unfortunately enforced in several popular works, are likely to mislead such military men as have not made this branch of natural philosophy their particular study. These errors are happily exposed, and the principles of Du Buat applied and explained in the work before us. Sir Howard Douglas has traced with great accuracy, from the joint operations of sinuosities in the course of a river, combined with the hydraulic impulse of the stream, the effects of running water in forming depositions, and in altering or modifying the bed in which it flows, as well as upon any obstacle opposed to the progress of the current.

The following note contains a perspicuous and accurate statement of Du Buat's fundamental theorem, with a commentary by Sir Howard Douglas.

'M. Du Buat (vol. i. p. 63) gives the following expression for the velocity of running water.

$$V = \frac{297 (\sqrt{r-0.1})}{\sqrt{b} - \text{hyp. log. } \sqrt{b} + 1.6} - 0.3 (\sqrt{r-0.1})$$

Where V denotes the velocity of the water in inches, per second of time. r = the mean radius, which is the area of the transverse section of the stream divided by its perimeter, both taken in inches.

b = the distance in which the fall or descent of the running water is $\frac{1}{b}$: thus if the fall of a river is one foot per mile, or 1 inch in the distance of 5280 inches, then $\frac{1}{b}$ is the fall, and $b = 5280$ inches. If

g = the velocity acquired by the perpendicular descent of a heavy body at the end of the first second of time; then, the motion of the

water being supposed uniform, $g \times \frac{1}{b}$ or $\frac{g}{b}$ will denote the accelerating force, relative to the slope $\frac{1}{b}$ (that force being as the velocity);

and putting $\frac{V^2}{m}$ for the resistance, we have $\frac{V^2}{m} = \frac{g}{b}$, whence $V = \frac{\sqrt{mg}}{\sqrt{b}}$,

where m is some function of \sqrt{r} to be determined.

This is Du Buat's fundamental theorem.

From many experiments with water running through different pipes, he finds the mean value of m to be $243.7 (\sqrt{r-0.1})$ nearly, or $m = 243.7 r$ nearly, by neglecting 0.1 : now $g = 386$ inches English

measure, whence $mg = 386 \times 243.7 r$, and the equation $V = \frac{\sqrt{mg}}{\sqrt{b}}$ becomes $V = \frac{306.7 \sqrt{r}}{\sqrt{b}}$.

Du Buat has considered the effects of tenacity, friction, &c. in obtaining his final expression; but it may be remarked, that the velocities computed with $\frac{\sqrt{mg}}{\sqrt{b}} = V$, are all nearer those found by experiment in the River de Hayne, than those resulting from the other equation. Thus, in the following table, the velocities found by experiment are in the first column; those computed from $V =$

$\frac{297(\sqrt{r-0.1})}{\sqrt{b} - \text{hyp. log. } \sqrt{b+1.6}}$	1	2	3
$0.1)$ are in the second column; and	35.11	27.62	28
the velocities given by $V = \frac{297\sqrt{r}}{\sqrt{b}}$ are	31.77	28.76	29.8
in the third; (see p. 63, vol. i.) If we	13.61	10.08	12.07
adopt the expression $\frac{306.7\sqrt{r}}{\sqrt{b}} = V$,	15.96	10.53	12.7

then any two of the quantities V, r, b , will readily give the third; thus putting $a = 306.7$; then $r = \frac{V^2 b}{a^2}$ when V and b are given; and $b = \frac{a^2 r}{V^2}$ when V and r are given.—pp. 15—17.

In this note Sir Howard Douglas has proved the important fact, that in some cases the velocities computed from the expression $\frac{297\sqrt{r}}{\sqrt{b}}$ are nearer those found by experiment than those resulting from the final expression $V = \frac{297(\sqrt{r-0.1})}{\sqrt{b} - \text{hyp. log. } \sqrt{b+1.6}}$ $0.3V(r-0.1)$.

But it ought to be noticed that a general rejection of the corrections for tenacity and friction, merely because the velocities computed from the pure expression agree more nearly with those found by experiment in one particular river, may lead to inaccuracy. It would have been more satisfactory to explain the nature of the corrections, and to compare the results yielded by the whole expression with those found by actual experiment in various rivers, leaving the practical engineer to decide every case upon its own peculiar circumstances. That this is the more accurate view of the subject must be obvious, when it is considered that the corrections must necessarily vary according to the character of particular rivers. The correction for tenacity, for example, occasions a more sensible diminution of r , the mean radius, (the area of the transverse section divided by its perimeter,) in small than in large rivers. And we may also notice that the correction as given in Du Buat's fifth chapter, for \sqrt{b} the square root of the slope, ought to have been illustrated and explained. An extension of this useful and, so far as theory goes, fundamental department of the work would also be desirable, and ought to exhibit a collation of the doctrines of the last

last edition of Du Buat's work, with Prony's '*Théorie des Eaux Courantes*.'

In general, however, this correct and clear statement of an important theorem is likely to be of practical advantage to the civil as well as the military engineer; and Sir Howard Douglas remarks that in exploring rivers in unknown countries it will also aid the traveller to ascertain the declivity of the stream, and the elevation of the country through which it flows, by merely measuring the velocity and width, and taking its several depths. These observations repeated from time to time, and carefully noted, may afford a mode of levelling which will supply the occasional want of experiments by the barometer.

The discussion of these principles in hydraulics occupies the first section in the work before us. Having laid down general rules for ascertaining the nature and force of the element to be surmounted, Sir Howard Douglas gives in separate sections an account of the various expedients which 'war's vast art' affords for surmounting them. Pontoons of course occupy the first section, and accurate tables are given calculating the weight borne for every inch of immersion, and thus at once ensuring to the engineer the information necessary for his profession. Directions for constructing the pontoons, and for laying them where they are to be used, are also given, with many valuable practical hints against the means of destruction to which the enemy may have recourse.

The next section respects bridges of boats, and contains a description of that which was constructed by the Duke of Wellington for repairing the bridge at Alcantara, and that for passing the Adour in 1814; of both which operations excellent plans are given. An account of the splendid movement by which the left wing of the British army, under the present Lord Hopetoun, crossed that river, is, to us at least, one of the most interesting of the historical illustrations by which Sir Howard has judiciously enlivened his work, and we willingly select it as an example of his style of narrative. It had been designed to make a lodgement on the opposite bank by men transported over, during the night, upon rafts formed of pontoons: but morning broke before a raft could be formed, and thus this memorable movement was destined to take place in open day-light.

'A few men were first pushed over in the row-boats attached to the pontoon train, and drove away the enemy's piquets;—rafts of pontoons were immediately constructed, but not being found to answer, owing to the great strength of the current, boats and pontoons used as row-boats, when the tide was slack, were employed to reinforce, as fast as possible, the small force sent over in the first instance. During all this time demonstrations of an intention to pass the river opposite to the enemy's posts

posts in front of his intrenched camp, were made; and his inactivity can only be attributed to the success of this feint, which at first completely deceived him as to the real design; and it was not until towards the evening, when 5 or 600 men were got over, that he made any attempt to molest the enterprize. He then brought down some battalions; but a discharge of rockets from the infantry already lodged on the right bank, threw the enemy's troops into disorder, and they soon retired.

'The vessels could not get over the bar until the evening of the same day; when by the able management and determination of the navy, but with the loss of several boats and vessels, a sufficient number to make a bridge were brought in, and it was completed on the second day following. In the meantime all the troops were crossed in boats—and the horses of the cavalry were swum over at their sterns, or transported upon a flying bridge made of pontoons.'—pp. 122, 123.

The author proceeds to treat of the passage of rivers by means of flat batteaux and portable row-boats, which is illustrated by the fatal passage of the Limat by the French, in 1791, which first gave a turn to the campaigns hitherto so favourably maintained by the Russians, as the Russian general Korzakow was in consequence driven from Zurich, and the right of Suwarrow's army completely turned, just when that general was on the point of prosecuting his Italian victories by carrying the war across the Alps.

The fourth section is occupied by an account of flying bridges, that is, such as consist of a raft, boat, or other floating body, so suspended in the current of a river as to receive the action of the stream obliquely, and be thus forced from the one side to the other. As this species of transportation is particularly useful in desultory and daring enterprizes, it leads to a series of excellent remarks on the attempt to force the passage of rivers by open and unmasked force, which the author, after presenting us with a variety of instances from history, assures us has hardly ever succeeded when the powerful means of opposition which the river and its banks afford to the enemy have been actively and boldly employed to defeat the attempt. We extract the plan which he recommends to the defenders, as more intelligible and interesting than his mathematical and mechanical demonstrations; having great sympathy with that class of gentle readers who, far from being able to preserve their equilibrium on Sir Howard's military bridges, experience, perhaps, some difficulty in passing the *pons asinorum*.

'The first consideration in defending the passage of a river, is, to take every possible measure to procure intelligence of the enemy's movements. Light row-boats, concealed on shore near the banks of the river, in the day time, should be used during the night, to row guard—to descend quietly with the current, close to the enemy's bank—to glide near to such places as are favourable for collecting boats; and communicate

communicate any appearance of movement. Should a surprise be in contemplation, the preparations may generally be discovered by a proper degree of bold vigilance, or at least an actual movement of boats seen, and its direction ascertained, which should instantly be communicated by signal. The different divisions of the army should be held ready to move with the greatest rapidity, and their disposition such, as to be able to oppose the first attempts to land, with a powerful force, and use the most vigorous, devoted exertions to prevent a lodgment from being made; for, if that be once firmly obtained, we are authorized from a review of such events, in stating, that the measures the assailants will have taken to support their advance, will reinforce it more rapidly, than the defendants can possibly support theirs; for, all the force and means of the former may have been withdrawn during the night, from points whence serious demonstrations were made the preceding evening, and opposite to which the defendants must keep in strength till the movement is unmasked.—pp. 119, 120.

The adventurous attempt to achieve a passage by undisguised force has, notwithstanding the hazard, been attempted by the best generals, remembering perhaps the maxim, ‘in rebus bellicis maxime dominatur fortuna;’ and taking the chance of the terror and confusion of spirit which a desperate effort often strikes into a less skilful general, or troops of an inferior character. But of such enterprizes, even when successful, Sir Howard Douglas seems to speak as instances rather of fortunate audacity, than of warlike skill; and recommends that the passage of no considerable river should be attempted without some feint or stratagem, by false attack or demonstration, to diminish the chance of resistance, and to prevent the enemy from concentrating his forces at the real point where the passage is meditated.

In the fifth section is stated the mode of constructing bridges of various kinds, where it has been found impracticable to transport pontoons or batteaux, or to find boats. In such cases, the engineer lays his bridge upon rafts of timber, or upon empty casks, or upon cases rendered air-tight, or even upon inflated skins. In the last case, Sir Howard observes, with a composure which may disturb a *pequin*, that ‘the buoys should be small and numerous, to multiply the chances against injury by shot-holes, for a single musket-ball penetrating a buoy instantly deprives it of its principle of buoyancy.’ To this section tables are added, containing the solid contents of timber of various lengths and mean girth; so that upon reference to the specific gravity of the timber used to construct a raft, the quantity required to support a given weight may readily be determined. In like manner the weight of water displaced by casks of various sizes is also given, and thus the work affords every facility to the engineer, who, on a pressing emergency,

gency, is required to estimate with correctness the means required for given purposes.

The sixth section treats of temporary bridges, formed by employing the carriages of an army, or composed of ropes; with directions for constructing both, and practical observations on their advantage and inconvenience. The reader might now think the engineer's invention was completely exhausted—but another section contains instructions for constructing bridges by means of tressels, of piles, of trusses, and other mechanical devices: so that the mind of the military pupil is completely stored with ingenious resources, by which in time of need and under various contingencies, he may form means of passage out of almost any thing that falls in his way.—This section, which, like the others, is illustrated by historical sketches drawn from ancient as well as modern history, is not the least interesting or likely to be the least useful. The direct information which it contains, and the hints and openings which it gives for the exercise of mechanical invention in the student himself, are equally important;—and it is scarcely necessary to add that operations carried on by such extraordinary resources of genius, are frequently successful, because an enemy often rests an undue and confident security upon the deficiency of the usual means.

The various resources by which Sir Howard Douglas 'with art pontifical' proposes to turn to the purpose of the military engineer implements constructed for very different ends, remind us of an anecdote of the greatest general of the age, which used sometimes to afford amusement to those around his person. At entering a large town in Spain, it was not unusual for him to inquire particularly about the height of the cathedral or finest church of the place. These questions, which were of course considered as marks of interest taken by *ELLORD* in their splendid ecclesiastical structures, were answered with great complacency by the authorities civil and religious. 'Then if it is so high, you must have long ladders for cleaning it occasionally?' This question, though its scope could not be so easily comprehended, was also answered usually in the affirmative. In which case the ladders marched on with the English waggons to assist at the next storm.

Such are the contents of this valuable manual for the young engineer. The style is plain and manly, as it should be, without any affectation of misplaced ornament; and the military illustrations are those of a soldier who has himself witnessed much in his own profession, without neglecting to avail himself of the experience of others. Some inaccuracies of the press and of the pen should be corrected in a subsequent edition—as, p. 16, *theory for theorem*;

p. 32, *weight* for *depth*—and a few others of a similar kind, which, though trifling in themselves, are unbecoming in a book of science.

Upon the whole, the gallant Colonel has, with great credit to his own skill and accuracy,

‘ — read us matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o’erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.’

ART. VIII.—*A Memoir on the Geography of the North-Eastern part of Asia, and on the Question whether Asia and America are contiguous, or are separated by the Sea.* By Captain James Burney, F.R.S. From the Philosophical Transactions, 1818.

SCEPTICISM in matters of religion is generally productive of bad consequences—in those of science it is just the contrary; by provoking inquiry it frequently leads to the detection of error, and always stimulates to the discovery of truth—for in science, as in jealousy, ‘to be once in doubt, is once to be resolved.’ In the view of the subject we are glad that Captain Burney has printed *his* doubts and conjectures; and we seize with pleasure the early opportunity which his ‘Memoir’ affords us of discussing two points of the last importance to the northern expeditions now pending,—namely, the existence of a circumvolving current from the Pacific to the Atlantic—and, of a north polar basin.

The situation which Captain Burney held of lieutenant in the Discovery, when Captain Cook attempted to pass Behring’s Strait into the arctic sea, his reputation as a compiler of ancient and scarce voyages into the South Seas, and his extensive reading and deep research in matters of this kind, are calculated to give his opinions a more than ordinary weight, and to entitle them to the fullest respect and consideration. Captain Burney is, besides, in general so orthodox, that we are unwilling to let his present heresy pass without notice, and, as we flatter ourselves, without refutation; more especially as, if his conjectures are well founded, all the past and present expeditions for the discovery of a northern passage into the Pacific will have been employed, not only on a hazardous, but on an impossible enterprize. It may be right to premise, that the appearance of this ‘Memoir’ in the Philosophical Transactions affords no sanction whatever for the opinions contained in it; as the ‘Committee of Papers’ distinctly state in an ‘Advertisement’ prefixed to each part of those Transactions, that ‘it is an established rule of the Society, never to give their opinion, as a body, upon any subject, either of nature or art, that comes before them;’ and further, that they pretend not ‘to answer for

for the certainty of the facts, or propriety of the reasonings, contained in the several papers published (by them), which must rest on the credit or judgment of their respective authors.'

The opening paragraph of Captain Burney's 'Memoir' contains the whole of the question on which we are at issue with him.

'A belief has prevailed for nearly a century, that the separation of America and Asia has been demonstrated by an actual navigation performed; and it is distinctly so admitted in the charts. It is proposed to shew in this Memoir, in the first place, that there does not exist satisfactory proof of such a separation; and secondly, that from peculiarities which have been observed, there is cause to suppose the fact to be otherwise; that is to say, that Asia and America are contiguous, and parts of one and the same continent. This is not an opinion newly formed, but one which many years ago was impressed on other persons as well as on myself, by circumstances witnessed when in the sea to the north of Behring's Strait, with Captain Cook, in his last voyage.'—p. 1.

With regard to the doubt expressed of Deschnew's voyage by sea round the north-east point of Asia, the first observation that occurs to us is the internal evidence, which the Memoir affords, of Captain Burney having confined his researches, respecting Deschnew, to the English translation of Muller's account of Russian discoveries; in which, as we are informed by Coxe, that of the voyage in question 'is extremely erroneous in some material passages.' In the passage quoted by Captain Burney, however, it is neither erroneous nor obscure;—and, we should have thought, not easily capable of misconstruction. It runs thus: 'Deschnew, in relating his adventures, speaks only incidentally of what happened to him by sea. We find no event mentioned till he had reached the great cape of the Tschutski. His relation begins at this cape. It lies between the north and north-east, and turns circular towards the river Anadir. Opposite to the cape are two islands, on which were seen men through whose lips were run pieces of the teeth of the sea-horse. With a favourable wind one might sail from here to the Anadir in three days and three nights.' Captain Burney could not pretend that the cape or promontory here described is any other than that to which Cook gave the name of 'Cape East,' in Behring's Strait; but he seems to insinuate that, as this was not the *first* cape to be doubled in going from the Kovyma (Kolyma, he calls it, following Muller) to the Anadir, the passage had been made *by land*. Indeed Muller says, still quoting Deschnew's account, 'this was not the first promontory that occurred to which they had given the name of Swiatoi Noss;'—on which Captain Burney observes, 'the word *Swiatoi* signifies *sacred*, and is a name suitable to a promontory which *could not be doubled*.' But Coxe tells us that Swati-noss is applied to any cape by the Russians
which

which is difficult to double: the one in question, therefore, might well be so called by Deschnew, as he failed to double it in the first attempt; and there was no reason why he should afterwards change the name; for, as Captain Burney admits, 'it may naturally be imagined that it was given before the difficulty had been surmounted.'

Had Captain Burney looked into 'Coxe's Russian Discoveries,' a very common book, he would there have found some of the most material notices of Deschnew's voyage translated, at the author's request, from the original Russian, by Professor Pallas; and we have too high an opinion of his candour to suppose that he would have persevered one moment in a fancy which must have entered his mind as hastily as it has heedlessly been adopted. One of the passages translated by Pallas is as follows:—'To go from the river Kovyma to the Anadyr, a great promontory must be doubled which stretches very far into the sea: it is not that promontory which lies next to the river Tschukotskia.' 'The two islands, and the inhabitants with pieces of the sea-horse's teeth in their under lips, are then mentioned; 'and the little river Stanovic, which flows into the sea near the spot where the Tschutski have erected a heap of whalebones like a tower;—all of which were verified, first by Behring and afterwards by Cook, the latter of whom observed, in a Tschutski village a little to the southward of East Cape, 'a kind of sentry box or tower, composed of the large bones of large fish,' besides stages ten or twelve feet high 'wholly composed of large bones.*' The Americans also immediately opposite, as well as the natives of the two islands, have since been found to use the lip ornaments of bone. That Deschnew was in Behring's Strait, therefore, is most fully proved; and the only question is how he came there? Captain Burney seems disposed to think *by land*, though Deschnew himself says distinctly, 'that he was ordered to go *by sea* from the Indigirka to the Kovyma, and from thence to the Anadyr, then newly discovered; that the first time he sailed from the Kovyma, he was forced by the ice to return to that river; but that next year he again sailed from thence, and after great danger, misfortunes, and the loss of part of his shipping, arrived at the mouth of the Anadyr.' Had Captain Burney met with this passage, (which is found in Coxe,) we hardly think he could have entertained the smallest doubt of Deschnew having gone by sea, which is the more strongly pointed out by his observing—'that Stadukin and Soliverstaff' (who had laid claim to the discovery of the country

* Cook's last voyage, vol. ii. p. 451.

near the mouth of the Anadyr) 'went thither from the Kovyma *by land*.' It is this voyage which appears to have misled Captain Burney. Stadukin is reported to have sailed with ninety men in a *kotsche* from the Kovyma towards the great cape of the Tschutski; his people, not being able to double it, crossed over, on foot, to the other side, where they *built other vessels*. From this it is evident (and we know the fact to be so) that a *kotsche* is a regular built vessel, not to be taken in pieces, and carried over land, like a *baidar*, as Captain Burney seems to infer. But Deschnew's vessels were all *kotsches*. It would be strange indeed if Deschnew had gone up the Kovyma, taken his vessels in pieces, carried them over the neck of land, then down the Anadyr, and yet suppressed all mention of such an operation: at any rate, he would not have placed his voyage *by sea* in contradistinction to that of Stadukin *by land*. Besides, on such a supposition he could not have come near the East Cape, but must have passed it four or five hundred miles to the eastward. Deschnew further observes, after relating his voyage, 'that the sea is not every year so free from ice as it was at this period.'

We are at a loss to conceive what can have given rise to Captain Burney's doubts as to the fact of Deschnew's voyage, unless he questions the authenticity of the papers altogether; for, supposing them to be genuine, his scepticism has not the slightest foundation. Surely he does not mean to infer that because the Tschutski informed Behring that 'their countrymen who traded with the Russians on the river Kovyma always went thither *by land* with their merchandize on sledges, drawn by rein-deer, and that they had never made the voyage *by sea*,' that Deschnew therefore did not make *his* voyage by sea:—What has the Russian navigation to do with that of the Tschutski—a miserable people whose territory produces not a tree nor a shrub, and whose canoes are made of fishes bones? and why should they attempt the icy sea in these wretched machines, when they can reach their destination by land, across the isthmus, in less than a third part of the distance by water?

But 'the particular most worthy notice' (Captain Burney says) is, 'that the Tschutski people themselves do not appear, from any of the accounts which have been published, to know the extent of their country to the north.' It would be a 'particular' more worthy notice, if they did; and it is not a little remarkable that Captain Burney should expect it from a people who, by his own account, 'would not explore farther north than afforded a prospect of reward for their pains.' Do the savages of New Holland, we would ask,—do the Hottentots of the Cape—do the more
civilized

civilized tribes of African negroes, or of the Eskimaux of Greenland—do any one of these know the extent of their respective countries? Nay, what does Captain Burney think of the resident servants of the 'Hudson's Bay Company,' who know no more of the country twenty miles to the northward of their northernmost settlement than they do of Terra del Fuego?*

The doubts of Peter the Great (if he had any) respecting Deschnew's voyage would have been excusable in 1728, when he planned a voyage of discovery to inquire into 'the separation, contiguity, or connection of Asia with America.' The voyage which *had* ascertained this point was performed but once, and eighty years had elapsed since that event; and what did Russia care about eastern Siberia and the Tschutski at that early period? Deschnew and his voyage had been long neglected, and perhaps were wholly forgotten in 1728; nor was it till 1756 that Muller discovered and brought forward the original documents of that and some other expeditions which had been buried among the archives of Yakutsk. But when the value of the Siberian provinces came to be understood, it was to be expected that Peter would wish to ascertain the boundaries of his immense dominions, which in his time were undefined. The imputed doubts, therefore, would, as we have said, be pardonable in the Czar, though, after the discoveries of Behring and Cook, which corroborated all that Deschnew had stated, they are altogether unreasonable in Captain Burney.

This brings us to the second point of Captain Burney's creed, which is still more extraordinary than the first, as it is in direct opposition to the facts stated in the journals of Captains Cook, Clerke, Gore, and King; nay, we are bold enough to conjecture, directly at variance with the journal of Mr. Burney, who, forty years ago, was lieutenant in the *Discovery*; and we are therefore inclined to believe, that the opinion, now for the first time made public, 'that Asia and America are contiguous, and parts of one and the same continent,' is the result of trusting too confidently to a recollection, which such a lapse of time may well be supposed to have impaired. Here, however, we have some grounds stated for this heterodoxy. 'The first extraordinary circumstance noticed,' says Captain Burney, 'on arriving in Behring's Strait, was a sudden disappearance of the tides;' the second, that 'there was little or no current, nor could it be perceived that the water either rose or fell;' and the third, that 'the bottom, not being swept by streams, was of soft ooze.' On the first two points,

* The prejudice seems still to exist against this Company for concealing information. This, we can venture to assert, has not been the case for many years past. The truth is, they have nothing to tell. They have been unfortunate in their servants; but had poor Semple not been basely murdered, he would have redeemed their credit.

we would ask, As there was neither tide nor current, and the water neither rose nor fell, while it is admitted that 'to the south of Behring's Strait, both on the Asiatic and the American side, strong tides had been experienced'—so strong near the Aleutian islands as to 'run at the rate of seven miles an hour,'—what became of all the water carried to the northward by these extraordinary tides? We should conceive that these tides, and the great body of the northern Pacific, which all navigators have found to be in motion towards Behring's Strait, are the strongest indications of an open and uninterrupted passage for the water (uninterrupted except by ice) through that strait into the polar sea, and a decisive argument against any such bay as Captain Burney has imagined to be formed by the junction of the two continents of Asia and America. Such a tide as he describes, and such currents as are known to exist, rushing into the funnel-shaped mouth of the strait, and finding no passage, would infallibly occasion 'a rise and fall' not less remarkable than those which take place in the bay of Fundy and in the gulf of Tonquin; whereas, by supposing a communication to exist between the Pacific and the polar seas, under the ice, in the way we supposed in a former Article, this rush of water to the northward, though imperceptible on the surface, might prevent any great rise of the tide: in Captain Burney's view of the subject, we know not what satisfactory explanation can be assigned of a phenomenon which, we may venture to say, would have no parallel in the known world; namely, that of a current rushing into an enclosed bay, without occasioning any rise and fall of tide. Captain Burney, however, offers no explanation.

With regard to the 'soft ooze,' the third 'extraordinary circumstance,' we are willing to give him all the advantage that it may be supposed to afford; at the same time it may not be amiss to observe that, in the published account of the voyage, the nature of the ground is mentioned but *once*, as being 'a soft slimy mud'—such as might be deposited behind the eddy of some submarine rock;—but that in the manuscript journal of Captain Clerke, (in whose ship Lieutenant Burney served,) the soundings in, and on both sides of, Behring's Strait are very frequently mentioned, and more commonly stated to be sand, gravel, and small stones, than any other substance, which, Captain Burney will allow, are indications of 'the bottom' having been 'swept by streams.' It may also be proper to notice, in this place, an observation in Cook's published journal, which seems to militate strongly against Captain Burney's notion of there being no current and no passage through Behring's Strait—it is this; that in the middle of the Strait, when it blew hard from the north, 'the wind and current being in contrary directions, raised such a sea, that it frequently broke into the ship;'

ship; and it was found in the *Discovery*, that, when they were as high as the seventieth parallel of latitude, the wind at W. N. W. occasioned a *great swell*. Captain Burney knows that these things could not well have happened in a close bay with the wind from the land, and where there was 'little or no current.' This expression occurs, it is true, once, and but once, in the published voyage—and on what occasion does it occur? we answer,—when at anchor, at a very short distance from the American coast, in six fathoms water, to the northward of, and far within, 'Cape Prince of Wales,' and consequently out of any current setting to the northward; in both years, however, a northern current was found, under the influence of which the ships were driven 'more from the south-west than any other quarter,'—though 'never to exceed one mile an hour.'

Captain Burney, however, judiciously reserves what he considers to be his strongest argument to the last. 'The deepest soundings,' he says, 'we had in this sea (between Asia and America) did not exceed thirty fathoms, and this depth was found in lat. $68^{\circ} 45'$; midway between the coast of Asia and the coast of America; northward beyond that latitude, the soundings were observed to decrease; and, in our run from the coast of America westward, we did not find the depth to increase, as is usual in running from land, which peculiarities made us conclude that there was land at no great distance from us to the north, and that we were sailing in a parallel line with its coast.'

If there be any truth in the charts, or in the journals of Captains Cook and Clerke, the soundings in $68^{\circ} 45'$ about the middle between the two continents, were found to be twenty-eight and twenty-nine fathoms, while those farther north by nearly a whole degree of latitude, namely in $69^{\circ} 30'$, instead of decreasing, are marked down at twenty-nine and thirty fathoms; but on this point we will not contend with Captain Burney for a few fathoms.* It is the latter part of his statement that principally calls for notice:—'In our run from the coast of America westward, we did not find the depth to increase, as is usual in running from land.' Now Captain Cook states distinctly that, 'in approaching the American coast, the water shoaled gradually,' (vol. ii. p. 453;) and further, that, being obliged to anchor in *six fathoms*, it was found, by sending a boat to sound, 'that the water shoaled gradually towards the land.'—Again, in standing to the westward, 'they soon got into deep water;' (ibid.) 'As we advanced to the west, the

* Admitting Captain Burney's statement to be correct, the reasoning is inconclusive. The Strait of Dover is the same depth, and a little more than half the width of the Strait of Behring; and though the sea shallows on both sides of it, yet is not closed by land on either.

water deepened gradually to twenty-eight fathoms; (p. 462.) and this, by the way, was to the northward even of 69°. Nay, farther still to the north, Captain Cook observes, 'as we approached the land the depth of water decreased very fast, so that at noon we had only eight fathoms;' (465.) and Captains Clerke and Gore, in the following year, frequently repeat the same observation, and state generally, that 'the depth of water in the midway between the two coasts was twenty-nine and thirty fathoms, decreasing gradually as we approached either continent;' (vol. iii. p. 277.) observing moreover, that so regular were these soundings, that they could safely approach either continent even in foggy weather. What could induce Captain Burney to set himself against these numerous and well authenticated facts of which he must have been an eye-witness?

It does not appear that Captain Cook entertained any doubt whatever of a passage through Behring's Strait into the arctic sea;—and his examination of it was postponed solely from the lateness of the season. Had his valuable life been spared to renew the attempt, we should not now in all probability have had occasion to discuss the question. His calamitous fate, the lingering illness of his successor, and the length of time which the ships had been from England, seem to have cast a damp on the spirits of the whole party; and they became, to use their own words, 'so heartily sick of a navigation full of danger,' that they resolved to give it up at a time (July) which was most favourable for commencing it. But not the slightest doubt ever appears to have entered into the minds of any of them, of the separation of the two continents; nor did they contemplate any other difficulty in making the passage to the Atlantic than that which was anticipated from obstruction of ice. Every circumstance, in fact, was favourable to the supposition of a complete separation of Asia and America: the two continents, as they proceeded to the northward, were found to have diverged from *thirteen to one hundred leagues*, in the short distance of *three degrees* of latitude: and so far were they from any appearance of approximation, that the farther they were traced to the northward, the farther they were observed to diverge from each other. A French geographer, of the name of De Lisle, and, after his example, a German called Hederstrom, by one of those geographical dashes on paper, so easy to imagine, but so mischievous in their consequences, have thought fit to unite the imaginary land in the Siberian sea; not with Asia, to which it is supposed to be opposite, but with America, and have thus deprived Captain Burney of the smallest chance of incorporating the Asiatic Tschutski with the American Eskimaux. We call these lands imaginary, on the authority of one of the ablest navigators
and

and best informed men in all Russia, from whose letter to us on this subject we venture to make the following extract:—

‘ It is generally understood that four of the seven vessels, which composed the expedition of Deshneff, were lost in the ice; and there is a tradition in Siberia, that their crews were saved on an unknown land lying to the northward of the Kovyma. Since that time this land has frequently been the object of research, and is even supposed to have been discovered by some adventurers, though, in all probability, there is not the least foundation for the story. However, in the year 1758, three officers were dispatched to examine into the truth of this alleged discovery; but they returned without having fallen in with any land. A length one Andreanoff was sent in 1762, by the governor of Tobolsk, with the same view, and by him the land in question is said to have been actually found. According to Andreanoff's account it is inhabited by two different races of people, one having beards, and strongly resembling the Russians; the other evidently of Tschutski origin; they call themselves *Chrachoy*, and their country *Tikilshen*. Two interpreters of Captain Billing's expedition, *Daurkin* and *Kobaleff*, have pretended to vouch for the veracity of Andreanoff's relation, and have even given a drawing of the land, making it a continuation, on one hand, of the coast of America, and, on the other, stretching to what is called *New Siberia*, which, with some islands lying to the northward of the river *Jana*, is supposed to have been discovered in the year 1808 by one Hederstrom, who had been sent out by Count Romanzoff to make discoveries in those seas. As to Andreanoff's discovery, it is, to say the least of it, doubtful; and Count Romanzoff, in order to clear up the doubt, has particularly desired Captain Ricord, of the navy, the present governor of Kamtschatka, to employ proper persons to proceed by sea, in baidars, and also parties of Tschutski by land, or on the ice, with the view of exploring whether these supposed lands to the northward of the Kovyma have really any existence.

We have less apprehension of the passage through Behring's Strait being closed against our navigators, except by ice, than of the difficulties which they may probably have to encounter on this side of America; not that we despair of a water communication between the Atlantic and the arctic sea; for many arguments may be adduced in favour of the separation of Greenland from America, as 1. The north-west current and swell of the sea.* 2. The ice-bergs and drift-wood brought down by that current. 3. The whales wounded off Hakluyt's headland and caught in Davis's strait. 4. The general trending of the American coast, in or about the 70th parallel, from Icy Cape to Hearne's river. 5. The native American Indian maps, painted on skins, which continue the sea from Copper Mine river to the northward of Repulse bay, but be-

* Last year the *Andrew Marvel* of Hull, the *Thomas*, and several other ships, were as high as 75° 20', when the sea was open, and a heavy swell from the west.

low the parallel of 70° .^{*} 6, and lastly, and what botanists will consider as the strongest argument of all, two species of *erica*—the *vulgaris* and *caerulea*—both natives of northern Europe, and both very abundant on the east coast of Greenland,[†] whereas it is well known that no species of heath has been found on any part of the continent of America, either north or south.

But though there is every reason to believe Old Greenland to be an island or an archipelago of islands, we have no inclination to deny that some of them may not stretch far enough to the westward to form those several sounds of which Baffin so briefly and vaguely speaks, the narrow channels of which, if they actually exist, may occasionally be choked up with ice. It is to guard against a failure from such a possibility, we conceive, that the polar expedition has been planned; in order that, by attempting to sail on a meridian across the pole, or to double Old Greenland to the north-westward, another chance may be afforded of reaching Behring's Strait by a more direct route. In the mean time, while these expeditions are pending, it may not be uninteresting to discuss the points on which the probability of their success may be calculated, and which we think will mainly depend on two circumstances—the existence of a circumvolving current from the North Pacific into the North Atlantic, which would prove the communication,—and of a great polar sea free from land; two positions very difficult, we admit, of direct proof, and therefore the more fitting to be canvassed.

In discussing the question of the current, which we have supposed to set through Behring's Strait into the Atlantic, it will not be necessary to inquire, whether there be 'little current' here, or 'no current' there; it being well known that the strength and direction of partial currents are affected by a thousand local circumstances, which are too often overlooked by superficial observers; the important and indeed the only point to be ascertained is, the general and permanent direction taken by the great body of the northern Pacific—for it is scarcely now a question that, in this as well as in every part of the ocean, the water, either by tides or currents, is kept in a perpetual state of motion, and thus made to undergo a perpetual circulation. This motion may not every where be obvious, though it may every where exist. No one, however, can doubt the perpetual and unchangeable direction of

^{*} 'One of these maps,' says Dalrymple, 'indicates that, beyond the limits of Capt. Middleton's discoveries, the sea is continued to the Copper river; in this fact all the Indian maps and reports concur; so that there is every reason to believe Repulse bay does not close up Hudson's bay on that side, but that it communicates with the hyperborean sea.'—*Memoir of a Map of the Lands around the North Pole*, 1784.

[†] Geiscke, *Art. Greenland*, in *Edin. Encyclop.* The *caerulea*, however, is no longer considered by botanists as an *erica*.

the great current which sets round the Cape of Good Hope from the Indian ocean into the Southern Atlantic; or of the vast equinoctial current which bears its broad belt of water in a constant stream from the shores of Africa into the Gulf of Mexico; from whence it is discharged in a more confined, but not less constant, stream along the western coast of America to the Great Bank of Newfoundland; where, meeting with another perpetual current from the arctic seas, it is deflected towards the east, to supply the unceasing demand of the Mediterranean, and replenish those very shores of Africa, from which it first set out.*

As little reason is there, we conceive, to doubt of a great body of water of the Northern Pacific being in a state of perpetual motion towards Behring's Strait. It is well known to navigators that a current sets in that direction along the coast of America, on the one side, and those of Japan and Kamtschatka on the other; but as the observations on the currents of these coasts have been few, and the currents observed might therefore be local and partial, we mean not wholly to rest our argument on them, but to have recourse to other and less equivocal proofs for the general movement of the Pacific towards the north. This is indisputably proved by the immense quantities of drift-wood constantly thrown up on the southern shores of the Aleutian islands; consisting of larch, fir, aspen, and other trees, the common produce of the two continents of Asia and America: but as a proof of the more southerly parts of the Northern Pacific partaking of the same motion, there is a curious fact mentioned in the voyage of Stephen Glottof, that, 'among other floating bodies (thrown up on the Aleutian islands) is found the *true camphor-wood*, and another sort very white, soft, and sweet-scented.'† This camphor-wood could

* A multitude of examples might be brought to confirm the fact of the gulf-stream turning off to the eastward, and continuing to the coasts of France, Spain, Portugal, and Africa; among others, the two following deserve notice, and have not, we believe, been yet made public:—'On the 10th of November last, a sealed bottle was picked up in the bay of Carnata, in the kingdom of Galicia, three leagues south of Cape Finisterre, in which was the following memorandum: "This bottle was thrown overboard from the *Catherine* of London, in lat. 44° N., longitude by account, 13° 49' W., on Wednesday, 25th June, 1817. This being intended to ascertain the set of the current, whoever picks it up is requested to acknowledge it by making it public."

'On the very same spot was picked up in May last another bottle corked and sealed, containing a billet, addressed to John Williamson Shik, Esq. Georgia, written by Captain W. Baugh, in latitude 49° N. and longitude 43° W., on board the ship *Georgia*, on her voyage to Liverpool, but without date.'

It is much to be wished that navigators would make a constant practice of throwing bottles overboard, which would contribute very materially to ascertain the great and permanent currents of the ocean. Had the *Resolution* and *Discovery* thrown out a few hundred bottles in Behring's Strait, the question of a free passage through the polar basin would probably long before this have been placed beyond the reach of doubt.

† *Russian Discoveries*, p. 186.

have come only from the Asiatic islands, or from some part of tropical Asia.

But this drift-wood does not all stop at the Aleutian islands; much of it, floating through their intermediate passages, finds its way still farther north into Behring's Strait, where it was taken up on both sides, and as far to the northward as the seventh parallel of latitude, in such quantities, as to serve both the *Resolution* and *Discovery* for fire-wood; and it is stated to have been found excellent fuel. An observation in Captain Clerke's journal respecting this wood is particularly deserving of notice, 'it was not,' he says, 'in the least water-soaked;' now it is evident that, had it lain any great length of time in the water, it must necessarily have been water-soaked; and the inference is, that the logs and trees of the preceding year's drift had passed through the strait with the ice into the polar basin; we say, 'with the ice,' because it is equally evident, from the published account of Cook's voyage, that the ice, like the drift-wood, has a progressive motion to the northward through the strait. This will appear from comparing the time and place of falling in with the ice in the two attempts to pass the strait; in the latter it was first met with by Captain Clerke on the 6th of July, in lat. 67°; whereas Captain Cook, in the preceding year, first fell in with it on the 17th of August in lat. 70° 41'; the northerly progress on these data being about a quarter of a mile an hour. In the months of May and June, the southern entrance into the strait would probably be found to be choked up with the ice, which, floating out of the numerous bays and creeks of each continent as soon as the frost breaks up, is borne by the current into the strait. The formation of this ice by the land and in shoal still water is so well known, that the fact of Captain Clerke having entered in his journal under the head of 'remarks,' his having observed, on various floating patches, sand, gravel, and small pebbles, is here mentioned only as one which has escaped the notice of the right reverend editor of Cook's last voyage.

It must not be concealed that the tardy motion of the ice through the strait, and the slow rate of the current which, we are informed by Cook, never exceeded a mile an hour, together with the narrowness of the passage, are grave objections against an adequate supply of water being thrown into the polar basin, to furnish the perpetual current which sets out of it into the Atlantic—objections which, we apprehend, the additional aid of all the great rivers of Siberia and America, and the melting of the ice in the summer months, will hardly be thought sufficient to remove, without having recourse to some such hypothesis as that suggested in a former Article, of a rush of water from the Pacific, *under the ice,*

ice, whenever it presents what our charts are pleased to call an 'impenetrable barrier.' That this is really the fact we infer from what happens in Davis's Strait, where it has frequently been observed that an ice-berg, apparently fixed in the midst of a field of ice, will break through it, and move along in a contrary direction to the field ice, to the wind, and to the upper current. This is a fact known to thousands, and is particularly noticed by that intelligent naturalist and missionary, Fabricius:—'It is truly surprising (he says) to observe the rapidity with which a mountain of ice will sometimes move even against the wind; the reason of which is, that the base, sinking deeply into the water, is acted upon by the current below with greater force than the wind can exert on the smaller part above the surface; and this is the case even when the upper current, caused by the wind, runs in a different direction to that below;' 'and thus,' he continues, 'from the bases of ice-bergs being of different depths, one may conceive how it is that one mountain moves along with greater velocity than another, or even in an opposite direction.' Here then is the mystery solved; the field-ice, by blocking up the surface of Behring's Strait, may cause the stagnation of the superficial current and force the water to rush beneath it into the polar basin, as we have already stated, without being observed on the surface.

We have but few lights to guide us in tracing this current through the unknown arctic sea or polar basin; but those few are favourable to our hypothesis. From the diverging of the two continents it will necessarily take the direction of both; of that which flows along the northern coast of America we literally know nothing; but the current which comes down Davis's Strait must either have ranged that coast, or originated in the polar sea, or, which is the least likely of all, in a close bay. On the northern coast of Siberia, however, a fact or two may be found in favour of the hypothesis. Shalaurof, in his voyage from the mouth of the Lena, eastward, or towards Behring's Strait, was stopped in his progress when opposite the Kovyra by an opposing current setting westerly, at the rate of a verst an hour, and carrying with it large bodies of floating ice.* Near the island of Sabadéi he made his vessel fast to the ice, and found that he was carried along with it to the westward by a current setting at the rate of five versts an hour; and it is further stated, as something remarkable, that, on his return to the Lena, 'he found the currents setting almost uniformly from the eastward†—that is to say, from Behring's Strait towards the Atlantic. Approaching nearer to the opening into this latter ocean, we find, from the accounts of

* *Russian Discoveries*.—p. 329. † *Ibid.*—321.

the old navigators, that a current was perceived to set from the northern part of Nova Zembla, and from Wygat Strait towards Spitzbergen; and from Spitzbergen it is well known to all the whale fishers that it invariably sets to the south-west, and determines the general position of the ice in this sea, from which such stupendous fields have recently broke loose, and disappeared in the warmer temperature of the Atlantic.

Having thus traced the waters of the Pacific through Behring's Strait, along the two shores of the polar basin, down Davis's Strait and the sea of Spitzbergen into the Atlantic;—and having, besides, in a former Article, noticed the passage of ice-bergs and ice-fields, of wounded whales and drift-wood, as further proofs of a northern communication between the Pacific and the Atlantic;—it remains only to state a few additional facts, which, in our opinion, still more strongly favour the hypothesis of such a communication.

Fabricius, who resided several years in Greenland, and collected many valuable facts, mentions, among others, the following curious circumstance which occurred while he was there: 'A Greenland,' says he, 'brought to me one day from the floating ice the skull, hoofs and hairs of a beast of the ox genus, which had probably been devoured by a bear.' He then proceeds to describe every part with great minuteness, and observes, that it appeared to him to be that species of wild ox which best answers the description of the *bos grunniens* of Linnaeus, or the *yak* or Tartaric cow peculiar to northern Asia; and as this notion fell in with his theory of currents from the earth's motion, long since exploded, he concludes that it must have floated on the ice all the way from Tartary, round Spitzbergen, and up Davis's Strait with the eddy current, which is known to set for a little distance round Cape Farewell. Fortunately he has given a figure of this animal in his *Fauna Grönlandica*, from which it is quite evident that it is not the Asiatic *bos grunniens*, but the American species *bos moschatus*, or the musk ox, which frequents the northern shores of that continent, and which was then unknown to Fabricius, who otherwise could scarcely have failed to assign, as the vehicle of this animal, the *West Ice*, as he calls those fields and islands which are brought down from the north-west.

The principal part of the drift-wood thrown upon the northern shores of Spitzbergen* and Iceland and the western coast of Old Greenland, being equally the produce of North America and northern Asia and Europe, may have floated down the rivers of those

* On an island near the northern extremity of Spitzbergen, fir trees were found seventy feet long, which had been torn up by the roots. Others had been cut down with the axe, and notched for twelve-feet lengths; not the least decayed, nor the strokes of the hatchet in the least effaced.—*Phipps's Voyage towards the North Pole*, p. 58.

continents into the polar basin; but this could not be the case with regard to the logs perforated by the sea-worm, an animal which operates only in a warm climate.* We have not been able to trace the camphor wood beyond the Aleutian islands, but its having reached that high latitude may assist in explaining another fact in favour of a circumvolving current. The governor of the Danish settlement of Disco, on the west coast of Old Greenland, is possessed of a mahogany table made out of a plank which was drifted thither by the southerly current; not far from the same place there was also taken up a tree of logwood. These products of the isthmus which connects the two Americas could only reach the spot on which they were found by the way of Behring's Strait, along the coast of America, and down Baffin's sea. Had they floated into the gulf of Mexico, they might have been carried by the gulf-stream to the banks of Newfoundland, and from thence to any part of Europe, from the coast of Norway to the strait of Gibraltar; but by no possibility could they pass up the coast of Labrador into Davis's Strait in the very teeth of a current which we shall presently prove to be perpetual.

Equally difficult would it be to explain, in any other way, the situation of another log of mahogany picked up by Admiral Lowenorn in 1786, when sent out to re-discover the east coast of Old Greenland. From the admiral's manuscript journal in our possession, it appears that in lat. $65^{\circ} 11'$, long. $35^{\circ} 8' W.$ of Paris, the land then in sight, at the distance of about sixty miles, but the intermediate space covered apparently with fields and mountains of ice, he discovered a floating log of wood of such enormous size that they were unable to hoist it on board, until they had sawn it in two. Some sea gulls were perched on this log. 'It was a remarkable circumstance,' says the admiral, 'that it was mahogany-wood, which is generally too heavy to float in water, but the wood in question was so much perforated by the worms, to the very centre, that its specific gravity might probably have been diminished.' The situation in which the mahogany was discovered was far more 'remarkable' than its swimming. The current was invariably found (as it always has been) setting from the north-east and parallel to the coast of Greenland; and if the log in question was not brought down from the arctic sea by the same current which brings so much drift-wood to the shores of Spitzbergen, Green-

* One of the grounds assigned by Wood for his attempting the discovery of a north-east passage was that Goulden told him all the drift-wood found on the shores of Greenland (Spitzbergen) was eaten to the very heart by the sea-worm, and that it most therefore have come from a hot country—'from Jedzo, Japan, or some country thereabouts.' *Harris's Voyages.*

land, Jan Mayen's Island,* Iceland, and the coast of Labrador, we know not by what chance or operation it arrived at the spot where it was picked up.

To prove that the southerly current along the coast of Labrador to Newfoundland is not confined to the summer months, though from the expansion of the polar sea its velocity must be greater in those months, it might be sufficient to quote the authority of Captain Buchan, who for four or five years was continually in that neighbourhood; but that a circumstance of so much importance may not rest on the assertion of a single individual, however respectable, a few facts may be stated which will put the question beyond all doubt.—Captain Beaufort fell in with ice-bergs floating to the southward on the 4th October, in lat. $46\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$.—Lieutenant Parry, on the 2d April, in lat. $44^{\circ} 21'$; the Fly sloop of war, after being cut out of the harbour-ice for nearly two miles entered the Greenland floating ice, and drifted in the midst of it round Cape Race for three days, before she got clear; and in lat. 42° fell in with two islands of ice: this was at the end of March. The Grace packet from Halifax, when in lat. $41^{\circ} 51'$, long. $50^{\circ} 53'$, on the 28th March last, had the wind from the north so excessively cold during the whole day and following night, that Captain Vivian concluded they could not be far from ice. Accordingly, about eight in the morning of the 29th, several large islands of ice were observed stretching in an east and west direction for more than seven leagues, several of them appearing to be from 200 to 250 feet above the surface. On the whole of that day the packet was running at the rate of seven miles an hour, and at the end of it had but just lost sight of the ice.

The brig Ann, of Poole, William Dayment, master, left the harbour of Greenspond in Newfoundland on the morning of the 19th of January, 1818; the same evening she got among ice, and proceeded about forty miles, when, at day-light the next morning, the Captain found himself completely beset, and no opening to be seen in any direction from the mast-head. In this state he continued for fifteen days, drifting with the ice about sixty miles, in a direction S. E. by E. or about four miles in twenty-four hours. The ice was now become very heavy, being about fourteen feet above the surface, and about twenty large mountainous islands or ice-bergs in sight. With this ice the ship drove until she was in lat. $44^{\circ} 37'$ and about three hundred miles to the eastward of Cape Race, when, on the 17th of February, she got clear through the only opening that appeared round the whole horizon from east to south-east, all the rest of the circle affording one solid compact

* The quantity brought to this island alone is said by Crantz to spread over a surface equal to the base of the whole island.

body of ice as far as the eye could reach. The vessel had been shut up for *nine and twenty days*, in the last fourteen of which she drifted from lat. $46^{\circ} 57'$ to lat. $44^{\circ} 37'$, about two hundred and eighty miles, or twenty miles a day S. E. by E., tremendous gales of wind blowing the whole time from the west to the north-west. Dayment says that, in the course of the passage, he saw more than a hundred very large islands of solid blue ice, known to the traders by the name of the northern or Greenland ice.

The brig *Funchal*, of Greenock, sailed from St. John's in Newfoundland, on the 17th of January of the present year. About fifteen miles to the westward of this port, she fell in with a field of ice coming down from the northward, about eight miles in breadth, and extending to the northward beyond the reach of sight. Having cleared this and proceeded westerly about two hundred and fifty miles, on the 20th, in lat. $47\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, she encountered a still more extensive field floating to the southward, in the midst of which was an immense ice-berg; she got free from this, though not without difficulty, and brought with her a gale of wind with snow, sleet and rain, the whole way to Scotland.*

It may here be mentioned as a fact corroborative of the very extensive displacement of ice-fields and ice-bergs, that for the last three years the Hudson's Bay Company have had either one or two of their ships stopped, in their homeward-bound voyage, by the ice brought down from the northward, in the early part of September, which has obliged them to winter in the bay: a circumstance, which had only happened twice in more than a century—once about fifty years ago, and again in the year 1811.

From the vast floating bodies of ice, seen by the several vessels in the Atlantic, we infer, 1. that the dislocation in the arctic seas has been very general, whatever the cause may be, and that it still continues; 2. that the floating and thawing of such vast bodies of ice in a low latitude have been the causes of those extraordinary gales of wind from the west and south-west, accompanied with sleet and snow; and produced those storms and inundations which have visited not only these islands, but a great part of Europe, during the first three months of the year 1818; and that, unfortunately for us, so long as such fields and islands of ice continue to be carried away from the polar seas, and melted in the Atlantic, we have nothing to expect but a raw, moist, and chilly atmosphere, with westerly winds, both summer and winter;† and 3. what

* For the first of these facts we are obliged to B. Lester, Esq. M.P. for Poole; for the second to Captain Buchan, received by him from a passenger.

† The cold on the eastern coast of America was unprecedented during the whole of the last two years. In Virginia scarcely a night without frost even in summer—in New Orleans

what is most to our present purpose, the descent of these ice-bergs and ice-fields to the southward, in the winter months, proves the perpetuity of the southern current, and that those who have formed their notions of this current from the reveries of St. Pierre on the melting of the polar ice, have adopted very erroneous ideas on the subject.* It is to be hoped, however, that the late unusual chills of the atmosphere will only prove a temporary inconvenience; in any case, we ought to be very thankful that, instead of an occasional chill from the passing ice to its place of dissolution, we are not visited, like Iceland, Newfoundland, and the eastern coasts of America, with an annual congeries of ice on our shores, which would unquestionably be the case had these frozen bodies of the arctic regions been borne by the currents, from the outlets of the polar sea, in any other direction than that which they now take.†

We have been thus circumstantial with regard to the current, as its existence affords, in our opinion, the best hope for the success of the expeditions now engaged in exploring a passage into the Pacific; but there is another point not less important to be established, though still more obscure than that of the currents—we allude to an open polar basin, exempt from land or ice. Such an idea might well stagger those who had not directed their attention to the subject, and we were prepared to hear some

Orleans the ice two inches thick, the ground covered with snow, and the thermometer down to 27°. At Malta they have been shivering with cold. Eliza has presented one mass of snow which descended lower than usual, and the whole continent has been visited with unusual storms of wind and torrents of rain. As these phenomena have occurred with the wind from the westward, they are every where ascribed to the approach and melting of ice in the Atlantic. Navigators generally feel a cold stream of air from an ice-berg long before it is seen.

* Malte-Brun is one of those who by a dash of the pen can with the utmost ease convert an ice-mountain into a marine current, from the 'quantity which is daily (and by *four*) decomposed by the solar rays.' If he had consulted Sawceby's *Meteorological Journal* for 1812, he would have found that in 77° and 78° lat. from the 21st June to the 21st July, Fahrenheit's thermometer stood only one day as high as 37°, very often at the freezing point, and once four degrees below it, in the shade. *Worn. Mem.* vol. ii, p. 170. As much ice therefore as 'the solar rays decomposed' on one side was probably reaccumulated on the other. Our celebrated old navigator Davis, in stating his reasons for the existence of a north west passage, has sounder notions of the destruction of ice than M. Malte-Brun. 'We know (he says) that the sea dissolveth this yce with great speed, but in twenty-four hours I have seen an ylande of yce turne up and downe, as the common phrase is, because it hath melted so fast under water that the heavier parts hath been upwaarde, which hath been the cause of his so turning, for the heaviest part of all things swimming is by nature downwards, and therefore with the sea is by his haste of power to dissolve yce, it is greatly against reason that the same should be frozen, so that the congelation of the sea can be no hindrance to the execution of this passage.' *The World's Hydrographical Description*, 1395. We have no doubt that Davis is right, and that the action of the salt sea on the ice, and not 'its decomposition by the solar rays,' prevents an accumulation which otherwise in process of time would freeze up the globe.

† We had scarcely written this sentence when we read in a *Scottish newspaper* (but we know not the authority) that an ice-berg, six miles in length, had grounded one full, the westernmost of the Shetland islands, about half the size of the mountain of ice, to the astonishment and dismay of the inhabitants.

such

such question asked, as, Why should there be an open sea at the North pole, while a perpetual mass of impenetrable ice defies all approach within twenty degrees of the South pole? We might content ourselves with asking in our turn, Why is the northern temperate zone nearly filled with land, while the southern temperate zone is as nearly occupied by water?—Why is there a difference of temperature in the two hemispheres equal at least to ten or twelve degrees of latitude? All such anomalies as these find their just balance, we doubt not, in that system of compensations and counteractions which are discoverable in every part of the creation, and which may not only be necessary but essential and beneficial, though not fully comprehended by short-sighted mortals. 'The works of the Deity,' says Paley, 'are known by expedients; where we should look for absolute destitution—where we can reckon up nothing but wants—some contrivance always comes in to supply the privation.' With this temper of mind, instead of a predetermination to find difficulties, if we direct our inquiries to the present question, we shall perhaps find that, *because it was expedient*, for some wise and good purpose, that the south pole should be blocked up with mountains of ice or land, or both, it became *necessary* that the north pole should be free from both; for our doctrine is, that where there is no land and a deep sea, there can be no permanent ice: and this opinion is so far from being new, that Frobisher, in his second voyage, expressly says, that the deep sea doth not freeze; and Davis proves, from his own experience, 'and the experience of all that have ever travelled towards the north, that the sea never fryeth.'^{*}

For more than two centuries the speculative geographers of Europe had maintained the necessity of the existence of a great southern continent—a *terra australis incognita*—on the principle that all the land, which had till then been discovered in the southern hemisphere, was insufficient to form a counterpoise to the weight of land in the northern half of the globe. No man, after the learned and ingenious president De Brosses, took up this argument with more warmth than the late Mr. Dalrymple, hydrographer to the Admiralty. So strongly was this indefatigable inquirer impressed with the necessity of a great southern continent, that he actually created a *terra australis cognita*, whose probable limits he not only defined, but settled also its population, and calculated the great commercial advantages which Great Britain would derive from the mere 'scraps' which must fall from the rich table of a country, whose extent was 'greater than the whole civilized part of Asia, from Turkey to the eastern extremity of

^{*} *The World's hydrographical Description*. 1595.

China.* This vast continent, however, with all its wealth, power and population, vanished before the severe scrutiny of the immortal Cook; and Mr. Dalrymple lived many years in the full conviction, that the world continued, as usual, to preserve its equilibrium without the aid of a southern continent.

Whether any such counterpoise be necessary is not our business to discuss; but, supposing it to be so, it might be employed as an argument for the probability, we may almost add *necessity*, of a great polar basin, free from land, in the northern hemisphere; for it can hardly be doubted, that the immense mountains and fields of ice in the southern seas, which, commencing between the 50th and 60th degrees of latitude, except in very few places, are supposed to extend to the very pole, have been formed round a great nucleus of land, at no great distance from its outer margin; this is an opinion which Cook himself seemed to entertain, and that the ice had been fixed round it from the earliest time. Here then we have at once a south polar continent, extending probably to little short of three thousand miles in diameter, and consequently of larger dimensions than the north polar sea; affording to the former an addition of weight, where weight would act with most effect, and taking off from the latter as much as may be supposed to maintain that equipoise of the two hemispheres, about which our early philosophical geographers were so anxious. It is rather surprizing that this counterpoise had not occurred to Mr. Dalrymple, as, in an early volume of the Philosophical Transactions, it had been recorded that, 'it was well known to all that said northward, that most of the northern coasts are frozen up many leagues, though in the open sea it is not so, *No, nor under the pole itself, unless by accident.*'

But lest we should fall into the same error as this industrious geographer, we shall abandon all further speculations on this point, and proceed to state some circumstances which have a closer bearing on the subject, and from which some more conclusive inference may be drawn in favour of an open polar sea in the northern hemisphere.

The first observation that presents itself, is that of whales being rarely seen in deep water; but generally found in those parts of the arctic sea where the ice most abounds, and where it has taken

* The passage runs thus:—'The number of inhabitants in the southern continent is probably more than fifty millions, considering the extent; from the eastern part, discovered by Juan Fernandez, to the western coast seen by Tasman, is about 100° of longitude, which, in the latitude of 40°, amounts to 4,596 geographic or 5,325 statute miles. This,' he continues, 'is a greater extent than the whole civilized part of Asia, from Turkey to the eastern extremity of China. There is at present no trade from Europe thither, though the scraps from this table would be sufficient to maintain the power and dominion and sovereignty of Britain, by employing all its manufactures and ships.'

the ground either on the shore or on banks. It is on these banks, and in the tranquil pools of water within the large fields of ice, that the arctic sea literally swarms with those marine insects which constitute the food of these huge animals. In the deep and fathomless part of this sea, midway between old Greenland and Spitzbergen,—‘deeper than did ever plummet sound,’—whales are rarely seen, and then not lying tranquilly on the surface, or playing about, because this deep sea affords them no food. As rarely therefore do the fishing vessels quit the ice and run in open water to the northward of Spitzbergen, being almost invariably disappointed in the expectation of finding whales. But vessels, which may thus have been tempted by an open sea to run to the northward for two or three degrees, have seldom met with any interruption from ice or land; and we know not what other explanation can be given of the absence of ice, than deep water and the absence of land.

Though we do not mean to assert with Davis, that ‘the sea never fryeth,’ yet we venture to maintain, from our own experience, that a deep and expansive ocean will not easily be frozen in an extreme diminution of temperature; such a sea can never be tranquil in all its parts a sufficient length of time to be uniformly and permanently bound in icy chains.* Its surface may be partially covered, but the first breeze of wind and undulation of the water will break it up into patches, or *pancake* ice; these patches, carried away by the winds and currents, and uniting with others, float about till they finally fix themselves in narrow straits, or by the shores. Thus, though the inland Baltic, the White and Black seas, the gulf of St. Lawrence and the strait of Bellisle, are some of them occasionally, and others regularly every year, frozen up, the German Ocean, the Northern Atlantic, the Northern Pacific, and even the sea of Kamtschatka, have no ice but what is adventitious, or, in other words, such as may have been carried down by the rivers, or broken loose from the shores. This difference is not owing to the difference in position with respect to latitude, nor to any great difference of temperature, as those seas which are liable to be frozen, generally speaking, are situated more to the southward than those which never do freeze. Whenever the intensity of the

* Captain Scoresby might well ‘anticipate’ that his idle and thoughtless project, of travelling over the ice of the sea to the north pole, may be deemed ‘the frenzied speculation of a disordered fancy.’ We regret that a young man of some talent should have been betrayed, by a desire to make the vulgar stare, into such an inconsistency; but it has served Malte Bran for an argument, such as it is, against the existence of a polar basin. One would have thought that a person of his reading and sagacity might have seen the absurdity of such an idea; and that, even supposing the polar sea to be frozen, it would present a surface so rugged and mountainous, as to make it an easier task to drive a broad-wheeled waggon over the summit of Mont-Blanc, than a rein-deer sledge to the north pole.

cold is below the point at which common sea-water freezes, and which is somewhere about 27° of Fahrenheit, the formation of ice on the surface, or the want of it, has little or no relation to the degree of latitude, but depends on circumstances of locality, and chiefly, as we have already stated, on extension of surface and great depth, or the contrary—where the former are found, if at the pole itself, we believe the quantity of ice formed in any one year will be very trifling, and where they do not exist, the sea may be, and frequently is, frozen over in one night within what is called the temperate zone.

By the tables of Meyer, formed with great care from meteorological observations made at various and distant points on the earth's surface, it appears that the mean temperature of the equator is not very different from that of the tropics, and that the temperature of the north pole corresponds pretty nearly with that of the arctic circle, the whole difference in either case amounting only to about 8° of Fahrenheit's scale. James and his people, who wintered at Charlton island, in Hudson's Bay, in a latitude under 59° , suffered more from cold, though infinitely better provided against it, than Barentz and his party did in Nova Zembla, in lat. 76° . If, therefore, we have an open sea to the northward of the arctic circle, which we know to be the case in the northern Atlantic, (everywhere else there being land or straits within that parallel of north latitude,) the existence of an open sea at the pole is not improbable, provided it be free from land.

From the very few experiments, which have been made to ascertain the temperature of the sea at a certain depth and in different latitudes, there is no reason to doubt that, where the depth is sufficient, the sea as well as the land has its isothermal lines, or points of the same temperature, in every degree of latitude from the equator to the pole. Many more experiments however are yet wanting to ascertain what this standard temperature may be, but it is probable that it will be found somewhere between 40° and 50° of Fahrenheit;—perhaps to correspond with the mean temperature of the interior parts of the earth. From the experiment of Dr. Irving, on water drawn from any considerable depth, it appears that the temperature at 683 fathoms was 40° of Fahrenheit in lat. 75° ; and in lat. $80\frac{1}{2}$, at 60 fathoms only, *under the ice*, it stood at 39° , when in the air it was at the freezing point; but the few experiments made in Phipps's voyage on the temperature of the sea at different depths are wholly unsatisfactory.*

In

* Captain Douglas found the temperature at the depth of two hundred and sixty fathoms to be 37° , while that at the surface was only 47° , in latitude $68^{\circ} 45'$, while Captain Ellis observed the same temperature at the depth of six hundred and fifty fathoms, in latitude $23^{\circ} 15'$. The pretended experiments of Peron, and the inference of some

In those parts of the ocean, then, where the depth is sufficient to preserve that temperature, while the atmosphere is at or below the freezing point, ice, we apprehend, will not be formed on the surface, as the more heated water, being specifically lighter, will necessarily rise to the top, while the heavier fluid will descend to fill its place.* Mr. Scoresby, it appears, has made a communication to Sir Joseph Banks, of his having, at different times, met with an increased temperature of the water at the surface of the sea between Iceland and Spitzbergen, out of all soundings, but either among or very near to fields of ice.† We can scarcely hazard an opinion from this insulated fact, as to the cause of this warm stream: some of our readers may be disposed to ascribe it to submarine geysers, in a neighbourhood which is known to abound in volcanic materials; 'these (geysers),' says Pennant, 'are not confined to the land; they rise in the very sea, and form scalding fountains amidst the waves.'‡—Others may argue, that as large masses of water part not easily with their heat, but follow with extreme slowness the changes of atmospherical temperature, it may be the heated current from the Pacific which probably loses nothing of its temperature in its passage among the active volcanoes of his countrymen, that the bottom of the sea is every where a mass of ice, are wholly undeserving of notice.

* We know that if water of a certain temperature (60° for instance) be put into a deep glass tube, and the upper part be surrounded with a freezing mixture, the upper strata will descend in succession, and the lower rise, till the whole is cooled down to 40°, when no further interchange will take place, and the surface will be frozen over; and that if a piece of ice be let down into a jar of water of the temperature of 40°, the water of the ice as it melts will ascend to the top, while the water below the ice will remain stationary at 40°—hence it is inferred that pure water has the greatest specific gravity when at the temperature of 40°. Whether these experiments may warrant the introduction of a new law of nature so anomalous, and how far they may apply to sea water, it is not our business to decide; but every kitchen-maid knows that when the pot is placed on the fire, the water, becoming heated below, will ascend to the surface.

† The following observations on the temperature and specific gravity of the water at the surface were made in the Greenland seas:—

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Sea water.		Remarks.
			Temp. at Surface.	Spec. Grav.	
1811.					
July 2,	78° 20' N.	6° 30' E.	37½°	1.0265	
17,	70. 36	3. 55	43	1.0271	
1812.					
April 28,	70. 0	5. 0	40	1.0274	
1814.					
April 21,	72. 16	10. 50	41	1.0269	
1815.					
April 9,	72. 37	8. 31	39	1.0261	No ice.
18,	77. 35	8. 0	38	1.0267	Among ice.
May 24,	78. 0	6. 56	34	1.0259	Much ice.

We take it for granted that the atmospherical temperature at the time of observation was at or below the freezing point.

‡ In the year 1783, an island was thrown up near Iceland, but on the Danish government sending out in 1785, to examine it, it had disappeared and fallen back into the cavity out of which it had been hurled, like the Sabrina island in the neighbourhood of St. Michaels. Jan Mayen, in latitude 71½°, is one great mass of volcanic formation.

nos of the Aleutian islands;* others again may explain it by a remark of Plutarch, which is supposed to have been confirmed by an experiment of Dr. Irving, when on Phipps's voyage, 'that the sea becomes warmer by being agitated in waves;' but we are rather inclined to consider it as the lighter water rising from an extreme depth to the surface.

The hypothesis of an open polar sea rests, however, on better grounds than any of these. The instances of ships having reached high northern latitudes, collected by the Hon. Daines Barrington, may not all be correctly stated, but many of them bear the stamp of authenticity, and have been confirmed by similar instances since his time. He might be deceived by some of the narrators being themselves deceived; but we have no doubt of his having stated fairly the facts as they were given to him. This we know to be the case in the instance of Adams, who sailed with Captain Guy in the *Unicorn*, and who himself observed the altitude of the sun, both above and below the pole, by which it was found that the ship had reached latitude 83° . There is a gentleman now living in London, and distinguished in the literary world, who took lessons in the mathematics from Adams; this person knew him to be a man of intelligence and worthy of credit, and had from him the same account which he afterwards gave to Daines Barrington. When in this high latitude, 'Captain Guy declared that he had never been so far to the northward before, and crawled up to the mizzen top-mast head, accompanied by the chief mate, whilst the second mate, together with Mr. Adams, went to the fore-top-mast head, from which they saw a sea as free from ice as any part of the Atlantic Ocean, and it was the joint opinion of them all that they might have reached the north pole.' In one point almost all the masters examined by Daines Barrington, and all those of whom we have thought it our duty to inquire, both personally and by letter, and they are not a few, agree; namely—that having once passed the Spitzbergen ice, they find the sea to the northward quite open; that the northerly winds bring clearer and warmer weather than any other; and that the winds from that quarter cause the greatest swell, all of which are circumstances highly favourable to the supposition of an open sea at the pole.

It is the less surprizing that none have yet attempted to avail themselves of this open sea to run for the pole, when the nature of the outh is recollected, which both master and mate were required to take, but which we rejoice to find has, since our former Article

* Unfortunately, we have not a single experiment of the temperature of the sea, either at the surface or bottom, in *Behring's Strait*; but it is well known that the gulf stream loses its temperature very slowly in its passage of more than five hundred miles to the cold banks of Newfoundland.

was written, (and, let us be indulged with thinking, not altogether without a reference to it,) been so modified as no longer to militate against making discoveries: before the present year the whalers had no excuse for leaving the ice; the paucity of fish to the northward could neither have justified the attempt to the owners, nor freed the master from the consequences of his oath. A graduated scale of the parliamentary reward, as we suggested, has also been adopted, which, we have no doubt, will operate as an encouragement to attempt discoveries, even should the present expeditions fail; though it would seem that some of the seamen entertain strange notions and very singular apprehensions of approaching the pole—not, indeed, of any danger from ice or cold; but, as appears from Ware's narrative to Daines Barrington,—‘lest the ship should fall in pieces, as the pole would draw all the iron work out of her.’

If the tables of Meyer be near the truth, and Scoresby be correct in his statement, ‘that the cold is not sensibly different between the latitudes of 70° and 80° with a strong north wind;* if, on these grounds, we assume an hypothesis, that the mean temperature of the pole is not very different from that of the arctic circle, there can be nothing very formidable in the approach to it, or even in wintering upon it. In summer, from the perpetual presence of the sun for six months, and his equal height above the horizon for the whole twenty-four hours, the weather there would probably be found less severe than on the parallel of 80° ; and the long twilight, which spins out the close of the summer-day to nearly nine months, and leaves but three of actual night, must divest winter, by thus shortening it, of at least one of its terrors. In those three months, besides, every alternate fortnight will have the benefit of constant moon-light during the most enlightened half of that planet; and, even in her absence, the whole of the grand northern constellations will in some degree supply her place, aided, in all probability, by the frequent coruscations of the aurora borealis. To witness these and other meteorological appearances, and more particularly the magnetical phenomena as connected with electricity, are objects for which an enterprising man of science would be induced to risk a winter at the pole;† we

* *Memo. of the Wernerian Nat. Hist. Society*, vol. ii. Part II. p. 332.

† ‘He (Dr. Johnson) expressed a particular enthusiasm with respect to visiting the wall of China. I caught at it for the moment, and said I really believed I should go and see the wall of China had I not children, of whom it was my duty to take care. ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘by doing so you would do what would be of importance in raising your children to eminence. There would be a lustre reflected upon them from your spirit and curiosity. They would be at all times regarded as the children of a man who had gone to view the wall of China.’—*Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.*

have heard, indeed, that it is the general wish of the officers now employed on the polar expedition, that circumstances may occur to admit of such an event without deviating from their instructions; but that we conceive is very improbable.

We suspect that the wintering place of Kotzebue may not have been more comfortable than on the pole itself. Had he succeeded in getting through to Baffin's or Hudson's bay, or in returning, before the winter of 1817 set in, to Kamtschatka, intelligence to that effect must have reached Petersburg before the end of March. It is a mistaken idea, however, that he was to make the attempt by sea. His instructions, on the contrary, direct him to leave his vessel in Norton Sound, unless he should discover (which he actually has done) some cove or bay, to the northward. From this place he is to explore the whole extent of the American coast, first to the northward and then to the eastward. To effect this, he is to supply himself with small baidars of the lightest and most portable kind, to enable him to cross any rivers or lakes he may fall in with in tracing the American coast to the eastward; in which direction he is to proceed as far as the eastern coast, unless, from the severity of the climate or barrenness of the country, the journey be found impracticable. In August 1816, he passed Behring's Strait without difficulty; and, in latitude 67° , discovered on the coast of America a large inlet, extending in a S. E. direction to 161° of longitude. Within it were several bays or coves, which he had not time to explore, from the advanced period of the season. He therefore returned to New Albion to pass the winter, and reached Sandwich islands in March 1817, since which nothing has been heard of his proceedings. This is not the only project which Count Romanzoff (whose liberal and patriotic spirit is worthy of the highest admiration) had planned for the solution of the interesting geographical problem which still remains to be solved. He had intended to engage some enterprising American in the attempt of a north-west passage up Davis's Strait, but on hearing of the present expedition from England, he considered his interference as no longer necessary.

What the result of the present expeditions may be, and whether they will answer the expectations of those who planned them, a little time must shew; from the zeal, the energy, the talent and the enthusiasm of the brave volunteers—for all, without exception, are volunteers, from the highest to the lowest—who have embarked on this highly interesting voyage, we may assure ourselves that what man can do will be done, and that all the difficulties which may occur, and for which they are fully prepared, will be met with cool and steady resolution. Unshaken in their ardour,
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they have treated with scorn the insidious attempts which we understand have been made to discourage them from the glorious enterprize.

With equal contempt we notice (in quarters, too, where decency ought to have imposed silence) insinuations of the inutilty of the measure. A philosopher should despise the narrow-minded notions entertained by those who, viewing the subject as merely one of profit and loss, are unable to form any other notion of its utility; and have just sagacity enough to discover that *if* a passage should be found one year, it may happen to be closed the next! We can well imagine that many such sinister bodings were heard when Bartholomew Diaz returned without doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and even when Magellanes had effected a southern passage into the Pacific.—But our decreasing limits warn us to a close.

Briefly, then, we shall not degrade the noblest and most disinterested enterprize that was ever undertaken in ancient or modern times, by condescending to justify it to the selfish and calculating horde whose cavils we have recorded; but to the liberal and honourable mind that thinks the pursuit of science for the sake of science, worthy of a great, a prosperous, and an enlightened nation like England, we would say that the point in question involves an infinity of results of the utmost importance to the perfection of science; that the benefits of science are not to be calculated; and that no guess can be formed to what extent they may be carried. Who could have imagined that the polarity of the magnet, which lay hid for ages after its attractive virtue was known, would lead to the discovery of a new world? and who can tell what further advantages mankind may derive from the magnetical influence, so very remarkable, yet so very little understood? or pretend to limit the discoveries to which electricity and galvanism may yet open the way? Had any one, thirty years ago, been bold enough to assert that he would light up our shops and houses, and theatres and streets, with a more brilliant flame than had yet been produced; that this flame should be extracted from common fuel, and carried for miles, if necessary, under ground in iron pipes, he would at once have been set down as little better than a madman or an impostor; yet all this and more has been brought about! We may be mistaken in our conjectures respecting the current and polar basin—every thing, excepting the facts we have brought forward, may be just the reverse of what we have here contended for; and both expeditions may fail in the main object of the arduous enterprize; but they can scarcely fail in being the means of extending the sphere of human knowledge; and if

they bring back an accession of this, they cannot be said to have been sent out in vain—for 'knowledge is power;' and we may safely commit to the stream of time the beneficial results of its irresistible influence.

ART. IX.—*Characters of Shakespear's Plays.* By William Hazlitt. 8vo. London. 1817.

WHEN we called the attention of our readers to Mr. Beckett's 'Shakspeare's himself again,' we little flattered ourselves that another writer would arise, so well qualified as the author of the work before us, to contend with him for the palm of critical excellence. Their objects are indeed different; but in point of taste and knowledge, they coincide in a very remarkable degree. Mr. Beckett informed us that no one, who did not study his book, could comprehend Shakspeare's meaning. Mr. Hazlitt does not undertake to make us understand the poet better, and in truth he is sometimes not very intelligible himself; but he endeavours to persuade us that, without his assistance, we shall be incapable of feeling his beauties. Mr. Beckett's qualifications must be gathered from the perusal of his work; but the peculiar excellencies of Mr. Hazlitt have been pointed out by a friend and admirer 'who is himself the great sublime he draws.' They principally consist in 'his indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews, and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, with moonlight bowers.'

Thus gifted, it may be supposed that Mr. Hazlitt is not inclined to speak with much respect of his critical predecessors. He mentions, indeed, with some indulgence, a parallel between the characters of Macbeth and Richard, 'by a gentleman of the name of Mason—(not Mason the poet)'—such is his accurate mode of describing the late Mr. Whateley!—but he pours the whole weight of his censure on Dr. Johnson. He scarcely thinks his preface worthy of perusal, and has therefore read it so hastily that he does not seem to have understood one word of it: hence he charges the Doctor with supporting opinions which he never entertained, and some of which, indeed, he has expressly opposed. We shall not misspend our own and the reader's time by entering into a formal defence of one of the most perfect pieces of criticism which has appeared since the days of Quintilian, but content ourselves with producing a specimen of the erudition by which it has been assailed. Johnson's object, he tells us, was 'to cut down imagination to matter-of-fact, regulate the passions according to reason, and translate
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the whole into *logical diagrams* and rhetorical declamation.⁷ What Johnson thought of rhetorical declamation in tragedy, and how much he wished to find it in Shakspeare, he has told us in this very preface, and elsewhere more particularly, in his defence of Cato from the cavils of Voltaire;—but if Mr. Hazlitt has discovered a mode of constructing logical diagrams, he is the sole depository of his own secret, and may claim an equal rank in science with the honest Cambridge carter who, when asked whether his horses could *draw an inference?* boldly replied, *Yes, or any thing in reason.* Nor is this a mere slip of the pen: Mr. Hazlitt is fond of the phrase, and seems to consider its use as an evidence of his scholarship. We meet with it again in a passage which will not be easily paralleled for slip-slop absurdity.

⁴ The character of Iago is *one of the supererogations* of Shakspeare's genius. Some persons, more nice than wise, have thought this whole character unnatural, because his villainy is *without a sufficient motive.* Shakspeare, who was as good a philosopher as he was a poet, thought otherwise. He knew that the love of power, which is another name for the love of mischief, is natural to man. He would know this as well or better than if it had been demonstrated to him by a *logical diagram*, merely from seeing children *paddle in the dirt* or kill flies for sport.
—p. 54.

The variety of Mr. Hazlitt's style is as striking as his phraseology. Sometimes he would seem, from his gorgeous accumulation of emblematical terms, which leave all meaning far behind, to have formed himself upon the model of Samuel Johnson—not the author of the Rambler—but, of Hurllothrumbo the Supernatural. Sometimes he breaks forth into a poetical strain, as, at the mention of Ophelia, 'O, rose of May! O, flower too soon faded!' but more frequently he descends to that simpler style of eloquence which is in use among washerwomen, the class of females with whom, as we learn from the 'Round Table,' he and his friend Mr. Hunt more particularly delight to associate; 'Iago here turns the character of poor Desdemona as it were *inside out*,' &c. In nothing however is Mr. Hazlitt more independent, than in his notions of versification. He will not accept of the text as adopted by his predecessors, but constructs it anew upon principles of metrical harmony, peculiarly his own. Having occasion to quote a well known passage in Macbeth, he exhibits it in the following state of improvement:

"My way of life is fallen into the sear,
The yellow leaf; and that which should accompany old age,
As honour, troops of friends, I must not look to have;
But in their stead, curses not loud but deep,
Mouth-honour, breath, which the poor heart
Would fain deny and dare not."—p. 29.

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The first play upon which he has favoured us with his remarks is *Cymbeline*, where he points out, in a very original manner, Shakspeare's use of the principle of analogy.

'The striking and powerful contrasts in which Shakspeare abounds could not escape observation; but the use he makes of the principle of analogy to reconcile the greatest diversities of character and to maintain a continuity of feeling throughout, has not been sufficiently attended to.'—p. 9.

These 'examples of the same feeling' are, as he informs us, 'the amorous importunities of Cloten, the determination of Iachimo to conceal the defeat of his project by a daring imposture, the faithful attachment of Pisanio, and the incorrigible wickedness of the queen:' all these, with the unalterable fidelity of Imogen, are (it seems) 'different inflections of the same predominating principle, melting into and strengthening each other, like chords in music.' If the principle of analogy, which produces such extraordinary associations, is predominant in *Cymbeline*, the principle of contrast is as strikingly apparent in *Macbeth*. Hence arise, we are told, 'the violent antitheses of the style, the throes and labour which run through the expression.' If Shakspeare has at any time forgotten to give us an antithesis, Mr. Hazlitt is at hand to supply it. 'Duncan is cut off *betimes* by treason leagued with witchcraft, and Macduff is ripped *untimely* from his mother's womb to *avenge his death*.' After two pages of this sort of contrast, he proudly concludes, with perfect truth, 'We might multiply *such* instances every where.'

The witches, he observes, cannot be represented with their full effect upon the stage, from their no longer being the subject of popular superstition. This leads him into various melancholy reflections upon the degeneracy of the age we live in, a topic sufficiently trite, but which is treated by Mr. Hazlitt in a perfectly novel manner. He not only laments that we no longer believe in witchcraft; but seems to think, (what the framers of the Police Report were by no means aware of,) that there is an alarming deficiency of pickpockets.

'The progress of manners and knowledge has an influence on the stage, and will in time perhaps destroy both tragedy and comedy. Filch's picking pockets, in the *Beggars' Opera*, is not so good a jest as it used to be: by the force of the police and of philosophy, Lillo's murders and the ghosts in Shakspeare will become obsolete. At last there will be nothing left, good nor bad, to be desired or dreaded, on the theatre or in real life.'—p. 30.

Hamlet is introduced to us in the dashing style of a showman at a fair—Walk in, ladies and gentlemen—

'This is that Hamlet the Dane, whom we read of in our youth, and whom we seem almost to remember in our after-years; he who made
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that famous soliloquy on life, who gave the advice to the players, who thought "this goodly frame, the earth," a sterile promontory—who talked with the grave-diggers, and moralised on Yorick's skull; who lived at the court of Horwendillus five hundred years before we were born, but all whose thoughts we seem to know as well as we do our own, because we have read them in Shakspeare."—p. 104.

Lest, however, we should be carried away by the illusion of the scene, like Partridge in *Tom Jones*, Mr. Hazlitt is so good as to inform us that there is no such person as Hamlet. 'Hamlet is a name: his *speeches* and *sayings* are but the *idle* coinage of the poet's brain. What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet.' If this means that we sympathise so much with the feelings and sentiments of Hamlet, that we identify ourselves with the character, we have to accuse Mr. Hazlitt of strangely misleading us a few pages back. 'The moral of Othello comes directly home to the business and bosoms of men: the interest in Hamlet is more *remote* and *reflex*.' And yet 'it is *we* who are Hamlet!' Thus it is when a man employs himself in stringing together phrases without caring for their meaning.

The article upon Romeo and Juliet is the best in the volume. It has not, in fact, much in it; but there is nothing very absurd in its meaning, and, what is quite as rare with Mr. Hazlitt, nothing very profligate in its sentiments. He has here an ample field for the display of 'his indestructible love for flowery odours,' and 'such like dulcet diseases'—and his 'daisies and hyacinths' are scattered about in gay profusion. All this, however, we should have lost, but for a device to which, for lack of topics, he is fond of resorting. He conjures up objections to the poet which were never dreamt of before, and then gallantly sallies forth to combat the phantoms of his own creation. Thus he endeavours to convince 'one class of critics, that the poet's genius was not confined to the production of stage effect by supernatural means.' In another place he expresses his astonishment that 'Shakspeare should be considered as a gloomy writer, who painted nothing but "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire;"' and, in speaking of Shylock, he observes, 'that he has but *one idea* is not true.' Upon this occasion, too, he defends the poet from those whom 'he has heard' object to the youth of Romeo and Juliet. In opposition to all such critics, he very justly contends that it would be no sort of improvement were the hero and heroine of a love-tale to be represented as very elderly persons; and he thinks Shakspeare was in the right when 'he did not endeavour to extract beauty from wrinkles, or the wild throb of passion from the last expiring sigh of indifference.' As he has got upon this subject, he steps out of his way to give some information to Mr.

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Wordsworth, who, in his *Ode on the Progress of Human Life*, has introduced the platonic notion of a pre-existent state. He takes considerable pains to instruct that gentleman that, in point of fact, there is no such state, and that therefore to talk about it in poetry is 'idle.' It is well that he did not take Shakspeare to task for a similar mistake, derived from the same source where, in the *Merchant of Venice*, he alludes to the music of the spheres. Mr. Hazlitt, we have no doubt, could have informed the poet that after a diligent perusal of Sir John Hawkins's *History*, he could not discover that there was any such music.

His observations on *King Lear* commence with an acknowledgment remarkable for its naïveté and its truth. With a wider application, it might have served as an introduction to his whole work, but could never have found a more appropriate situation than where he has placed it.

'To attempt to give a description of the play itself, or of its effect upon the mind, is mere impertinence: yet we must say something.'—p. 153.

Having satisfied himself that it was necessary he should say something where he had nothing to say, (though whence this necessity arose we know not,) and given the reader fair warning that it would be very absurd, he proceeds to fulfil his promise. 'It is then the best of all Shakspeare's plays, for it is the one in which he *was most in earnest*;' (*Macbeth* and *Othello* were mere *jeux d'esprit*, we presume;) 'he was here *fairly caught in the web of his own imagination*.' The character of the aged king is then illustrated by a string of similes which have as little resemblance to *Lear* as they have to one another.

'The mind of *Lear*, staggering between the weight of attachment and the hurried movements of passion, is like a tall ship driven about by the winds, buffeted by the furious waves, but that still rides above the storm, having its anchor fixed in the bottom of the sea; or it is like the sharp rock circled by the eddying whirlpool that foams and beats against it; or like the solid promontory pushed from its basis by the force of an earthquake.'—p. 154.

and very like a whale, he might have added.

Having pointed out the deliberate hypocrisy of *Regan* and *Gonerill*, he subjoins, 'it is the *absence of this detestable quality* that is the only relief in the character of *Edmund the bastard*.' Had he not sat down with a declared determination to write nonsense, we might have been tempted from this passage to pay him the compliment of believing that he had not read the play. We question if, in the whole range of the drama, *hypocrisy* is more strongly marked than in this very character. He tells us himself that his practices ride easy upon the credulous *Gloster* and the noble

noble Edgar; he is a hypocrite to his father, a hypocrite to his brother, and by his hypocrisy towards Gonerill and Regan outwits them both.

We are almost weary of Mr. Hazlitt, and, in truth, he seems to be somewhat tired himself; he has run through his set of phrases, such as, Shakspeare 'is caught in the web of his own imagination;' Northumberland 'is caught in the web of his own dilatory policy;' Hamlet 'is the prince of philosophical speculators;' Jaques 'is the prince of philosophical idlers;' and is completely at a stand. In what remains he is simply dull. In the Merchant of Venice indeed we have a laboured paradox in defence of the character of Shylock, who, he says, is 'a half favourite with the philosophical part of the audience;' but his kindness for the Jew is balanced by his dislike to other persons in the drama. Portia is 'no great favourite' with him; he is 'not in love with her maid Nerissa;' and he 'objects entirely' to a personage of whom we never heard before, the black prince Marocchini. With this piece of blundering ignorance which, with a thousand similar instances of his intimate acquaintance with the poet, clearly prove that his enthusiasm for Shakspeare is all affected, we conclude what we have to say of his folly: it remains to say a few words of his mischief.

When he quotes the description of Imogen,

'On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted like the crimson drops

I' the bottom of a cowslip;

he observes 'there is a *moral* sense in the proud beauty of this last image.' We were at first disposed to think there was something whimsical in this choice of an epithet, but as we came to know him better we found that he never uses the word '*moral*' in its usual acceptation, but adapts it to his own way of thinking, in which he endeavours to make Shakspeare coincide.

'Shakespear was in one sense the least moral of all writers; for morality (commonly so called) is made up of antipathies; and his talent consisted in sympathy with human nature, in all its shapes, degrees, depressions, and elevations. The object of the pedantic moralist is to find out the bad in every thing: his was to shew that "there is some soul of goodness in things evil."—In one sense, Shakespear was no moralist at all; in another, he was the greatest of all moralists. He was a moralist in the same sense in which nature is one. He taught what he had learnt from her. He shewed the greatest knowledge of humanity with the greatest fellow-feeling for it.'—pp. 322, 323.

Mr. Hazlitt's notions of *natural morality* may be gathered from a passage immediately preceding. 'We do not see why the philosophical German writer Schlegel should be so severe on those pleasant persons Lucius Pompey and Master Froth as to call them wretches. They appear all mighty comfortable in their occupations,

tions, and determined to pursue them "as the flesh and fortune should serve;" and, in the same spirit, he praises Pandarus for his 'disinterested willingness to serve his friend.'

In one respect Mr. Hazlitt is on very bad terms with our great poet, whose genuine English sentiments are extremely repulsive to his feelings. Shakspeare was a patriot in the old and genuine sense of the word; Mr. Hazlitt is one according to the new nomenclature, in which it signifies one who is *not* a friend to his country. The speech of John of Gaunt, in praise of England, he allows to be eloquent, but 'we should perhaps hardly be disposed to feed the pampered egotism of our countrymen by quoting his description, were it not' (adds this poor cankered creature) 'that the conclusion of it, which looks prophetic, may qualify any improper degree of exultation.' The mention of a king or court always throws him into a fit of raving.

'It has been said of Shakspeare—"No maid could live near such a man." It might with as good reason be said—"No king could live near such a man." His eye would have penetrated through the pomp of circumstance and the veil of opinion. As it is, he has represented such persons to the life—his plays are in this respect the glass of history—he has done them the same justice as if he had been a privy counsellor all his life, and in each successive reign. Kings ought never to be seen upon the stage. In the abstract, they are very disagreeable characters: it is only while living that they are "the best of kings." It is their power, their splendour, it is the apprehension of the personal consequences of their favour or their hatred, that dazzles the imagination and suspends the judgment of their favourites or their vassals; but death cancels the bond of allegiance and of interest; and seen *as they were*, their power and their pretensions look monstrous and ridiculous. The charge brought against modern philosophy as inimical to loyalty is unjust, because it might as well be brought against other things. No reader of history can be a lover of kings. We have often wondered that Henry VIII. as he is drawn by Shakspeare, and as we have seen him represented in all the bloated deformity of mind and person, is not hooted from the English stage.'—pp. 241, 242.

We need not answer this gabble; Mr. Hazlitt has done it himself. In his remarks upon *Coriolanus*, which contain the concentrated venom of his malignity, he has libelled our great poet as a friend of arbitrary power, in order that he may introduce an invective against human nature.

'Shakspeare himself seems to have had a leaning to the arbitrary side of the question, perhaps from some feeling of contempt for his own origin; and to have spared no occasion of baiting the rabble.'—p. 69.

Shall we not be dishonouring the gentle Shakspeare by answering such calumny, when every page of his works supplies its refutation? Who has painted with more cordial feelings the tranquil innocence of humble life? Who has furnished more instructive lessons to the

the great upon 'the insolence of office'—'the oppressors wrong'—or the abuses of 'brief authority;' or who has more severely stigmatised those 'who crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, where thrift may follow fawning?' It is true he was not actuated by an envious hatred of greatness; he was not at all likely, had he lived in our time, to be an orator in Spa fields, or the editor of a seditious Sunday newspaper; he knew what discord would follow if degree were taken away; and therefore, with the wise and good of every age, he pointed out the injuries that must arise to society from a turbulent rabble instigated to mischief by men not much more enlightened, and infinitely more worthless than themselves. But it was not Shakspeare alone that was disposed to favour arbitrary power; it is the general tendency of poetry to encourage such feelings.

'The principle of poetry is a very anti-levelling principle.—It shews its head turretted, crowned, and crested. Its front is gilt and blood-stained. Before it "it carries noise, and behind it tears." It has its altars and its victims, sacrifices, human sacrifices. Kings, priests, nobles, are its train-bearers, tyrants and slaves its executioners.—"Carriage is its daughter."—Poetry is right royal. It puts the individual for the species, the one above the infinite many, might before right. A lion hunting a flock of sheep or a herd of wild asses is a more poetical object than they; and we even take part with the lordly beast, because our vanity or some other feeling makes us disposed to place ourselves in the situation of the strongest party.'—pp. 70, 71.

Nor is this the case with works of fiction only.

'The history of mankind is a romance, a mask, a tragedy, constructed upon the principles of *poetical justice*; it is a noble or royal hunt, in which what is sport to the few, is death to the many, and in which the spectators halloo and encourage the strong to set upon the weak, and cry havoc in the chase, though they do not share in the spoil. We may depend upon it that what men delight to read in books, they will put in practice in reality.'—p. 75.

That a lion is considered as a nobler animal than an ass we will readily admit; and if we were to describe a hero routing his foes, we should rather illustrate it by a lion hunting a herd of wild asses than a herd of wild asses hunting a lion. But are these the only topics that afford delight in poetry? Do we read with more pleasure of the ravages of a beast of prey than of the shepherd's pipe upon the mountain? If we look to the history of mankind we shall learn from this new theory of the 'pleasures of the imagination,' that it is not natural for us to sympathise in the distresses of suffering virtue, but that whatever we may pretend, we are, in truth, gratified by the cruelties of Domitian or Nero. The crimes of revolutionary France were of a still blacker dye; but we cannot recollect that they were heard of with much satisfaction in this country,

country, nor had we the misfortune to know any individual (though we will not take upon us to deny that Mr. Hazlitt may have been of that description) who cried havoc, and enjoyed the atrocities of Robespierre and Carnot.

We should not have condescended to notice the senseless and wicked sophistry of this writer, or to point out to the contempt of the reader his 'didactic forms' and 'logical diagrams,' had we not considered him as one of the representatives of a class of men by whom literature is more than at any former period disgraced, who are labouring to effect their mischievous purposes *non vi sed saepe cadendo*; and therefore conceived that it might not be unprofitable to show how very small a portion of talent and literature was necessary for carrying on the trade of sedition. The few specimens which we have selected of his ethics and his criticism are more than sufficient to prove that Mr. Hazlitt's knowledge of Shakspeare and the English language is exactly on a par with the purity of his morals and the depth of his understanding.

ART. X.—*Origin of the Pindaries; preceded by Historical Notices on the Rise of the different Mahratta States.* By an Officer in the Service of the Honourable East India Company. London. 1818. 8vo. pp. 172.

THE rise and progress of the Mahratta States have been fully detailed by us in the course of our critical labour from more elaborate works than the little volume before us, which, though compiled with praiseworthy diligence and accuracy, possesses not sufficient novelty of research to induce us to resume their history. We pass therefore to a topic of nearly equal importance, of much greater originality, and, perhaps, under existing circumstances, of no secondary consequence either in the struggle afoot or in the future fate of Hindostan.

The Pindaries, or rather Pindarries, are a singular race; singular in their formation, in their habits, in their physical qualities, in their moral attributes, and in their social system. Chance made them a people; plunder and robbery constitute the bands of their union; cunning and courage are their patents of nobility, and superior talent for intrigue and military skill the sole title to command.

The name of Pindarrie occurs as early as the beginning of the last century in the Indian annals; several bands of these freebooters are mentioned by Ferishta as having followed the Mahrattas in their early wars in Hindostan, and fought against Zoolfeccar Khan, and the other generals of Aurengzebe. One of their chiefs, Hool Sewar, commanded 15,000 horse in the battle of Paniput, and under him they assumed a more regular organization. They were divided into

into dhurrahs, or tribes, commanded by sirdars; natives of every country were promiscuously enrolled in their community, and he was welcomed as a worthy citizen who to a stout heart added a horse to carry him on his foray, and a sword to levy contributions. They are, however, all of the Moslem persuasion, and the other *castes* whom they admit to their association are distinguished by the name of *Ogirra*, or strangers, while they address each other by the appellation of '*Sora ry*,' (brother.) At first, probably, they were less national; but as they acquired wealth and renown in the Mahratta contests, the vanity, natural to man, induced even these banditti to pride themselves on being what they were, and therefore to draw a line between themselves, plunderers by descent through several generations, and their accessaries, who could only boast of circumstance, and not of lineage, to entitle them to the atrocious honour. In their history we find the names of Heeroo and Burvan mentioned as leaders of considerable note, and also Dost Mahummud and Ryan Khan the sons of the former. Their dignities are generally ephemeral, and genius and enterprize, often in a very few years, raise a person from obscurity to the highest consideration.

In the rapidity of their movements, their endurance of fatigue, their attachment to their horses, their want of discipline, and their predatory mode of warfare, the Pindarries strikingly resemble the least civilized of the Cossacks. Their number is stated to amount to between thirty and forty thousand; but in a community liable to such fluctuations it is not easy to form any very accurate idea of their real strength. A year of plenty reconciles many to peaceful habits, and a season of scarcity multiplies the horde of freebooters beyond the powers of common calculation. But whatever may be their force they chiefly inhabit the country north of the Nerbuddah, round Nimbawar, Kantapore, Goonass, Beresha, and part of the Bilsa and Bopaul territory. Unless when united on an incursion, they live together in societies of one or two hundred, which, as is the case in most irregular combinations, are governed by him who possesses the greatest personal influence. These chiefs are called '*Mhorladar*' or '*Thokdar*,' from '*mhorla*' or '*thok*,' the name of the party, and when several of these are united the aggregate body is called *toll*; all detached parties are called '*buzzacks*,' the main body '*lubbur*,' and the leader or principal commander, '*lubbreea*.'

The lubbreea has no hereditary claim to pre-eminence, but owes his power entirely to popular opinion; military talent is the only passport to this station. Thus raised, the obedience of the subject is not much to be relied upon. Men wild and independent are not to be restrained within bounds by voluntary submission; and as the chief can neither punish disobedience, nor compel a due regard to

his authority, it is frequently set at nought, and is, indeed, rarely more than nominal, except in the hour of peril in the field. Policy and address are therefore required to govern the lawless and licentious multitude, and conciliation, as well as artifice, are indispensable qualifications in a lubbreea. The hope of plunder is the only inducement to follow him, and so long as he can lead the way to booty his instructions are willingly listened to, and his orders punctually obeyed. The farther he advances into an enemy's country the more firmly consolidated does his sway become. His followers feel their dependence upon him for immediate safety, and, perhaps, for their eventual return to their own country. Should the danger increase the lubbreea is clothed with dictatorial power, and the most blind subjection takes place of merely nominal subordination; but, the trial over, the Pindarry speedily relaxes into individual responsibility, and almost ceases to be a member of the community.

The tract of country to which the Pindarries are principally confined is of a wild and barren description; and it will readily be conceived that such a people, recruited as they are by fugitives, vagabonds, and outlaws from other parts, are not likely to improve it much by cultivation. Want is the natural consequence of this state of things, and in addition to their long-established propensities, necessity often compels them to issue forth in desperate bands in search of the means of subsistence. When an enterprising leader has determined on a plundering expedition he sends vakeels to the neighbouring thokdars to engage them in his interest, and to reconcile, for the moment, any private animosities which may exist among them. Having formed his league he appoints a time and place of meeting. He then develops his ultimate designs, and points out the districts which he means to invade. Those who approve of the plan join the confederacy, while those who do not acquiesce in its expediency, or doubt its success, are at liberty to withdraw and consult their own inclinations either by remaining at rest, or by seizing another opportunity to carry on their favourite vocation.

The mode of conducting their marches is in general as follows. When the lubbreea is ready to move he mounts his horse, without making any one acquainted with his intention, and, proceeding to some distance, he causes his trumpet to be sounded. On the instant every man quits his employment, whatever it may be, and prepares to follow with the utmost speed. The lubbreea moves in front, accompanied by his standard and trumpets. He waits for nobody, but allows them to join him as well as they can, and by this method he keeps his troop in a constant state of readiness. Thus they

they are the better enabled to be, as the climate and their hardy habits render tents or baggage an unnecessary incumbrance. Each person carries merely a few days' provision for himself, and provender for his horse, and thus they travel for weeks together, at the rate of thirty or forty miles a day, over roads and countries impassable for a regular force. They usually march about half an hour after day-break, and continue in motion till near noon, when they halt for two or three hours; they again move forward, stopping to refresh at sunset; at nine at night they change their ground, and again at twelve, removing about two or three coss each time: each of these halts is denominated a '*tull*,' and when they think much precaution necessary they sometimes make even a third change of position during the night.

This perpetual change of position confuses their pursuers; and the suddenness with which they appear in a place diametrically opposite to that in which they were last seen, and in a contrary direction to their apparent line of march, gives an air of magic to their motions, or inspires a belief that they are more numerous and in separate bodies, when in truth they form but one *toll*; yet their common marches are only about five or six coss a day, and their longest seldom exceed fifteen or sixteen. From the extended manner in which these expeditions are performed, they cover an immense space of ground; their line is frequently more than a coss in breadth, and nearly as much in depth, so that their multitude appears incalculable and always accumulating, as they carry off young lads from the villages in their route, whom they compel to assist in the care of their cattle. In this way they collect a vast quantity of spoil of every kind, though the objects of their greatest cupidity are horses; these they seize wherever they meet them, and not only mount their followers and load their booty, but have sometimes two or three led for each individual in the camp. Many stories are current in India of their adroitness in stealing these animals, and it has happened that the best guarded piquets of the cavalry, in pursuit of them, have in the morning missed several horses, which the Pindarries had found means to purloin from their stakes within a few yards of the sentinels during the night. To accomplish this exploit, which obtains great eclat among their companions, the robbers crawl upon their bellies like serpents, stopping whenever the face of the sentinel is towards them, and pushing on when his back is turned;—having reached the horse, they cut the cords by which he is confined, and placing their own black limbs in such a position as not to be distinguishable from his, they back him out as near the piquets as possible without discovery, watch their opportunity to mount, and suddenly gallop off among the bushes through paths with which they are acquainted,

taking the chance of the random shot which the startled soldier discharges after them.

Their bivouack at night offers a singular contrast to the stillness of a disciplined army, with its brief, solemn, and regular interruptions. When it is difficult to keep together on account of the darkness, they are continually calling to each other by name, and, from the noise occasioned by their clamour, the general direction of the march is easily kept. If the lubbreca changes his course he sounds his trumpet, and the word is also passed from one to another; so that although much confusion ensues, they never so completely disperse but that they can again unite in a short time.—Should they be attacked at such a moment, it is *saue qui peut*; they fly at full speed towards every point of the compass, and trust to chance to bring them together again; yet, with great apparent disorder, there is still some degree of regularity among them, and some general principles by which they shape their conduct. Each 'thok' has its distinguishing 'luggee' or standard, and proceeds in as organized a state as circumstances admit; and though a thok sometimes separates from a lubbur, individuals seldom abandon their thok. The buzzacks, or divisions, headed by some resolute and aspiring man, detach themselves in bodies of ten and twenty, and scour the country to the extent of six or seven coss, either in advance or on the flanks of the lubbur. When attacked, they invariably endeavour to lead their adversaries into an ambush, or draw them, inadvertently, upon the main body; their practice being never to fight unless under great advantage.—Flight is accounted no disgrace with them; but when the rear is hard pressed, the most courageous and best mounted volunteer to defend it. Should the 'toll,' however, be dispersed, by defeat or otherwise, the lubbreca's trumpet is sounded to keep the fugitives together; and, as this signal may not reach the ears of the more distant parties, he sets fire to some stock of straw or stubble, as an indication of the spot where he is posted, and a rallying summons to his men. It sometimes happens that individuals lose the toll for several days; but, such is their acuteness, from long custom, that they will readily discover the track of their party, when those unacquainted with their habits would be utterly at a loss.

When the lubbreca arrives at the place where he intends to take up his quarters, he fixes his standard in the ground and dismounts; those behind immediately begin to collect forage as the signal for a general halt:—every one passes beyond the leader, who is thus left in the rear of the whole. The men of each thok keep as close together as possible, and in this respect resemble the highland clans of Scotland, as they are all either kinsmen, friends, or dependents of the thokdar. No other kind of order is observed in their encampment—

campment—no guards are posted, no scouts sent out—but the lub-breea is expected to watch for the safety of all; which, as he cannot do by personal observation, he resorts to the frequent tulls or changes of position already noticed. So insufficient a precaution exposes them to be surprized; and recent experience has shewn, that, both during their mid-day halts and night encampments, they are extremely liable to be taken unawares and effectually assailed. It is, however, generally in their advance, and when free from apprehension that they scatter themselves so widely over the face of the country. In their retreat they proceed more compactly, and, if pursued, make marches of an extraordinary length. As their object is not fighting, but plunder, they have seldom been known to resist the attack of even an inferior enemy; and, if they are overtaken, they disperse, and re-assemble at some appointed rendezvous; or, if followed into their own country, through all their windings and doublings, and endless tulls, they immediately retire to their respective homes. They find protection either in the Vindhya mountains, in castles belonging to themselves, or from those Mahratta powers with whom they are openly or secretly connected; of these *Scindiah* and *Holkar* are the chief—to the former the most formidable branch of the Pindarries is attached, and not unfrequently exercises over his affairs an ascendancy, like that of the Roman soldiery, or the Strelitzes and Janizaries of modern times.

In all their expeditions the majority are mounted on a small, strong, and extremely active race of horses, on which they bestow the utmost care, especially in regard to their food, giving them the best of every kind of grain they can procure, raw: though in a period of distress, these animals are trained to undergo the same privations as their masters. It is a common opinion that the Pindarries give their horses large quantities of opium, to enable them to bear the fatigue to which they are constantly exposed; but this appears, from the best information that we can obtain, an erroneous idea. The prisoners universally state that such is not their practice. After a very laborious march, and when their cattle are much tired, those who have the means give them a small quantity, (about half a *tola*,) made into a ball with some flour and a little ginger, or some other stimulant. This is the only occasion when opium is administered, except in cases of illness. *Gram* is seldom given, as they think it liable to disagree with their small cattle, unless boiled.

Their usual pace is between a walk and a trot; they very rarely gallop. Like the Arabs, by constant practice, they acquire a perfect management of their steeds, but make no study of horsemanship as a science. In the day-time they take off the saddles, but never unsaddle during the night; on the contrary, they always sleep

with the bridles in their hands, and are in this respect ever prepared for battle or flight, or rather for the latter, since, on the slightest alarm, they spring on their horses, and are out of sight in an instant. It may be observed that they breed few horses themselves, but either procure them in their incursions, or are supplied by the Mah-rattas from the large herds reared in Malwa. The proportion of these different sources of mounting their cavalry may be approximated by stating that, in the party commanded by Buksoo, which entered the Deccan in 1816, amounting to between two thousand and two thousand five hundred, there were not more than one thousand of the best description of horses, the remainder being a breed of hardy galloways. The speed of his horse is the great security of a Pindarry; while he possesses that animal no danger appals him, and it is therefore almost the sole object of his regard; nothing argues greater negligence, nothing carries with it greater disgrace than the loss of his horse, on which it is figuratively imagined he should always be mounted: no success can afterwards wipe away the reproach.

The arms of the Pindarry are a lance or a spear and a sword, which he wields with admirable dexterity, though not exercised in that art; they are nevertheless fully sensible of the great advantage to be derived from the use of fire-arms, but very few of them carry matchlocks, on account of the inconvenience resulting from their weight. They feel their inequality in this respect, and, from their fear of musketry, seldom venture to attack a place so defended.

Having from the work before us, and from more full, and recent information of our own, on which we can perfectly rely, described the mode of warfare, the habits, and arms of this extraordinary race of men, we shall now proceed to take a more distinct view of the moral and physical qualities of the men themselves, and add a brief biography of their chiefs.

The Pindarries seem to possess several of those qualities which we most prize in a soldier—courage, and confidence in their leader to follow him through the greatest perils, strength of body to undergo the utmost privations and fatigues, and fortitude to endure them without repining. Unremitted exercise invigorates their limbs, and enables them to sustain hardships under which stronger men would perish. Their manner of life, ever various and exposed to risk, inspires them with a promptitude to act decisively in the most trying moments; and in situations where others would tamely surrender from despair, they find a resource in their invincible spirit, and hope of safety by flight. At times they wallow in abundance, while at other times they are destitute of common necessities; but they do not sink in despondency. On the contrary we may form some idea of their personal intrepidity and con-
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stancy from the resolution which instigates them to undertake journeys to so great a distance from their homes, and through the midst of armies of whose superior prowess and power they have had incontestible proofs. Mounted on their small horses, frequently heavily laden, without any other guide than the intelligence of their lubbreeca, they pass over an incredible tract of country, generally in bodies not exceeding two or three thousand men, holding an undeviating course until they reach their destination. The adventurous spirit of their leaders stimulates them to enterprizes which to weaker minds would appear impracticable, but in which they are well seconded by the devotion of their adherents. Their abstinence is often extraordinary. In a retreat their food is frequently nothing more than corn plucked from the fields as they pass, and separated from the chaff by rubbing between the hands. This, with a little water, is the only sustenance they can procure, till they attain some place of comparative security, when they again begin their ravages, and go on plundering friends and foes indiscriminately all the way to their own country. The worst feature of their character is displayed on these occasions. They every where commit the most dreadful enormities, and it may justly be said that all their good qualities are obliterated by their cruelty and barbarity. Their progress is almost always marked by the smoking ruins of villages, the shrieks of women, and the groans of their mutilated husbands. What they cannot remove is remorselessly destroyed; and it has truly been observed, that were such pests 'permitted to continue their merciless depredations without molestation, the peninsula of India would in time become a desert, and the few inhabitants that survived the general wreck, a band of savage and licentious robbers.' Happily for the countries subject to their inroads, their stay in one place is but for a few hours, and two or three months the usual limit of their expeditions.

It has been supposed, from the apparent directness of their operations, that their information regarding the countries through which they pass, and at which their ravages are aimed, is unusually correct; but there are many instances in which chance rather than settled design has been their guide. They have no funds wherewith to pay the services of spies, but in their route they seize whomsoever the fortune of war throws in their way, and from the prisoners gather those particulars with which they wish to be acquainted. The probability of a large booty is the first subject of their inquiry, and the next the number of troops and quantity of fire-arms by which they are likely to be opposed. That the replies to these investigations, rather than previous intelligence, influence their motions, we would not state in opposition to the generally received opinion, were we unable to bring forward some proof in

support of our theory. The following incident, among several others of the same kind, has been related to us. When Buksoo, in 1816, crossed the Nerbuddah, his only intention was to have plundered the Nizam's country, between the Kistnah and Godavary, but on crossing the latter river he was met by a faqueer, who informed him of the richness of the country round Guntoor, and of the facility with which it might be plundered, from there being no troops in the neighbourhood. The offer of conducting him thither was immediately accepted, all the former plans were changed or relinquished, Guntoor became the object of cupidity, and the faqueer rode on horseback at the head of the 'toll' by the side of Buksoo, through a circuitous route of above 700 miles. They laid waste the Northern Circars nearly up to Calcutta, and after the completion of the business a voluntary contribution of 1200 or 1500 rupees was raised among them, and given, as the reward of his services, to the faqueer, who, on the retreat of the toll, went on a pilgrimage to Muckwanpoor.

On this occasion, they collected an immensity of plunder, and perpetrated the most horrible cruelties. And it should be recollected, that they had been making similar incursions into the dominions of our allies ever since the year 1811. In 1814 they entered the province of Bahar, and up to the period of which we have been treating twice invaded the Madras territories. In the last inroad their augmented numbers and wanton atrocities threw the whole southern part of the peninsula into a state of alarm. Passing without opposition or difficulty through the states of the Peishwah and the Nizam, they spread themselves over the face of the country, and carried fire and sword almost from one end to the other of the district of Ganjam. On their return home, laden with the spoil and stained with the blood of our subjects, we have the satisfaction to say that several parties of them were overtaken and defeated by the Company's troops, against which they were not able to contend. The success of our detachments under Majors Lushington, Smith, and Macdowall, as well as of the Sepoys under Lieutenant Borthwick, in the southern part of India, and the equally brilliant exploits of several officers of the Bengal army, had a very salutary influence in checking the boldness of the enemy, inspiring our own force with confidence, and convincing the native powers that we still preserved our ancient superiority in arms and the art of war.

Heretofore their practice has been to plunder all places they can master; when resistance is made they dismount from their horses, and either keep up a fire from some shelter upon the defenders, or, in the event of their having no fire-arms, shower down large stones upon them till they oblige them to relinquish their post, when the Pindarries charge forward and storm it. If any of the
 assailants

assailants be killed or wounded they give up the attack. The wounded are carried away on horseback as well as their means permit, but when unable to accompany the toll they are left to the mercy of the villagers. As soon as they get possession of a town every man seizes such of the unfortunate inhabitants as fall in his way, and compels them by threats and torture to make a discovery of the place where their wealth is concealed. The usual mode in which they extort confession is by tying a cloth, filled with ashes or fine dust, over the nose and mouth of the unhappy sufferer, and, by striking him forcibly on the back or breast, obliging him to inhale it. The suffocating pangs which result from this treatment being found the most certain and expeditious method of overcoming human fortitude, they are the most usually inflicted. No regard is paid to age or sex; all are doomed to the same excruciating torments.

Of the spoil thus obtained there is no regular division, but each man retains possession of what he can secure. Yet as some must remain on the outside of the town or village to hold their comrades' horses, they are then entitled to a proportion from those who employ them; and, in this case, the booty is divided into three parts. The captor takes one as his right, another he bestows upon the person who held his horse, and the third, which is called '*peer bhata*,' (peculiar allowance,) he keeps for his trouble in getting it. In the event of an '*ogirra*' (stranger) acquiring a large booty, the *thokdar* will often seize the whole of it, unless he has been satisfied by a *douceur* beforehand. Quarrels continually occur relative to the distribution of the plunder among those who take it; these are always referred to the *lubbreea* for adjustment, and a small tax on each forms his chief source of emolument. He assembles a sort of council which settles the affair immediately, and the propriety of its decisions is rarely questioned. When it happens, as it sometimes does, that the *lubbreea* himself enters a village to encourage his people, if he sees a party engaged in robbing a rich individual, he claims a share of what they may obtain. This is occasionally refused, but more frequently granted, though more from personal regard than as an acknowledged right.

This is the mode of arranging disputes arising out of the division of plunder. The more inveterate feuds which prevail among them, as well as among all other Moslem tribes, are not heard of during an expedition. When once assembled, previously to setting out, all former quarrels are left in abeyance, and the utmost cordiality takes place. The thirst of private revenge is sacrificed to the common cause, or its pursuit postponed until the *Dussera* or *Mohurram* may afford an opportunity of gratifying it with impunity.

From the circumstances we have stated, it will appear that even while we write new and famous leaders may have sprung up among
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the Pindarries; but a brief sketch of those most distinguished, and the era when their extirpation was determined upon by the Indian government, cannot fail to be interesting.

The lubbreas of the parties which invaded the Deccan and the Northern Circars, are Buksoo, Bhattia, Bheeka, Syed, and Bajee Narsia ka Rumzans. The chief of the Holkar branch of the Pindarries is named Kawder Buksh; those of inferior note Tookoo and Sahib Khan. Their united strength may be computed at nearly five thousand horse, which are generally cantoned in the vicinity of Kunool and Shundra. Kurreem Khan, Cheetoo, (or Seetoo, as he is often called,) and Dost Mohummud, are also principal and powerful chiefs, and most of the subordinate heads of dhurals or tribes pay a sort of tacit acknowledgment to their superiority.

Of the recently more active invaders, Buksoo, otherwise Hoosain Buksh, is the most eminent character among the lubbreas of the present day, and is accounted a man of the greatest sagacity and skill, excelling all his contemporaries in the conduct of a 'toll.' He is represented as a tall, fair, handsome person, of an athletic form, and about thirty-five years of age. Though brave and enterprising, he is cautious in the extreme, and never risks an action when he can carry his point by other means. In difficulty and danger his chief resource is the consummate art with which he eludes his pursuers; and his prudence and cunning have been manifested in some extraordinary retreats. Constantly on horseback from his earliest years, he is enured to every hardship and fatigue; neither elevated by success, nor depressed by defeat, his courage and presence of mind never fail him, and he sets an example of perseverance and fortitude in the most toilsome marches and imminent perils. He is also master of the great art of conciliating all around him, whom he attaches to his person by affability and kindness, as was evinced by the conduct of his followers on the march from the Nerbuddah. So strongly did they feel their dependence upon him, and so sensible were they of the magnitude of the loss they should sustain if any accident happened to him, that even in their most urgent distress, when in want of a meal themselves, they would always procure something for the lubbreas. Such is his reputation, that the best and bravest of the Pindarry sirdars followed him in this last excursion, confident of success under his auspices; and the very 'toll' which accompanied him was not his own, but belonged to Cadir Nabob, who, notwithstanding his rank and title, was content to serve under him in the field. Bhattia and Bheeka' Syed also accompanied Buksoo in his expedition to Guntoor; but he was the nominal head of the confederacy. They remained united until they crossed the Kistnah: Bheeka' Syed separated

rated from the horde after the plunder of Guntoor, but in his retreat pursued nearly the same route as the other two, when, in crossing the Ajunta ghauts, he was overtaken by the Mysore cavalry, who captured some men and horses, and killed several of his followers. He is, nevertheless, noted as a gallant and resolute leader, whose courage is equal to any exploit.

Buksoo continued his retreat from Guntoor, accompanied by Bhattia, till he arrived in the neighbourhood of Colonel Doveton's camp:—here he accidentally lost his party during the night, and sounded his trumpet for them to join him; Bhattia's trumpet was also blown at the same instant, and the Pindarries were thereby divided into two 'tolls,' which took different routes. Bhattia was attacked by Lieutenant Reid of the 20th, in descending the ghauts, and sustained some loss in making his escape; while Buksoo, either more wary or more fortunate, passed unseen between the detachments intended to intercept him. It has been calculated that each man in his 'toll' carried off between fifteen hundred and two thousand rupees; and by his success in this undertaking, he not only acquired himself very considerable property, but added greatly to his fame as a partizan. Emboldened by prosperity, he now declared that he would render himself memorable as a lubbreea, and visit countries where the name of a Pindarry had never been heard! He accordingly prepared to ravage the British territory to the south of the Toombuddra, and to enter the Kokeen. But obtaining information of the numerous detachments on the banks of the river, and of the natural difficulties of the country, he was obliged to forego his original design; and, after making a few marches up the north bank of the Kistnah, turned towards the north by Punderpoor. On his arrival near Barend, he learnt the dispersion of Bhattia's 'toll'; the spirits of his men were much depressed by this news, as they apprehended the same disaster might attend them if they ventured too close to the vicinity of Jeroor, or Ahmednuggur, which Buksoo had proposed. They became loud in their demands to be led homewards; but the 'lubbur' having gathered but little booty in proportion to the others, he wished to afford them an opportunity of procuring more, and therefore took an easterly direction, leisurely plundering the country from Tooljapoor to Nooldroog, where he was surprized by the detachment sent after him under Major Macdowall. The least important effect of that night's surprize was the complete disarming and dispersion of a body of banditti, who had been the scourge of the whole country. On this occasion, Buksoo suffered the greatest disgrace that could befall a lubbreea, by losing his two horses: his standard, his trumpets, and his matchlock were likewise taken, and he himself, not without difficulty, escaped from the field on foot.

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The chief thokdars in Buksoo's party are Cadir Nabob, whom we have already mentioned, Kolee Raomceka Bhukna, (father-in-law to the nabob,) Mahomudee, Buhadoor, Byram Khan Kala Bhukna, (called also Mawria,) and Bhuka Loda, (a Hindoo,) from Cheetoo's army. Tookoo Dhakera Boochia Kyratee and Shaik Chund came from Kureem Khan. Cadir Nabob is, or was a person of considerable rank, and related to or connected with Cheetoo. The prisoners affirmed that he received a ball through the body on the night of the attack, which killed him on the spot; Kolee Raomceka Bhukna is also reported to have had his arms broken. Indeed, this was a fatal affair for the Pindarries, as Mahomudee, the first who raised the standard and proposed the expedition, was among the missing, and is supposed to have been slain on the field. Bhuka Loda is said to have been shot in the right shoulder, the ball passing through his body and coming out behind the left, in which deplorable condition he was borne off by two others on horseback. Buhadoor is a brave enterprising buzzack, (leader of a division,) and was the individual who discovered the defenceless state of Khanapoor, and brought the 'toll' to sack it. Byram Khan is a bold and courageous soldier; he covered the retreat of the 'toll' with about forty men, when pursued by the Mysore horse, and by the bravery and skill which he exhibited in this emergency, enabled the wounded and dismounted to get out of danger. Tookoo Dhakera separated from Buksoo with about two hundred men, to the north of Beder, to plunder the districts near Oodgeer and Maligam, and he is supposed to have proceeded to the sea coast near Bombay: he is acknowledged to be inferior to none in courage and conduct. Bajee Narsia ka Runzans is the chief who undertook to plunder Jugernauth, and entered the Ganjam district for that purpose; little more is known of him than the losses he sustained in that attempt.

As we have thus presented our readers with a distinct view of these characters, whose very names seem as new as they are harsh to British ears, though they have been the cause of no small trouble and consternation in India; we shall very briefly sum up the notice of the greater chiefs whom we have mentioned. Kureem Khan is descended from an ancient Mahomedan family; his early youth was spent in the service of Holkar, which he subsequently quitted for that of Dowlut Row Scindiah. His fame and enterprising spirit soon increased the number of his adherents; he enlarged his territories, partly by grants from Scindiah, and partly by usurpations from the Rajah of Berar and Nabob of Bopaul, whose dominions he alternately invaded and ravaged. He possessed himself of several fortresses, and, at the end of the Mahratta war, his power was such as to excite the fears and jealousy of Scindiah, who caused
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him to be treacherously seized and confined in the strong hold of Gwalior. Here he lingered some years in prison, but was at length ransomed, and resumed his former courses, in which he speedily became as imposing as he had been before. Scindiah, unable to crush him by open force, once more resorted to treachery, and, taking advantage of a quarrel between Kurreem and Cheetoo, assisted the latter, who overthrew Kurreem in a pitched battle, and compelled him to fly for refuge to Ameer Khan. Ameer Khan made him over to Toolsa Bhye, the widow regent of the Holkar family, from whom he has since escaped, and is now at the head of his dhurrah, cantoned near Barseim in Bopaul. Cheetoo, at present the greatest of all the Pindarry chiefs, enjoys the favour and confidence of Scindiah. His force has surprizingly increased of late years, and is stated to amount to twenty thousand horse, a small corps of infantry, and a train of twenty ill served guns. He possesses the forts and districts of Sutwass, which run along the northern branch of the Nerbuddah to the south of Oujeen, and nearly opposite Hindia, the capital of a district of the same name in Candeish, on the south side of the river. Dost Mohummud, the son of Heeroo, is entitled from his birth to hold the chief place over all the Pindarry tribes; he is, however, inferior to Cheetoo, and his troops do not amount to more than ten or twelve thousand horse, a weak body of foot, and a few guns. Wansil Khan, his brother, headed a party which invaded our provinces, and it was strongly suspected that they were accompanied by some of the troops of our ally, Scindiah. Their camp is at Bagrode, half way between Saugor and Bilseih, a district in Bopaul. The last of these leaders whom we shall notice is a remarkable person named Sheik Dullah, who, though only commanding a small number of followers, has rendered himself conspicuous for valour, and daring by his bold incursions into Berar, and his desperate attack on the garrison of Nagpoor with a few hundred horse.

These are the principal Pindarrie adversaries, not of the British interests in India alone, but of the tranquillity and civilization of the entire population of the Peninsula. Social order, and that security which is necessary to human happiness, are incompatible with the existence of such bands of robbers, who are ever ready to enter into the service of any evil-disposed prince or state, or of themselves, under their own fierce captains, carry desolation to the hopes of the husbandman, and misery to every habitation of peaceful man. To sum up their character, though we must allow that they are brave, enterprizing and vigilant, patient of fatigue, and possessing a confidence in their individual powers much beyond what is found in the generality of the natives in India, these qualities but render them the more dangerous, and extend the measure of their cruel
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and barbarous ravages. It is impossible, also, to avoid perceiving that with some degree of discipline, they would prove a most formidable instrument in the hand of an able and ambitious chief. To such an enemy we can only oppose the same alertness and rapidity of movement, which has, in several recent instances, been so successfully employed. They are now too well convinced of their inferiority to our troops ever to risk a battle, and nothing appears necessary to check their customary inroads but the same perseverance of pursuit on our parts which is exhibited by them in their retreat. They must be followed to their fastnesses, and disarmed. Small as their aggregate numbers, even when taken at the highest, must be allowed to be, compared with the amount of the military power now arrayed against them, and singular as it may appear, that the depredations of a band of forty or fifty thousand freebooters should require a vast continent to rise in arms for their suppression, yet the description which has been given of the manners, habits, and composition of these merciless banditti, the character of the country through which their warfare is carried on, the looseness of the tenure by which peace is held, even among the more settled and civilized of our neighbours in India, and the tendency of any disturbance to stir up among those nations the elements of general confusion—these considerations, joined with that of our paramount duty to protect the peaceable and unarmed millions subjected to our sway from havock and outrage, may render it necessary for the Indian government not to desist from the enterprize which it has been compelled to undertake, without having, in addition to the immediate suppression of this pest, provided by extensive combinations and arrangements against the possibility, or at least the near risk of its revival.

ANT. XI. *Brudstykker af en Dagbok holden i Grönland i Aarene 1770—1778 af Hans Egede Saabye, fordm ordineret Missionær i Claushavns og Christianshaabs distrikter nu Sogne-priest til Udbye i Fyens stift. Odensee. 1817.*

HANS Egede Saabye is the grandson of the well-known Hans Egede, to whose employment he succeeded,—and after a residence of about eight years in Greenland returned to Denmark and became a village pastor—his cure is at Udbye, in the diocese of Funen. A visitation was lately held by the bishop of that diocese, during which he became acquainted both with our author, and with his manuscript, which he considered as a 'valuable memorial' of the 'Golden Age of the Greenland missions;' and by his recommendation the fragments of Saabye's journal, now published, were given to the press. The work was not unworthy of
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the protection of the Danish prelate; for when the map of the world is spread before the Scandinavian, he may point with an honest and national pride to the dreary shores of Greenland. Uninfluenced by the slightest prospect of temporal advantage, the Danish missionaries abandon all the comforts of social life, nay, the blessed light of the sun itself; but supported by firm yet temperate zeal, their labours become a calling of gladness, and their task of righteousness fills them, amidst their hardships, with happiness and content. Nor is the character of the Northman less honoured, though in a distant age and from motives widely differing, when we contemplate the hardihood and fearless spirit which induced the first settlers of these countries, Erick the Red and his companions, to traverse the unknown and dangerous ocean, until at length they discovered another Thule beyond their own.

It appears from an account of Greenland, published not long since at Copenhagen, by the 'Banque Commissair Collin,' who compiled it from the official documents of the Greenland Company, that in the year 1805, the two districts of West Greenland which are under the inspection of the Company, contained six thousand and forty-six native inhabitants. Population is on the increase, but slowly; and Collin supposes that the ignorance of the Greenland midwives is by no means to be left out of view, when we endeavour to ascertain the causes by which it is checked. Almost all the Greenlanders have been baptized, and very few heathens are found, except in Upernavick, the northernmost establishment, and Julianshaab, the southernmost one;—so that their national divinity, *Tongarsuk*, will shortly be left without a votary. According to the missionaries, the ideas of the natives respecting *Tongarsuk* were exceedingly vague. Some considered him as a spirit; others as a man. Some held that he was immortal; others, (as the good Saabye says,) 'that a certain noise could kill him.' These contradictory accounts must be ascribed to the misapprehensions of the missionaries. False religions may be absurd and foolish, but they are consistent in inconsistency; their articles of belief are always definite; such as they are, the idolater rests on them, nor does he enfeeble his fallacious hope with doubt or uncertainty.

Mr. Collin speaks rather lightly of the benefits derived from the missions; he doubts whether the converted Greenlanders have improved much in morals, or whether they believe less in witchcraft than their pagan brethren. Such remarks are not made in fairness. The bank-commissioner might have recollected, that a thousand years of Christianity have not been able to obliterate the vestiges of the superstitious of pagan times in his own country; and as to morals, it will be well if the servants of the Greenland Company exhibit even the small degree of improvement which he allows to the
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the natives. In Saabye's time, at least, their agents were far from being patterns of morality in their dealings with the unsuspecting natives. The measure in which they bought the whale blubber from the Greenlanders contained one-third more than it ought, and, not contented with this mode of cheating, the knaves used to knock out the bottom of the tub, and place it over a hole dug in the ground, which of course was first filled with the greasy treasure before the contents rose in the cask. Saabye adds, that if the missionaries, as the protectors of their flocks, dared to expostulate with the servants of the Company, they exposed themselves to the ill-will of these important characters; and he himself was vilely calumniated by them on his return, as a reward for his benevolent interference.

The Greenland trade is of some consequence to the Danes. The imports of the colonies amount, on an average, to 85,000 Danish rix-dollars; the staple exports are seal-skins and blubber. Seals are caught by the Greenlanders solely on their own account. The whale, as a royal fish, we suppose, is divided between them and the Company. Till the year 1804, they shared it equally; at present only one-third of the fish belongs to the Company, and the remaining two-thirds reward the captor. Formerly the whale-bone afforded considerable gain to the Greenlanders: but now, scarcely any market can be found for it, as the beauties of Europe have divested themselves of the defensive armour which cramped the bodies and destroyed the health of their grandmothers. The sea affords the Greenlanders food and merchandize—the land but little of either. Instead of employing themselves usefully on the coast, during the summer, they prefer chasing the rein deer; but his flesh cannot be preserved for winter stores, and his skin can only be employed in making '*fruentimmerbeenklæder*,' which tremendous heptasyllable, as we find, by the help of Wolff's '*Ord-bog*,' signifies '*breeches for the ladies*.' Where there is woman, there is vanity; and '*fruentimmerbeenklæder*' are as much in request at Kîrgartursuk and Omanarsuk as Cashmir shawls at Paris.

The Greenlanders are paid in goods of different kinds, which are delivered to them by the Company according to a fixed tariff. But, in the year 1801, a circulating medium was partially introduced:—'*blest paper-credit*' has flown even to the huts of Godhaon, where the '*Inspecteur*' was first authorized to pay the inhabitants '*in bills of exchange of six and seven Danish skilling each*.' This measure has been a real benefit to the Greenlanders; it has taught them prudence and economy; and they are far less improvident and hasty in their bargains than before: the inspectors therefore wish to extend this currency to the other settlements.

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The Greenlanders are a clear-headed intelligent people; they can all read and write their own language; the chief benefit of civilized society has reached them, while its vices and its wretchedness remain beyond the sea. Saabye kept a school every day, except Sundays, from nine till two. The children flocked to it with delight, and he used to see the parents carrying the little ones to and from the school-house through the deep snow. The scholars could all read the Greenland language currently before they were twelve years of age; Saabye employed them in copying 'Pontoppidan's Explanation of the Catechism,' and they amused themselves much by writing letters to each other as well as to him. At the age of thirteen they left the school and were confirmed.

Like many of the American and polar languages, that of the Greenlanders is distinguished by the complexity of its structure; it has three numbers, and the dual has three persons. The paradigm of their verb, in combination with the various personal pronouns, branches into an infinite variety of forms; and each primitive verb, by means of an affix, gives rise to a host of derivatives, extending through every variety of action; e. g. *Narpok*, when added to the verb which signifies to wash, causes it to signify, 'he does nothing but wash.' *Tarpok*, 'he comes for the purpose of washing.' *Jekpok*, 'he is almost about to wash.' *Llarpok*, 'he continues washing.' *Karpok*, 'he is just beginning to wash.' This is continued through every mode and tense and person. It seems an instinct in man to pride himself upon his language, just as singing-birds take a pleasure in their song. The merest savage mocks at the stranger who mispronounces his household words. The Greenlanders are critical observers of the purity of their language. If the preacher sins against its niceties in his sermon, they are sure to correct him when the service is over. The difficulty of learning the language is a great obstacle to the missions, as several years elapse before the missionaries can speak it with fluency enough to be able to communicate freely with their parishioners.

Before the year 1792 there were ten missionaries in Greenland, but then the number was reduced to five. During the last war all communication with Denmark was cut off, and at length one missionary alone remained there. The stipend of these good men is very moderate, which must be attributed to the limited resources, rather than to the parsimony of the Danish government; it is paid to them partly in money and partly in provisions, but their fare is coarse and scanty, and they suffer great privations, almost approaching to distress. Saabye has given an unaffected yet forcible delineation of the feelings of the missionary and his family during the long and lonely Greenland year. They have one bright epoch; for it is a blithe and happy time to them, when the ice is

horneed from the rocky coast, and they can expect the arrival of the vessel, which alone reaches them in their solitude. Often deceived by the floating ice-berg forming itself, in mockery, into the shape of the friendly visitant, at length they see the white sails and the masts, and now she is riding safe at anchor in the bay. By this vessel their wants are supplied. The active and pious housewife, of whom our missionary always speaks with tranquil affection, busies herself in arranging the stores of the ensuing twelvemonth. There are letters, too, from friends and from relations, and books, and newspapers; and banished as they are, they live again in Denmark, in their '*Juther land*.'—These hours of innocent happiness soon glide away; the ship sails; and the missionary and the partner of his toils remain behind, solitary and forsaken. To this season of bitterness succeeds the gloom of the polar night. A few days before the 26th of November, Saabye used to climb the high rocks, from whence, at noon, he could just see the sun dimly shining, with a soft and pallid light, and then the sun sunk, and he bade farewell to the eye of creation with heaviness and grief. A dubious twilight continued till the beginning of December, then darkness ruled. The stream, near which Saabye's house was situated, roared beneath the ice; the sea dashed and foamed over the rocks, bursting in foam against his windows; and the dogs filled the air with long continued moans. His journeys at Christmas time were performed by moon-light, or whilst the merry north light danced and streamed in the sky. About the 12th of January the rays of the rising sun glittered on the rocks. He rose, bright in radiance,

Breaking the lubber bands of sleep that bound him
 With all his fires and travelling glories round him,
 and the world started from its torpor. They also felt a new life within them, they looked forward to spring and summer, and the ship from Denmark. 'We even seemed to breathe more freely.' 'Here,' adds Saabye, (i. e. at Udbye,) 'we know not how to prize the daily presence of the sun, because we never know his absence. When others complain of the short December days, I think on Greenland, and thank God for the light which he gives us here in December.' At Saabye's settlement the polar day begins on the 24th of May, but it was not till the beginning of July that the soil of his little garden was sufficiently thawed to enable him to sow it. Great labour had been bestowed in making the ground. The thin ayer of earth which covered the rock adjoining his house was not deep enough for the spade, therefore our pastor and his wife brought good mould every now and then, which they carried in a tub, till they found it was sufficient to allow of vegetation. The details of their horticulture are curious. Cabbages flourished remarkably well,

well, turnips grew to the size of a tea-cup and lost their bitter taste, and acquired an agreeable sweetness; but Saabye's carrots were never larger than the stalk of a tobacco pipe. Celery and broad beans would not grow at all; peas ran into bloom, but it did not set; the barley was killed by the frost. Vegetation was uncommonly rapid. So much for exotics. Disco island abounds with angelica, whose roots afford a pleasant and salubrious food; this plant is not found at all on the shores of the bay, though it is common in the more southern latitudes of Greenland. The Greenlanders believe that a certain Auekok or conjuror came to settle at Disco, and not finding a supply of his favourite comfit, he towed the island from the south into its present situation. At the summer solstice, the sun at midnight seemed to be of the same altitude as he is at noon in Denmark in the month of December. And it is a glorious spectacle to follow him in his unwearied course, circling again and again around the heavens. The night sun sheds a mild warmth, and yet he shines with a broad unnatural glare: the sky is clear and the air calm. On the contrary when he is at his greatest altitude, fogs envelop the land, the air is sultry, swarming with tormentors of the insect tribes. On the 20th of July the sun begins to dip below the horizon; at first his setting is scarcely perceptible, but the night frosts soon increase, and remind the missionary of the approach of the evening of the year.

Little is known respecting the mineralogy of Greenland. Collin states that in 1806 an experienced mineralogist, the Berg-raad Giseke, undertook a voyage thither for the purpose of supplying this hiatus. He drew up a report of his discoveries in south Greenland, which he intended to transmit to Denmark, but the vessel by which it was sent was captured, and, as M. Collin is pleased to think, by an English cruiser. Greenland has been supposed to contain precious ores. The early navigators listened greedily to tales of gold and silver. There is not a greater proof of the increase of sound knowledge than our comparative inattention to these metals. Lund says that the widow of Captain David Danells told him that her husband shewed a specimen of gold ore to the Greenlanders whom he brought to Denmark, and they affirmed that the same was to be found in the fissures of the mountains. This is just such a story as we should have expected to receive from a captain's widow. Rich specimens of copper ore, however, have been sent from Greenland to Denmark; and it has been ascertained that beds of pit-coal are found there. The author of the *Speculum Regale* praises the costly marble of Greenland. It was of various colours, red and blue and green. These variegated rocks are probably situated on the eastern coast. We believe that only white marble or alabaster has been found on the west coast.

Saabye suggests a plan for exploring East Greenland, which it appears could be carried into effect without much difficulty. It is simple enough. He proposes that settlements or 'loges' should be established one by one along the west coast till the line reaches Statenhook; and that then the settlers should turn the corner, and ascend the eastern coast in the same manner. When Saabye wrote, Julianshaab had not been settled; now the Danes have an outlying post even at Statenhook—half the line has therefore been formed. No danger is to be apprehended from the Greenlanders who inhabit the eastern coast, some of whom occasionally visit Julianshaab. The *Jettlers*, whom we shall soon mention, may be more terrific.

Thorhallersen's description of the ruins of the ancient Norwegian buildings at Julianshaab, and at other spots on the west coast, is now before us. The present colonists are able to breed cattle at Julianshaab, though not at the more northern settlements. The Norwegian houses, or the ruins supposed to have been Norwegian houses, are generally situated near a salmon stream. The walls are very thick and massy, more so than their height would seem to require. We suspect that the courses were laid without mortar. Over one of the streams at 'Bals revier' is an ancient bridge, consisting of large flat stones, 'which, besides forming a road over the stream, must have been of great use in assisting them to catch the fish.' Eggers assumed that the numerous vestiges of buildings at Julianshaab indicated a corresponding population, and this was one of the chief arguments by which he attempted to sustain his paradoxical opinion that East Greenland was situated on the west coast. Wormskjold, however, has shewn that such an inference is unwarranted. Many of the ruins were probably only inhabited in the hunting or fishing season. Others seem to have been farm-houses or cottages equally used as temporary residences: this he elucidates by explaining the custom of Norway. The Norwegian peasants are used to shift their cattle from pasture to pasture as the season advances and the grass is consumed; and at each of the spring and summer grazing farms, which are sometimes at a considerable distance from one another, they have a dwelling house with suitable byres and yards. The scanty herbage of Greenland would render it still more necessary to adhere to this course of farming; and thus buildings would be multiplied, although occupied for a short period only in each year.

Marks of husbandry can be traced in the soil, and the grass grows rank round the unroofed walls, which are standing in silence and solitude. The Greenlanders yet retain some remembrance of the former indwellers of the ruins. They boast that their ancestors overcame the 'Kablunæt,' or Europeans; and 'Pisiksarbik,' 'the place of bow-shooting,' received its name from that war of desolation.

tion. Near the ruins which are supposed to have constituted the Norwegian settlement Annarvig, there is an ancient burial-place. Dead men's bones start through the grassy turf; and the Greenlanders know that they are the bones of the Northmen, and they yet fear to disturb them.

Let us now recal the romantic days of the hardy adventurers who sleep beneath the soil of Greenland, by turning to the life of Thorgill, the step-son of Thergrim Orrabeen, distinguished amongst them for his misfortunes and his courage. Like many of the heroes of Iceland his adventures were transmitted to posterity in the shape of a *Saga* of great but uncertain antiquity. All is not very sooth in these narratives of the olden time; much was believed which reason would reject, and Thorgill's *Saga* is told in a tone of fond credulity: yet the outline of the story may be considered as correct, and even its exaggerations are no less illustrative of the character and habits of the warlike compeers of the Sea-kings of the north, than the truth itself could be.

Thorgill was of a noble family, rich and powerful. From his youth upwards he had distinguished himself by his prowess against earthly as well as ghostly foes; and when Christianity was announced in Iceland, Thorgill was one of those who first became converts to its doctrines. Thorgill's constancy was destined to experience many trials, and soon after he had abandoned the errors of his ancestors, he dreamt a dream.—'Thor came unto him in the night, and his looks were awful.—'Ill hast thou demeaned thyself to me,' said Thor:—'Thou hast cast the silver which was mine into a stinking pool; but my wrath shall yet reach thee for thy misdeeds.'—'God will help me,' answered Thorgill;—'I am right glad that all consorting between me and thee is now at an end.' Thorgill awoke, and found that the threats of Thor were not idle, the anger of the god had fallen amongst his swine; in a second vision, which troubled his sleep on the following night, Thor repeated his menaces, and was again defied. That same night an ox belonging to Thorgill experienced the ire of the tempting spirit. But on the third night Thorgill slept not, he watched with his cattle, and when he returned home in the morning his body was all livid and bruised. Thorgill told nought of what had befallen him; but the men of Iceland knew well that Thor and Thorgill had wrestled in the gloom. And his cattle died no more.

And now there came tidings from Erick the Red, who sent greetings to Thorgill, and prayed him to come unto him in Greenland. Thorgill was happily married, and living in ease and honour, but the message of Erick was welcome to the restless warrior. He immediately determined to accept Erick's bidding, which he communicated to Thorey, his faithful consort. Thorey did not listen to

it without anxiety; she was not inclined to quit her home, and she attempted to dissuade her husband from the enterprize. 'My heart misgives me,' said she, 'and good hap will not attend us: but betide what may, wherever you go I will follow.'

Thorgill placed his property in Iceland under the management of trusty friends, and embarked with his family and followers. Jostein, the foster-father of Thorey, with his wife Thorgard, consented to share the dangers of the expedition, and the twelve slaves of Thorgill were destined, as he thought, to assist in the cultivation of the colony which he intended to found, little anticipating the misfortune of which they were to be the authors.

Now it chanced that Thorgill's vessel was forced to lie-to in the firth of Leirvog, waiting for a fair wind; and in the night Thorgill dreamt a dream. There came unto him a mighty man, who spake with anger,—'Ill wilt thou speed on thy voyage unless thou returnest to my faith; but if thou wilt again believe in me, I will yet guard thee from evil.'—'I reck not of thy care,' exclaimed Thorgill: 'my way is in the hand of Almighty God.'—And Thorgill awoke.

A fair wind rose, and the ship sailed out of the firth; but when they had lost sight of land the wind dropped, and they drifted day after day till meat and drink began to fail them; and then Thor appeared again to Thorgill and taunted him, but Thorgill answered with defiance. Thorgill's companions, though they knew nothing of his visions, murmured, and said it would be well to make offerings to the deity of Valhalla. This their leader forbade. But Thor appeared to him for the last time, and promised to bring the vessel into a safe haven within seven days if he would believe in him. That will I never do,—was the answer of Thorgill.

After drifting some days longer there came a tempest, and the vessel stranded on the coast of Greenland: Thorgill now felt the deep malignity of the demon. The shipwreck took place at the close of autumn, and the ice-covered mountains rose on each side of the bay into which the vessel had been driven. They succeeded in saving some of their provisions from the wreck, but these were soon exhausted, with the exception of a small portion of meal; and the seals, or sea-dogs, which were caught by Thorgill and his companions in misfortune, constituted their chief food. In this miserable spot, and destitute of all help, Thorey was delivered of a boy, to whom they gave the name of Thorfind.

Yule came on,—the weather was fine on the morning of the cheerless festival:—as the sun rose on Yule-day, it seems they were not within the polar circle.—When Thorgill and his men went out a loud scream was heard from the north-west. The short day closed, and Thorgill and Thorey retired to sleep. 'Be still and quiet at night—'

night-fall,' was the warning which Thorgill had given to his companion Jostein and his followers, 'and keep to your faith.' Much was imported by this counsel; for Thorgill knew of the spectral foes who might assail them. Jostein and the rest came in with noise and merriment, and at length they laid themselves to rest, when a loud knock was heard at the door of the hut. 'Good tidings!' exclaimed one, and rushed out of the hut; when he came in again, he was raving mad, and on the following morning he died. On the next day the knock was heard again at the door, and another of Jostein's men went out, and fell stark mad, and died; but just before he gave up the ghost he recovered his wits, and told them how he saw the man who died yesternorn flitting before him. And then a pestilence came amongst Jostein's men, and six of them, together with Jostein himself, died, and were buried in the frozen snow. After Yule-tide the vampire corpses all rose out of their graves. The pestilence broke out afresh, and Thorgerd and all the survivors of Jostein's men fell sick and died before the end of the month *Goe*. These also became vampires in their turn, and swarmed day and night about Thorgill and his followers; they were mostly seen in that part of the hut where they had dwelt while living. At length Thorgill dug the bodies out of the snow, and burnt them in a bale fire, and the living were then at rest.

Now Thorey dreamt a dream. She saw fair groves and flowerly gardens, and glorious shapes clad in bright garments. 'And I hope,' said she, when she told it to Thorgill, 'that we shall soon be freed from our hardships.' 'Good indeed is thy dream,' answered Thorgill, 'for it points thee to that home where good shall alway befall thee, and where, amongst the holy ones, thy spotless life and patient sufferings shall meet with their reward.'

Thorey often besought Thorgill to devise some means of escaping from this land of desolation, but he answered that he could find none. One day, however, he said that he would go up the ice-mountain to see if the ice were loosening itself from the land, which he did with his companions *Thortief*, and *Kol*, and *Stackard*, leaving Thorey in the care of the slaves. They came back in the afternoon, and as they approached their hut they observed that the boat was no longer drawn up on the land. On entering the rude dwelling it was empty. Thorgill now apprehended that evil had happened. They stood still, and a slight convulsive sob was heard from Thorey's couch. They went up to it in eager haste, but she was breathless, and the little child was still sucking at the breast of the corpse.

Thorgill built himself a canoe; the ice now began to drift away from the land, and he and his men were able to row along the coast to Salone. There they remained during the following

winter. They continued advancing with caution until they reached a part of the coast bordered by steep icy mountains, and here they drew their canoe on shore and pitched their tent. Fresh trials awaited them. When morning dawned the canoe had disappeared. Thorgill now despaired; but at night he was visited by dreams of joyful import; and he knew that better fortune was near at hand. A loud voice was heard summoning the Icelanders to receive their boat again; and two gigantic women were seen for an instant by the Icelanders, then disappearing: these beings had carried off the canoe, and by them it was restored. And in this frail bark Thorgill and his men coasted along, till at length they reached first some straggling tents, the dwelling-place of one who had 'forfeited his law,' and then the settlements of Erick the Red, the main Icelandic colony. The remaining adventures of Thorgill, though highly interesting, are beyond our purview, and therefore, to borrow the usual phrase of the Icelandic historians when their personages make their exit, 'he now goes out of the Saga.'

That Thorgill Orrabeen was really wrecked on the coast of Greenland there is little reason to doubt. With respect to the marvels with which the Saga is embellished or disfigured, they are such as, in an age of credulity, arise out of natural causes and the workings of the human mind. Of these none are more credible in their way than the ominous appearances of the thundering deity: they give a lively and strong attestation of the inward struggles with which our hero received the new faith, at the same time that they prove the sincerity of his conversion.

The gigantic women seen by Thorgill are perhaps magnified in no small degree by the mists of Greenland; but they may be conjectured to have been the wives or sisters of the cannibals of Egede, a people akin to the *Jatters*, so often mentioned in the Icelandic Eddas. By the followers of Odin, the *Jatters* were represented as a race of savages towering in height above the rest of men. They dwelt in caves, forming no community, but dispersed in single families; they lived by fishing or the chase, but they despised the food thus earned when human flesh could be procured, which they considered as a greater delicacy. Jotunheim, their chief seat, was a large tract situated in the very north of Asia, including the Siberian coasts of the frozen ocean and the adjoining countries, stretching westward as far as Finmark, and bounded on the east by the river Oby; though the *Jatters* frequently wandered, both to the east and west, far beyond each frontier.

Under the names of Thursi and Hrynthesse they were also found dispersed amidst the mountains of Scandinavia where they long continued the hatred and terror of the more civilized Asi, by whom, like the other primitive inhabitants of the north, they
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were invested with a supernatural character. Such was the giant Thrym from whom Thor recovered his hammer; and who, stripped of fable, was probably only a griesly savage.

‘ High on a mound in haughty state
Thrym the king of the Thursi sate,
For his dogs he was twisting chains of gold,
And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.’

We shall not at present enter into the question of the affinity between the tremendous Jæters and the modern Russians; but it is thought that the people of Jotunheim extended themselves, after passing the Obi, along the north-eastern coasts of Asia, and that they crossed over to America, still keeping on the frozen shores, till at length they reached Labrador, the Helluland of the Icelandic navigators; and from this country they might cross into Greenland. This itinerary has been marked out for the giants by Professor Thorlacius, a learned Icelfander, descended from Thorgill Orrabeen, and to whom we owe the publication of Thorgill's Saga; but it must be received as mere guess work, perhaps as a learned dream; for the migration of the Jæters can only have taken place when the American continent received its inhabitants from the older portion of the globe. Saabye tells us, almost in the words of his grandfather, that he has known Greenlanders who affirmed that they had been far up the eastern coast where they saw hideous bearded men of uncommon height, ‘who without doubt are cannibals.’ Professor Thorlacius is also of opinion that the Jæters have yet a settlement on the coast of Greenland. This is a supposition coinciding in some measure with Egede's accounts, with which the Professor seems to have been unacquainted, and is grounded upon the following facts: implements of wood of unusual magnitude, amongst others a walking staff fit to support the steps of a tottering giant, have, as they say, been cast by the sea on the shores of Iceland; together with fragments of vessels of strange and unusual construction, of which the planks are neither fastened together with whalebone like the boats of the Greenlanders, nor sewed together with sinews according to the custom of the Laplanders, but fastened by wooden pins, and all of which are attributed to these scattered descendants of the ancient foes of the Asi.

These accounts come rather in a questionable shape, yet it is just possible that the northern hemisphere may have its Patagonians as well as the southern one: besides which, nature seems to have sported in gigantic creations in the vicinity of the polar circle. The north pole is the holy mountain of the eastern nations, the fabulous *Meru* of the Hindoos, the *Kaf* of the Arabian mythologists, and perhaps the real prototype of the Grecian Olympus. It is in ages anterior to history that we must seek the origin of these opinions.

May

May not the Hindoos have been induced to give the North Pole to 'Bramah, god of gods, with four faces, greatest of those who know the Vedas,' in consequence of the awful and unparalleled vividness of the apparitions of the Aurora Borealis on the coasts of the Frozen Ocean between the mouths of the Jenisei and the Lena? * Gmelin's description of it as seen there is exceedingly remarkable. The shafts and flickering beams of ethereal light run from the north, multiplying themselves around and darting across the heavens with incredible swiftness, till they assemble in the zenith. The entire sky glitters and sparkles with ruby and sapphire and golden fire. Beautiful as the appearance is, no one can see it for the first time without terror. It is accompanied with loud hissing and crackling noises, resembling the discharge of the loudest fireworks. The wild beasts are alarmed, the dogs howl and crouch on the ground, and the Ostiack hunter exclaims, 'Spolochi chodjat!' 'The spirits of the air are rushing by!' Gmelin calls this tract 'the very birth-place of the Aurora Borealis.' In other words one of the electric poles of the globe is situated there. Such phenomena may well have led to the belief that Meru was the home of the gods, where they dwelt enthroned in light and power.

Kaf, according to the Arabians, was once inhabited by the preadamite kings, a primeval race of gigantic and monstrous forms who have yielded the world to the sons of man. These traditions were afterwards applied to the Caucasian ranges; but in truth they point us to the North Pole, the centre, as it were, of races of animals of appalling bulk. The whale, the sea-snake, in whom perhaps we recognize the serpent of Midgard, and the kraken, yet encumber its waves; while the adjacent continents are heaped with the bleached bones and frozen carcasses of the mammoth and the megatherion; and the feathers of gigantic birds, the prototypes of the roc, the simorgh, and the garuda, who once soared above the eternal snow. There is no spot on the globe in which these relics of former creation are equally copious as in that portion of Asia which was deemed by the Asi to be the country of the giants: the Siberian never sinks a well without discovering the tusks or bones of the arctic elephant or rhinoceros. The islands at the mouth of the Lena are described by Adams as almost composed of the bones and horns of the mammoth; and remains of the same species are very abundant in those latitudes of America into which the Jætters are supposed to have strayed. Without laying

* Captain Wilford places Meru in the highlands of Tartary; these remarks would be equally applicable if we were to agree with him: we are not satisfied, however, that the abode of the gods is to be removed from the 'pistil' of the worldly lotus, and placed upon one of its petals—although he certainly has maintained his opinion with his usual learning and ingenuity.

any great stress upon these coincidences, they are sufficiently remarkable. The discoveries of modern science seem almost to enable us to lift up the ancient veil of allegory and fable.

The scenes presented by the arctic world are such as tend to exalt the fancy and nourish the superstitions of untutored man. In the thirteenth century the wonders of Greenland, its monsters of the deep, and its floating icy mountains, drew many a Norwegian thither, anxious to verify the strange tales of the wayfarer who had returned from this distant region. Their rude philosophy was exercised in contemplation, and the solutions which they attempted of these marvels form an entertaining portion of their descriptions. The north pole, said they, is the extremity of the world, and the northern aurora flashes from the sphere of fire which surrounds the globe. The wonders of the polar ice are detailed at length in the *Speculum Regale*, in which the inquirer is told that there is more there than in all the world besides. When that work was compiled, and it appears to have been written in the early part of the thirteenth century, the barrier had already begun to accumulate round the eastern coast. 'It (the ice) lies more towards the north or north-east than towards the south or south-west or west;' and many ships had then perished by being entangled in it.

The ice offers many strange phenomena, which deserve to be investigated by a philosophical observer. As recounted by the navigator, with all their terrors yet fresh in his recollection, they evidently formed the foundation of many a romantic tale of the middle ages. According to Saabye, the ice-islands possess an attractive power, so that large ships are driven against them, if they do not take the precaution of remaining at a proper distance. Others may calculate whether it is probable that a ship can gravitate towards an insulated mass of ice: but be that as it may, it must be recollected that there is generally a current setting in towards the ice, which at least produces the appearance of attraction. These translucent and attractive islands remind us at once of the *mountains of adamant* of Sinbad the Sailor, and of Huon of Bourdeaux, and of Duke Ernest of Bavaria. The fantastic shapes and brilliant colours assumed by the ice are well known; from these we have the fables of palaces of gems and diamonds. The mountain of glass upon which Brynhilda was placed by her father, and from which her suitor Sivard the Swift brought her down, was probably modelled in the lay of the minstrel from an arctic ice-island. The mouth of the bay 'Witte Blink' is even crossed by a tremendous glassy bridge, reaching from shore to shore; the largest ships might sail through its huge arches. This fairy structure gleams like the aurora, and the 'ice blink' is reflected afar into the air. Sound is conducted and multiplied in a remarkable manner by the ice.

ice. Unfrozen water is an excellent conductor of the acoustic vibrations; does it retain that property when frozen? Whilst rowing by the foot of an ice-island, the boatman speaks, and his words return to him re-echoed in distinctness from the lofty summit of the floating crystal. But this echo is a voice of danger; if the ice be porous or 'rotten,' it is so shaken by the vibration that large masses are brought down by the sound; and the fragments often sink the boat of the unfortunate mariner. For this reason the Greenlanders observe a strict silence when they are in the immediate vicinity of the ice-islands. Saabye enumerates several fatal accidents which took place during his stay in Greenland, when this caution was neglected. Our readers will recollect that the Swiss guides are said to prohibit the traveller from speaking in the Alpine passes, lest the sound of his voice should dislodge the over-beetling avalanche.

If Thorgill and his surviving companions, brooding over their misfortunes amidst the solitude and desolation of Greenland, enfeebled by hunger and disease, saw the dead men rising and swarming round them, the apparitions in one point of view are not destitute of credibility. It is evident, however, that Jostein and the others did not become ghosts but vampires; endued with a portentous and demoniacal vitality, like her who haunted Thalaba the Destroyer.

'Oneiza stood before them. It was she.
Her very lineaments, and such as death
Had changed them, livid cheeks and lips of blue.
But in her eyes there dwelt
Brightness more terrible
Than all the loathsomeness of death.'

Whether it be an indigenous superstition, or the introduction of the old Scandinavian settlers, the belief in vampires is yet very prevalent in Greenland. Captain Martin Jansen, who was wrecked on the coast of Greenland in 1777, tells us that the natives were dreadfully terrified by the neighbourhood of the body of Boje Henricson, who was buried amongst the rocks. They scarcely dared to go out of doors, and they feared that many of them would die. When the Greenlanders kill a witch they tear out the heart of the victim and cut it in small pieces. If this ceremony is neglected they fear that she will rise again and avenge herself; and when an *angekok* is buried, certain ceremonies are performed to prevent the rising of the corpse. Amongst the Icelanders the vampire was as often seen as an incorporeal ghost, and a series of adventures very similar to those told in the life of Thorgill Orrabeen may be found in the abridgment of the *Eyrbyggja Saga*.

In Europe the terrors excited by these horrid visitants seem to be now almost peculiar to the nations of Slavonian race, or to such as are in immediate contact with them. The history of superstition will always be an important chapter in the great history of the human mind, and it would be well to inquire into the grounds of this most wild and absurd belief. We know not, whether it has been noticed that spectral visitations generally accompany a plague or pestilence. The vampires of Iceland and of Greenland preceded an epidemy. Equally ominous were the spirits which in the time of Justinian 'were seen in human shape to intrude into the society of men, after which a most fearful pestilence followed, and whosoever was touched by any of them most assuredly died.' During the great plague in the sixth year of Constantine Copronymus 'many imagined that they saw hideous shapes mixing in human converse,' or entering houses and striking those who were destined to depart. It was believed at Constantinople in the seventeenth century, and perhaps it still is an article of popular belief there, that a gigantic female spectre stalks through the streets before the commencement of a plague; and the chariot of death rolls, at midnight, before the dwelling of the Breton peasant, who knows his fate is fixed when he hears its mournful sound.

In England vampires seem to have been long forgotten; but in the time of William of Newburgh they were well known; and here again they were found in connection with a pestilential disease. Such was the corpse which, as William learnt from Archdeacon Stephen, rose in the town of Buckingham, to the great annoyance of the townsmen, whom he assaulted in noon-day. At the same time, says the monk, an event of a like nature, and equally prodigious, took place in the northern parts of England, at Berwick upon Tweed. A dead miser, into whose corpse Satan had entered, rambled through the town at night, but laid himself quietly down again before break-of-day: his vagaries were stopped, as in other cases of this sort, by cutting the body in pieces, and consigning it to the flames. And the rising of these vampires was immediately followed by a dreadful plague, which raged with unprecedented violence throughout every part of England. In the same manner the epidemy at Tranenavia in Bohemia was ascribed to the malignant influence of one Stephanus Hubnerius, who in his life-time had heaped together innumerable riches. 'Presently after his decease, which,' as John Heywood tells us, 'was observed with the celebration of a most costly funeral, his spectre or shadow, in the same habit which he was known to wear, being alive, was seen to walke in the streetes of the city, and so many of his acquaintance, or others, as he met and offered in the way of salutation to embrace, so many either died or fell into some grievous or dangerous disease immediately after.'

Examples of this nature might be easily multiplied; but we have given more than enough to shew that previously to the attack of the plague, or other epidemical diseases, a temporary delirium generally affects those in whom the malady is lurking, or who are predisposed to receive the contagion. Whilst this hallucination lasts it conjures up the spectres of the dead before them.

Our scientific readers will receive with indulgence the observations which we have added in attempting to elucidate the wonders of Thorgill's Saga. They know that the miracles of the monk, or the tales of the village fireside, are not to be wholly or hastily rejected by the philosophical inquirer. They now command the electric aura which gleamed with portentous lustre on the point of the lance, or burnt round the helmet-crest, the omen of defeat or the harbinger of victory. By them is traced the eccentric path of the stone which fell from heaven itself in the days of the awe-stricken chronicler. Truth is often to be learnt from the liar, and wisdom from the fool. Superstition may give a false colouring to facts, ignorance may distort them; but on the whole, pyrrhonism and scepticism oppose greater obstacles to the knowledge of nature than credulity. We may not be able to unlock the casket at our first attempt, but because we are so foiled at first, should we therefore cast the key despitely into the deep?

ART. XII.—*Investigation of the Cause of Easter, 1818, being appointed to be celebrated on a Wrong Day, &c. &c.* By a Member of the University of Oxford.

BY the definition given in the Tables and Rules prefixed to the 'Book of Common Prayer,' 'Easter-day is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon, or next after, the 21st day of March; and, if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter-day is the Sunday after.' This full moon is given in the tables on the 21st of March; according to which Sunday the 22d is Easter-day; but, as appears by the Nautical Almanack, the real full moon happened on Sunday, March 22d, and therefore, according to the above definition, Easter-day should have been fixed for the 29th.

From the well-known accuracy of astronomical observations, the occasion of this inconsistency is, of course, attributed to some error in the ecclesiastical method of computation. Without any attempt to point out the precise nature of the error, it has been supposed that the 'Tables and Rules for finding Easter' were originally constructed on a false principle, and have at length failed in the object for which they were intended.

Anxious to obtain some more satisfactory account of a fact so generally interesting, we took up the pamphlet before us, hoping,
from

from its title, and the respectable source whence it professedly comes, to see the matter at once set at rest, and the public instructed in the true state of the case. Great, however, was our disappointment when, instead of a correct statement, we found a mere repetition of the imputed false principle in the original construction of the Tables—rendered indeed more intricate and confused by the introduction of another fact which has no connexion whatever with the subject, namely, the disagreement between our computed year and the true periodic time of the sun.

Leaving these misrepresentations, (from the consideration of which our readers could derive no benefit whatever,) we shall proceed to an examination of the method on which the 'Rules for finding Easter' are constructed; from which it will appear that in their nature they are, and always were known to be, liable to the inaccuracy of giving the full moon on a day different from that determined by astronomical observation; and that this inaccuracy, with the accidental concurrence of another fact, namely, that the latter of the two days, thus differently determined, falls on a Sunday, has occasioned the incorrect appointment of Easter in the present year.

It was discovered by Meton, an Athenian astronomer, that, after nineteen years, the moon completes two hundred and thirty-five lunations, and returns again to its changes on the same day of the month; which term of nineteen years is therefore called the Metonic or lunar cycle. If, in the first year of this cycle, all the days on which the full moons happen be marked throughout the calendar with the number 1, in the second year with the number 2, and so on progressively to the nineteenth, or last year, with the number 19, the days on which the full moons happen, for any given year of a succeeding cycle, will be found by looking to what days in the calendar the number of such year is prefixed. These nineteen numbers, thus pointing out the days of all the full moons in the year, and especially that full moon on which Easter depends, having been printed in characters of gold, are denominated 'Golden Numbers.'

In process of time it appeared that the cycle of the moon, or the term of two hundred and thirty-five lunations, is less than nineteen average Julian years of three hundred and sixty-five days six hours by about an hour and a half;* and when this progressively increasing disagreement amounts to a day, the Golden Numbers would of course cease to give the true day of the full moon, unless they were

	days	hrs.		days	hrs.
* 19 Julian years of 365	6			6939	18 0 0 0
235 lunations of	29 12 44' 2" 48"			6939	16 30 58 45

Solar excess at the end of the cycle . . . = 1 29 nearly.

put

put back one day in the calendar. Such inaccuracy, however, was suffered to remain till the year 1752, when Pope Gregory's reformation of the calendar was adopted in England. The alteration then made consisted in this—that whereas, in the common course of leap years, *every* hundredth year had been a leap year, it was now ordered, that only *every four hundredth* year should be a leap year; that is, three days were suppressed out of the Julian account in every four centuries, by cancelling the intercalary day in the first* year of three of them; so that in one century of every four, the computation of time remained as it stood before the reformation of the calendar; but a day was omitted from each of the three other centuries.

This arrangement necessarily affected the method of determining the days of full moon by means of the Golden Numbers; which, as has been shewn, was previously subject to a progressively increasing error. The following means therefore were devised for correcting both the former error and that now introduced, and for keeping the Golden Numbers in future nearly to the true days of full moon.

It has been stated, that under the Julian computation the full moons take place sooner than they did nineteen years before, that is, in the same year of the former cycle, by about an hour and a half. This error amounts to nearly eight hours in a hundred years.

From this consideration, at the beginning of that century of the four, which has its first year bissextile,—the Julian computation having been alone used for a century previous,—the full moons will precede the time, at which they took place a hundred years before, by nearly eight hours.

But in the three centuries which have not their first year bissextile, one day being omitted, according to the Gregorian correction, the full moons, in the first year of each century, will fall later than the time at which they took place a hundred years before, by the difference between one day and eight hours, that is, sixteen hours.

These two deviations are thus provided for in the Tables contained in the Book of Common Prayer. The Golden Number 14, for instance, prefixed to March 21, 1700, shews, that the full moon, for a century, takes place on that day in the fourteenth year of the lunar cycle. In the year 1800, not being bissextile in the

* That the years denoted by any number of complete hundreds are the *first* years of the several centuries appears from this consideration:—the date being from the Christian era, or nativity of Christ, (which, as in the case of the nativity of any other person, is by chronologers considered the year 0,) the year 1, at its commencement, marks one year passed since the nativity of Christ—the year 2, at its commencement, marks two years passed since the nativity of Christ: by continuing the same process, the year 1800, at its commencement, marks eighteen hundred years passed since the nativity of Christ, or it is the first year of the century.

usual course, the full moons of the fourteenth year of the cycle will happen about sixteen hours later; which not amounting to a day, the Golden Number remains as before. But in the year 1900, the same full moons become about sixteen hours still later: the Golden Number 14 must therefore be put on one day to March 22d; and the full moon will be advanced in that day about eight hours. In the year 2000, being a bissextile year in the ordinary course, the full moons will fall nearly eight hours sooner; which might make it necessary to put back the Golden Number 14 to March 21st; if it were not that the full moon had been somewhat advanced in March 21st, previously to the first sixteen hours additional. And this, in fact, takes place afterwards, as appears from the numbers in the third column of the 2d General Table, (by which the changes of the Golden Numbers in the calendar are indicated,) going forwards and backwards, thus, 3, 4, 3, 4; and again 8, 9, 8, 9, &c.

The changes of the Golden Numbers in the calendar are indicated by the third column of numbers in the second General Table, thus: The situation of the Golden Numbers in the year 1600 being marked by 0, in the year 1700 it will be marked by 1; that is, the Golden Numbers must be advanced one day in the calendar, to rectify the inaccuracy before mentioned. In the year 1800, no alteration need be made; but in the year 1900, to 2199 inclusive, the Golden Numbers must be again advanced; and again in the year 2200; and after the Golden Numbers have been thus advanced twenty-nine days, they will again stand in their original order; that is, in the year 2500, they will be in the same situations as in the year 1600.

Upon an examination of the construction of the tables and rules for finding the full moon on which Easter depends, and especially the second and third General Tables, it becomes obvious that they are not calculated to give the *true* time of full moon; because all the calculations are made from a consideration of the *mean* time of the several periodic revolutions.

The term of one lunation, or 29d. 12h. 44' 2" 48^m, is not the true periodic time of the moon in the heavens, which continually varies; it is merely the mean time of a synodic revolution.

The term of nineteen years, also, is taken at an average, though evidently of different duration, according to the variable number of leap years which enter into it. Then a comparison is instituted between this cycle and two hundred and thirty-five lunations; at the end of which, it appears, the moon returns again to its changes at the same time, within about an hour and a half. This difference is neglected till a hundred years have elapsed, when it causes the full moon to fall eight hours earlier, at the beginning of the century which has its first year bissextile, and sixteen hours later in those

centuries which have not their first year bissextile; and, then, an average correction is applied, which, on the whole, preserves a mean correspondence between nineteen years and two hundred and thirty-five lunations.

Such is the construction of the Tables, and such the method by which the full moon affecting Easter is determined from them. Though not so correct as they might be made, it does not strike us that any revision could render them perfect. In the present state, however, they are as accurate as ever they were supposed to be by those who understand them. It is expressly stated in the 'Table to find Easter from the year 1900,' that the corrections occasionally applied, are, 'in order that the ecclesiastical full moons may fall nearly on the same days with the real full moons.' Whence, then, this unusual and passionate attack 'on the present mode of computing the anniversaries of the Gospel History;' as if a 'conviction of the fallibility of the Tables' were something new—as if some 'progressively increasing error' were just now beginning to take effect, and that it was become absurd to argue in favour of a perseverance in our present scheme of computing ecclesiastical time!

No longer ago than the year 1815, the very same disagreement between the day of full moon given in the Almanack, and that determined by the ecclesiastical tables, took place, which has occurred in the present year. By an inspection of the Almanack for the year 1815, it appears that the Easter full moon fell on March 25th. This was the eleventh year of the lunar cycle, for which the day of the ecclesiastical full moon is given by the Golden Number 11, on March 24th, a difference in the tables precisely the same as that now so much noticed, but not producing the same effect, because the 25th of March, 1815, did not happen to be Sunday.

These obvious, though different effects of the same cause might easily have been predicted, in the year 1815: and it argues a want of knowledge of the subject, to give the alarm subsequently to the certain effect, by a tardy denunciation of the cause which accidentally produced it.

With respect to the writer's proposal of determining Easter from the *astronomical* full moon, such a method is liable to more material objection than that now in use. For, since the changes of the moon occur at the same point of absolute time throughout the world, but the account of time differs according to the longitude of the place, an hour for fifteen degrees,—the astronomical full moon may occur on different days, in two places of the same kingdom. If, for instance, the full moon happen at London on Sunday March 22d, so early as 0 h. 10 minutes A. M., the same will happen at Dublin on Saturday March 21st, at about 11 h. 45 minutes P. M. In this case,
Easter

Easter would be celebrated in England a week later than in Ireland. Such want of uniformity is, we conceive, far more objectionable than the defect which occurs under the present system of ecclesiastical computation.

As the consideration of the accuracy of our computed year, compared with the true periodic time of the sun, though unconnected with the fixing of Easter, has been introduced into the subject, and never rightly stated, we shall conclude this brief article with an account of the present state of the calendar, and of the further correction which would render it perfect.

The true annual period of the sun, or the time it takes to return to the same equinox, according to La Place, is 365.242222 days, or 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 48 seconds, within the fiftieth part of a second. This term is also stated by Vince, in his *Astronomy*, as the length of the year, from the best observations.

The Julian year, consisting of 365 days, with one day added every fourth year, is, on an average, 365 days 6 hours. If the correct time be subtracted from this, there will remain a balance of 11 minutes, 12 seconds annual excess, in the Julian computation above the true.

In the year 325, when the Council of Nice appointed Easter-day to be celebrated on the first Sunday after the first full moon next after the vernal equinox, this equinox fell on the 21st of March. Such would, evidently, not continue to be the case, in subsequent years, on account of the excess, before mentioned, in the computed year, of 11 minutes, 12 seconds. In the year 1582, 1257 years after the Nicene council, this error had accumulated to $11' 12'' \times 1257$, or 9 days, 18 hours, 38 minutes; nearly ten days. Therefore, to restore the equinox to the 21st of March, it was become necessary to omit ten days from the calendar, which was accordingly done, by order of Pope Gregory. And in the year 1752, 1427 years after the Nicene council, when the Gregorian account was adopted in England, the error had accumulated to $11' 12'' \times 1427$, or 11 days, 2 hours, 22 minutes; eleven days were, therefore, rejected from the calendar; and the vernal equinox was restored to the 21st of March.

It is observable, that in the statute 24 Geo. II. ch. 23, made for correcting the calendar then in use, the definition of Easter is so far changed, from that given of it at the Council of Nice, that the consideration of the vernal equinox is wholly omitted. It remains, however, a criterion of the accuracy of our computed year; since the sun being at the vernal equinox, in one year on the 21st of March, if the computed year perfectly coincided with the solar year, it would always return to that equinox at the same instant.

With the view of thus keeping the account of time correct

retaining the equinox at the 21st of March, another important regulation of Pope Gregory was adopted. The ordinary course of leap years was interrupted, by an omission of the intercalary day in every hundredth year except the four hundredth: thus three days were suppressed from the computation of time in four centuries, and the computed year became, on an average, three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-nine minutes, twelve seconds;* leaving still a balance of twenty-four seconds annual excess, in the Gregorian computation above the true. They, however, so nearly coincide, that the excess will not amount to a day till 3600 years have elapsed; and the equinox will, upon the whole,† not take place twenty-four hours sooner than it did in the year 1752, before the year 5352. This is, indeed, sufficiently accurate for all purposes; for a great number of centuries must elapse before the equinox will be so far removed from the 21st of March, as to be sensible to the agriculturist.

The correction, which would have rendered the Julian computation perfect, will appear from the consideration, that the annual excess of eleven minutes, twelve seconds, exactly amounts to seven days in nine hundred years.‡ If, therefore, when the calendar was reformed, it had been determined, instead of the present omission of three days in every four hundred years, six days in every eight hundred years, and so on, that seven days should be omitted in the course of every nine hundred years, the computed average year would have exactly coincided with the solar, and the equinox been fixed to the same day for ever.

ART. XIII. *The Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the year 1678.* By the Rev. Mr. James Kirkton, &c. *With an Account of the Murder of Archbishop Sharp.* By James Russell, an actor therein. Edited from the MS. by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. 4to. Edinburgh.

THIS work may be rather considered as containing valuable materials for the history of a dark and turbulent period, than as being itself such. It has been repeatedly quoted by Wodrow, Laing, and other historians of the period, and carries with it a degree of authenticity scarcely pretended to by other authors of the

* $365 \text{ days } 6 \text{ hours} \times 400 = 146100 \text{ days in } 400 \text{ Julian years.}$ From which three days being subtracted, as in the Gregorian account, there remain, in 400 Gregorian years, 146097 days, or 365 days 5 hours 49' 12" in one average Gregorian year.

† On account of the correction of the year being applied on an average, the vernal equinox, in fact, takes place on the 20th of March in a leap year, and on the first year after leap year; and on the 21st in the two remaining years.

‡ $11' 12'' : 1440' \times 7$, the minutes in 7 days :: 1 year : 900 years.

time.

time. After remaining for more than a century in manuscript, it has been edited, as has happened in some other cases, by a gentleman who, although a curious inquirer into the history of that calamitous period, and therefore interested in the facts recorded in the text, seems neither to feel nor to profess much value for the tenets, nor respect for the person, of his author. Various motives have been suggested for Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe undertaking a task which at first sight seems inconsistent with his opinions. Some have supposed that it was meant as a requital of the *ruse de guerre* of the artful Whig who constituted himself editor of the Jacobite Memoirs of Scotland, written by the well-known Lockhart of Carnwath, and gave them to light in order to have an opportunity to stigmatize the author and his party. This was the more readily credited in Scotland, as Mr. Sharpe is allied to that family. Others, discovering another concatenation, have supposed that the editor sought some opportunity, if not to vindicate the memory of his celebrated namesake the Archbishop of St. Andrews, at least to throw out a few sarcasms against the enthusiasts by whom he was assassinated. On our side of the Tweed these would be deemed fanciful and whimsical motives for undertaking the very laborious and troublesome task of such a publication; but in Scotland, it would seem the ancient bond of 'kith, kin, and ally,' still possesses, or is supposed to possess, considerable influence.

Upon inquiry, however, we cannot learn that our ingenious editor claims any relationship to the slaughtered prelate; and we are reluctantly compelled to assign the labour which he has undertaken on the present occasion to the ordinary motives of an active and inquiring mind, which, after finding amusement in extensive and curious researches into the minute particulars relating to an obscure period of history, seeks a new source of pleasure in arranging and communicating the information it has acquired. Unlike the miser, the antiquary finds the solitary enjoyment of gazing upon and counting over his treasures deficient in interest, and willingly displays them to the eyes of congenial admirers. Perhaps we might add to this motive the malicious pleasure of a wag, who delights to present the ludicrous side of a subject, which, like Bottom's drama, forms a lamentable tragedy full of very pleasant mirth. Accordingly, when his author grows so serious as to be tedious, the notes of the editor seldom fail to be particularly diverting, and rich in all those anecdotes which illustrate character and manners, anecdotes thinly scattered through a wearisome mass of dull and dusty books and manuscripts, which only the taste of an accomplished man, united with the industry of a patient antiquary, could have selected and brought together. We propose, before concluding this Article, to say something more of the tone and spirit in which these com-

mentaries are framed, but it is first necessary to give some account of the work itself and of the author.

The pains bestowed by Mr. Sharpe have thrown some light on the obscure events of Mr. James Kirkton's life, of which the following is an outline. He was a presbyterian clergyman, and as he seems to have subscribed the Solemn League and Covenant in 1648, he is conjectured to have been one of 'the antediluvian ministers' of his persuasion, that is, such who 'had seen the glory of the former temple, and were ordained before the Restoration.' In this capacity he was settled as minister in the parish of Mertoun, in Berwickshire, from which he was expelled as a recusant after the Restoration. In the year 1671, we find him engaged in a controversy with the quakers, who then had some proselytes of rank in the south of Scotland. Kirkton did not avail himself of the earlier indulgence which permitted some of the presbyterian clergy to exercise their ministerial functions, and accordingly fell under the lash of power for keeping conventicles. He was trepanned into a house by one Captain Carstairs, whose view seems to have been to extort money from him, or otherwise to deliver him up to government as a recusant preacher. In this emergency, Kirkton was delivered by the forcible interference of his brother-in-law, Mr. Baillie of Jarviswood, who was afterwards subjected both to fine and imprisonment for having drawn his sword upon the occasion, and who finally suffered death for his supposed share in what is called from his name Jarviswood's conspiracy; being the Scottish branch of the Rye-house plot. Kirkton, after his rencontre with Carstairs, was outlawed, and obliged to fly to Holland. In 1687 he again returned to Scotland, and condescended to avail himself of the benefit of King James's toleration; a circumstance which probably, for a time, sullied the purity and corrupted the savour of his doctrine in the opinion of the *ultra*-presbyterians. After the year 1688, Kirkton, with the other ousted ministers, was restored to his church at Mertoun, which he speedily exchanged, to exercise his functions in the Tolbooth church of Edinburgh. Here he continued till his death, in September, 1699. A son survived him, who fell off from his path—and a daughter, of whom her father is reported, in a ludicrous and scandalous work, to have said from the pulpit, 'I have been this whole year of God preaching against the vanity of women, yet I see my own daughter in the kirk even now with as high a cockup as any of you all.*' These *cockups* were a sort of hat or cap turned up before; and, whatever truth there may be in the anecdote, so far as Kirkton is concerned, were certainly subjects of great scandal to the godly of that period, as the following passage witnesseth.

* Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence.

* I remember

⁴ I remember about thirty years ago, when cockups were in fashion, some of them half-yard high, set with wires, a solid serious Christian gentlewoman told me she was going to a friend's wedding; her comrades constrained her to put herself in dress; she was uneasy in her mind, and thought she was not herself through the day: when she came home, before she changed herself, she went to her closet to bethink herself how she had spent the loose time, as weddings and fairs are for the most part, and saw that keep a bridle-hand to their spirits at such times; after some thoughts, she went to prayer; her conscience challenged her so sharply, that she rose hastily, plucked it off, and threw it from her, saying—'Thou, nor no such thing, shall ever come on my head or body, that I dare not pray with. O that all gracious praying souls, who have a mind for heaven, would take good heed what their Bible says, and notice this and such like instances, and lothe, hate, and abhor the sinful, vain, fool fashions of the day, that the perishing world are ambitious of!'—*Life and Death of Alexander Peden, published by Patrick Walker, 1727.*—p. 145.

The same author informs us, in a passage that shews to what extent the vice of profane swearing had attained in Scotland, that Mr. Kirkton used to preach against it with a zeal certainly more laudable than that which he displayed against cockups. The note of his sermon appears to have escaped Mr. Sharpe. The whole passage illustrates the truth of the French proverb, *Jurer comme un Ecossois*.

⁴ 4thly.—Their dreadful unheard of ways of swearing,—the devil's free volunteers,—crying to damn their souls for Christ's sake, and others for his glory's sake, which are to be heard in our streets; others waging their bottles of wine, who to outstrip in greatest oaths; others, when their comrades are going for *England*, request them, as their best service and news, that if there be any new-coined oaths, to write and send them down, for the old ones in *Scotland* are become stale. Many have changed the holy and blessed name of God to Gad, one of his sinful mortal creatures; yea, some called presbyterian ministers, who affect the English cant, follow their hellish example even in their pulpits, which struck me with consternation and filled me with indignation, to hear the holy name of God so irreverently mentioned, or rather blasphemed, and many tender souls complaining of it to me, declared that it made their hearts to quake. The reverend, sententious old Mr. James Kirkton said in his pulpit in *Edinburgh*, that swearing was not a saint's sin, for it was not possible that a saint of God could be guilty of it habitually.'—*Ibidem*, p. 140.

The same biographer, (the zealous Patrick Walker,) who puts so severe a construction upon the affectation of correct English pronunciation, gives us another specimen of Mr. Kirkton's preaching, which, if correct, will confirm the charge his editor has brought against him of prejudice and credulity:

⁴ It was one of the sententious sayings of the Rev. Mr. James Kirkton, in his pulpit in *Edinburgh*, insisting upon Scotland's singular privileges

vilages above all other churches for a long time, "that there had been ministers in Scotland *that had the gift of working miracles and prophesying, which he could instruct*: and that he had heard French, Dutch, English, Irish, and other ministers preach, and yet there have been and are ministers in Scotland that preach much more from the heart and to the heart than any he had ever heard."—*Life of Daniel Cargell*, p. 34.

From all we know of the author, he seems to have been a serious and well-meaning man, not superior certainly to the prejudices of his time and sect, and credulous therefore in what flattered them, but incapable of perverting the truth so far as it was known to him, and having opportunities as a clergyman of eminence in his party, and from his connexion with a man of talents and fortune like Jer-viswood, to collect much accurate information.

The 'Secret History of the Church of Scotland' unfortunately only embraces the period betwixt the Restoration and the year 1678, when, as we have seen, the reverend author was compelled to fly to Holland. Mr. Sharpe has added something to the narrative by printing the account of the murder of Archbishop Sharp, by James Russell, one of the actors.

In reviewing the history of the church of Scotland, it will not be expected that we should draw a parallel between its discipline and that of England. We believe that the doctrines of both in spiritual matters, unless perhaps upon some very dark and abstruse points of divinity, coincide with much exactness. However great therefore the external difference in respect to government, it will be now readily granted by Christians of both persuasions, that each church contains and teaches that which is essential to salvation. And touching the points of external discipline in which they differ, we shall not perhaps greatly err in supposing that different kinds of church-government may suit a wealthy and a poor country, one where the reformed doctrines were introduced peaceably and under the authority of the civil ruler, and another in which those by whom the Reformation was received were necessarily obliged to plead their cause in arms and assert their liberty of conscience in opposition to Roman catholic rulers. The great Shepherd of our souls, who, through all his works, has led us to seek our spiritual good by the means best adapted to our relative situations, has been pleased, from the very commencement of the Restoration, in both kingdoms, to make so wide a distinction betwixt England and Scotland that as the attempt to introduce the Presbyterian form of church government into the former would have been like insanity; so in Scotland, such was the aversion and so absolute the overthrow not only of the Roman Catholic doctrines, but of all rights, privileges, and property belonging to the national church, that it became

came a matter of absolute necessity to establish a more popular and less expensive form of church government.

In England, the rule adopted by Queen Elizabeth was to preserve all that could be saved of the old fabric, transferring the supremacy of the church from a foreign priest to the domestic and natural sovereign, and renouncing those vain superstitions and human devices with which a long tract of usurpation and priestcraft had darkened the lustre of the true religion. Not only the graduated ranks of the clergy and their former means of support were carefully assured to them, but many circumstances of dress and ceremonial were retained, some as laudable and decorous, some as indifferent, yet proper to be kept up, lest an alteration, in itself very extensive, should be rendered violent by being urged farther than was absolutely necessary. Even in assuming the supremacy of the church, Elizabeth was anxious to guard against the misconstruction of such perverse persons as contended that she challenged the authority and power of ministry of divine service, protesting that she challenged nothing more than the sovereignty and rule, under God, of all her native subjects, ecclesiastical or temporal, of whatsoever class or religious belief.

Nothing could be a stronger contrast to these cautious and deliberate measures than the progress of the Reformation in Scotland, which was literally brought in with a strong hand and an out-stretched arm. All was there prepared, not for a partial but for a total change, and the hierarchy, long previously undermined, subsisted only by the countenance of the sovereign. The Scottish prelacy, long before their final downfall, had become objects of envy and jealousy to the powerful and proud nobles. They saw with deep sentiments of hatred Beaton and other churchmen of mean birth raise themselves by talents and learning to places of honour and dignity which they considered as their own birthright, and held those by whom such offices were, as they conceived, usurped, in high contempt and hatred. On the other hand, the dissolute lives and profound ignorance of the lower orders of the Roman clergy rendered them the scorn of the middling and lower classes in Scotland. The exactions of the church were resented by the inferior ranks; their lands were coveted by the nobles and gentry. Add to all this, the natural turn of the Scottish nation for metaphysical discussion, induced them to receive the doctrines of the Reformation with general interest and favour. And when it is recollected, that doctrines excellent in themselves and recommended by so many various passions and second causes were withstood by a feeble regency with the obnoxious assistance of a foreign power, it will not seem surprizing that the work of reformation in Scotland was carried through with an overbearing force, which left but few vestiges

vestiges of the ancient church against whom it was directed. Yet the form of church policy adopted by the Reformer John Knox, in 1560, in a mixed plan taken from the foreign churches of Geneva and Germany, not only admitted and enjoined a form of common prayer, but also a body of ten superintendents, whose office did not greatly differ from that of Bishops, saving that they were to be themselves preachers, and, to use the words of the Form itself, 'were not to be suffered to remain idle as the bishops had done heretofore.' Thus it was apparently the purpose of Knox to retain something resembling, in appearance, at least, the ancient form of church discipline. He is said to have received a message on this subject by a monk called John Brand, afterwards a preacher, from the catholic archbishop of St. Andrew's, warning him either to retain the old form of church-government, or put a better in place thereof before he shook the other. And it was, perhaps, in conformity to such advice, though coming from an enemy, that Knox, in his first Book of Discipline, endeavoured, too late, to save from dilapidation such of the church revenues as had not yet been swallowed up by the secular nobles. He proposed that the church rents should be collected by officers called deacons, and employed in support of schools and colleges. But this was rending the prey from the lion. The Earl of Morton treated the proposal as a 'devout imagination;' and this cold reception from one of the most zealous lords of the congregation was followed by the miscarriage of that part of the scheme. In fact, the regent, and the nobles whose interest it was necessary for him to consult, were in the act of using an indirect mode to possess themselves of the church-lands by soliciting and obtaining grants of them both in lease and in property from those who held them under title of bishops, deans and chapters, and other dignitaries of the Scottish church. How this game was played, and what arguments were used to induce the churchmen to this system of alienating the rights of their order, we learn from the following singular incident quoted by a contemporary annalist, Richard Bannatyne, the zealous secretary of John Knox.

The Earl of Cassilis, who from his great power in Ayrshire was usually called the King of Carrick, was desirous to obtain certain leases and grants of few affecting the lands of the abbacy of Crossraguel, in his neighbourhood. For this purpose he entrapped the abbot, Mr. Allan Stewart, in the month of October, 1570, to a small town over-hanging the sea, commonly called the Black Vault of Denure. Here, when the abbot expected to be treated with a collation, he was carried into a private chamber, where, instead of wine and venison, and other good cheer, he saw only a great barred chimney with a fire beneath it. In this cell the deeds were laid before him, and he was required to execute them. So

soon

soon as he attempted to excuse himself the tragedy commenced. He was stripped naked and stretched out on the bars of iron, to which he was secured while the fire beneath was adjusted, so as now to burn his legs, now his shoulders, and so forth, while the earl and his brother kept basting him with oil. This procedure soon removed the abbot's scruples about the alienation of the property of the church; and when, having intimated his willingness to subscribe the deeds required, he was released from his bed of torture, his inhospitable landlord addressed him with a hypocritical impudence which is almost ludicrous. 'Benedicite Jesu Maria! you are the most obstinate man I ever saw. If I had known you would have been so stubborn, I would not for a thousand crowns have handled you in that sort. I never did so to man before you.' These apologies the half-roasted abbot was compelled to receive as sufficient. The story, besides being a curious picture of the age, may serve to show that by force used or menaced the nobles of Scotland extorted from the catholic beneficiaries those surrenders and alienation of the church patrimony which took place at the Reformation. But it was plain that this course of proceeding must terminate, unless there were means retained of keeping up nominally, at least, those ranks of churchmen in whom the law vested church patrimony, and from whose grants the nobles might expect to secure it to themselves. Accordingly, it seems to have been chiefly with the purpose of continuing and legalizing this spoliation, that in the year 1672, by a convention held at Leith, the Book of Discipline was reviewed, and it was resolved that the names and titles of bishops and archbishops should remain in the church, being subject to the general assemblies of the church *in spiritualibus*, and to the king *in temporalibus*. Even the resolute spirit of John Knox (though urged to resistance by Theodore Beza) seems to have acquiesced in this as a necessary measure; but we agree with the learned author of his life, that his doing so could only arise from the despair of being able effectually to oppose the introduction of this species of episcopacy. The bishops thus established as the means of transferring the church rents and tythes by lease or sale to the nobility, were long known by the name of *tulchan* bishops, from a stuffed skin of a calf called a *tulchan*, placed before a cow to induce her to suffer herself to be milked. This species of church government was a mixture of episcopacy and presbytery, both of which might be said to exist in the same time and in the same country, the latter for actually exercising the duties of the ministry, the former for managing or mismanaging what remained of the property of the church.

There ceased not to be a warm and violent opposition to the name and order of bishops in the general assemblies of the kirk, which

which displayed itself at various times, and with more or less success, untill 1580, when an act of the General Assembly declared the office of bishop, as then used in Scotland, to be an unwarrantable usurpation on the freedom of God's church. Soon after this period, however, King James, who had experienced much inconvenience, and sometimes gross insults, from the presbyterian clergy, and who was moreover desirous of obtaining and exercising a certain influence in church affairs, obtained, in 1585, from the General Assembly, a very limited acquiescence permitting the name and office of a bishop still to remain in the church. A statute, in 1598, ratified the sitting of such ministers in parliament as should be admitted by the king to the office of prelates—a provision so alarming to the more rigid presbyterians that one of them likened it to the Trojan horse, and another exclaimed 'Busk him as bonnile and bring him in as fairly as you can, we see him well enough, we see the horns of his mitre.' In 1610 the king at length succeeded in obtaining the restitution of the order of bishops. And thus the church government of Scotland fluctuated from its mixed state to proper presbytery, and from thence to moderate episcopacy.

The order of bishops was thus restored, but upon the most limited footing, and differing in many respects from the more solidly founded and highly ornamented architecture of episcopacy in England. The Scottish prelates possessed no ecclesiastical jurisdiction or pre-eminence; their sees were poorly endowed with the wretched remains of those temporalities which had not been alienated by the crown; their dress was a plain black gown, and the ceremonies used in the church were few, simple, and such as in themselves were, to say the very least, decent and unexceptionable.

But while it would be difficult for an impartial person, at the present day, to see any thing in the order of bishops, as thus re-established, which could threaten either the Christian or civil liberties of the kingdom of Scotland, and while on the contrary it seemed to provide for the order, dignity, and stability of the church, it must be owned that, considered with reference to the state of Scotland at the time, the experiment was ill-timed, and excited suspicion in all ranks of people.

The nobles, the proudest in Europe, were indignant at the pretensions of the spiritual lords to precede them on public occasions; while as the poorest in Europe, they were also aware that to support episcopacy on a respectable footing, they would be necessarily, sooner or later, compelled to refund a part of the temporalities of the church, which they enjoyed either by simoniacal compacts with former prelates, or by grants from the crown.

The inferior clergy, instead of considering the rank of bishops as an object of ambition to which their order might aspire, which
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might give them a direct vote and voice in the management of the state, and combine them with the other orders of government, held the office in a sort of sacred horror. They termed the restoration of episcopacy a rebuilding of the walls of Jericho; the bishops' pre-eminence in the church, the precedence of Dagon; and their seats in parliament, the means of introducing the arbitrary will of the monarch, on whom they were dependent, into the council of estates of the kingdom.

Notwithstanding these general prejudices the hierarchy was established without any express opposition, although its members held but a doubtful rank between the secular nobility and the presbyterian clergy, contemned by the pride of the former, and hated by the jealous emulation of the latter. Success on this main point led James to attempt further alterations in the discipline of the church of Scotland, by introducing a certain part of the ceremonial of the church of England.

The common people, always liable to the most exaggerated impressions, had been preached into such a holy hatred of popery, that they saw its type and shadow in every thing which approached even to decency in the order of worship; so that, as a satirist expressed it, they thought it impossible they could ever lose their way to heaven provided they left Rome behind them. The extreme unpopularity of every thing approaching to ritual or ornament was so manifest, that even in the first visit which James made to his native kingdom after assuming the crown of England, not all the delight of again seeing their sovereign could prevent the inhabitants of Edinburgh from manifesting the greatest disgust at the splendid ceremonial of his chapel. Notwithstanding the aversion thus openly testified, James forcibly introduced into the national church of Scotland five points of ceremony, well known by the name of the Articles of Perth. They were, 1. That the eucharist should be received in a kneeling posture. 2. That it might be received in private in cases of extreme sickness. 3. That baptism might, in certain cases, be privately administered. 4. That the youth should receive episcopal confirmation. 5. That the anniversaries of the Birth, Passion, Resurrection and Ascension of our Saviour, with that of the Descent of the Holy Ghost, should be observed as holidays. Decent, reasonable, and moderate as these propositions must appear to every member of the church of England, they were totally uncongenial with the habits in which the Scottish clergy had been educated, and with the views, right or wrong, which they entertained of the reformation of religion. The leading ministers appealed to the settled state of their church, which had subsisted for nearly sixty years, confirmed by ecclesiastical constitutions, acts of parliament, the approbation of foreign churches, and the manifold experience of
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God's blessings. And they urged that ceremonials, supposing them in themselves things indifferent, cease to be so and become noxious when they give offence or scandal to tender consciences, or even to the weakness of our brethren. Even the Scottish bishops, and especially Spottiswoode, archbishop of St. Andrews, gave a reluctant consent to these measures, and not without urging the maxim of Saint Augustin, that as even a change for the better disturbs by its novelty, so all innovation, not obviously useful, must be dangerous, by exciting disturbance without any countervailing advantage. On the 4th of August, 1621, however, the Articles of Perth were ratified by parliament, and perhaps an account of the omens attendant on that concurrence between the crown and nobles, which fixed these innovations on the church, will best express the feelings and sentiments of the presbyterians.

'When all the acts were now concluded, and the ringleaders were insulting over the defenders of ancient orders, gaping for thanks and reward, and wishing every one to have wings to flee to court with the report; the grand commissioner, rising from the throne to ratify the acts by touch of the sceptre, at that same very moment was sent from the heavens in at the windows of the house, which was dark before by reason of the darkness of the day, an extraordinary great lightening, after the first a second, and after the second a third more fearful. Immediately after the lightening followed an extraordinary darkness, which astonished all that were in the house.' The lightnings were seconded with three loud claps of thunder. Many within the parliament-house thought them to be shots of cannons out of the castle. It appeared to all that dwelt within the compass of ten or twelve miles, that the clouds stood right above the town and overshadowing that part only. The beacon standing in the centre of *Leith* haven was beaten down with one of the blasts of thunder. After the lightening, darkness and thunder followed: a shoure of hailstones, extraordinarie great, and last of all raine in such abundance, that it made gutters run like little brookes. The lords were imprisoned about the space of an hour and a half; servants rode home with footmantles, and their masters withdrew themselves, some to their coach and some to their foot. So the five articles were not honoured with the carrying of the honours, or riding of the estates in ranks. In the meantime, the Castle thundered with their fierie cannons, according to the custome used at other parliaments. This Saturday, the fourth of *August*, was called by the people black Saturday. It began with fire from the earth in the morning, and ended with fire from heaven at the evening. When the fear was past, then durst atheists scoff and say, that as the law was given with fire from Mount *Sinai*, so did these fires confirm their lawes.—*Calderwood's History of the Church of Scotland*, p. 783.

Inauspicious as this commencement was, not indeed from the accidental circumstances mentioned by Calderwood, but from the disposition which the people so plainly indicated by thus interpreting

ing ordinary natural appearances as marks of the divine displeasure, it did not prevent Charles I. from following up the plan of his father; and while he vexed the English church by the introduction of new observances into their ritual, from labouring with more zeal than prudence to bring that of Scotland to the same model.

By wringing indirectly out of the nobility the tithes to which they had acquired a right at the Reformation, the king gave the greatest possible offence to that powerful body without immediately benefiting the great body of the landholders. But the introduction of the book of canons and liturgy, steps which James had meditated, but from which he receded in just apprehension, set the seal on the rashness of Charles. A casual tumult arose among the meanest and most worthless of the audience, which was commenced by a female, of whom the proverb is still current,

That when a woman scolding mad is,
We call her daft as Jenny Geddes.

Yet so wide and so general was the disaffection to the government, that this slight tumult soon spread into a general, almost an universal national insurrection, led by a discontented nobility, inflamed by preachers who boasted something of learning and more of rude eloquence, and supported by a hardy population, who conceived that in fighting the cause of presbytery they were defending that of heaven. The success of the Scottish in two successive wars, or rather abortive attempts at hostility, gave great and preponderating weight to the clergy of that kingdom, in whose cause and by whose exhortations the war had been undertaken. We wish to speak of these men with the respect which in many points of view they deserve. Their leaders possessed a competent share of learning and no small quantity of natural parts; their lives were, generally speaking, regular, even to ascetic severity; and they rejected and condemned even innocent pleasures and elegant pursuits, as unworthy of men dedicated to the explanation and maintenance of true religion. But in the imperfect state of humanity, even virtues carried to extremity run into error and indeed into vice. Conscious rectitude of intention hurried these eminent men (for many of them deserved that name) into the extremes of spiritual pride and intolerance; and what they esteemed the indubitable truth of their cause made them too anxious to enforce their tenets to hesitate about the means of accomplishing an event so desirable. Their friends were the friends, their opponents were the enemies, of heaven; it was scarcely possible to do too much in behalf of the one or for the suppression of the other. The theocracy which the clergy asserted in behalf of the kirk was not in those days so distinctly understood or so prudently regulated, but that its administrators too often interfered with the civil rule of the kingdom. The Scottish ministers remembered the saying
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of old Melvin, when grasping King James the Sixth's sleeve, he told him that in Scotland there were two kingdoms, that in which he was acknowledged monarch, and that in which kings and nobles were but God's silly vassals; and they were but too apt to assert the superiority of the last, which was visibly governed by the assembly of the kirk (that is, by themselves) in the name of their unseen and omnipotent Head. To disobey the king might be high treason, but to disobey the kirk, acting in the name of the Deity, was a yet deeper crime, and was to be feared as incurring the wrath which is fatal both to body and soul. The intolerant character of the Solemn League and Covenant corresponded with the writings of some of their more ardent divines. Some of these theologians (falling certainly into one of the very worst errors of the Roman church) went so far as to assert that men living papists and dying so, holding the complex body of their principles, cannot obtain salvation. The ruder class, as they termed the church of Rome the whore of Babylon, gave little better terms to that of England; and we find pre-*lucy* called in their writings 'a grey-haired strumpet, mother and daughter of popery, having a skin and face as black as a blackamoor with perjury and defection.'

But intolerant as these preachers were upon principle, and incompetent from their ignorance of the world, and of worldly policy, to the management of state affairs, the zeal of the Scottish people gave them a predominating influence in the management of the state subsequent to 1639. The total destruction of the hierarchy, and the re-establishment of the church on a model purely republican, was their first and most joyful labour. Proceeding now on the principle not merely of *proper* but of *rigid* presbytery, the lay-patrons were deprived of all right of presentation, and the power of calling to a cure was vested in the Kirk Sessions, or parochial meeting of the elders of the parish. The minister was the continual president or moderator of this body; and, in case of vacancy in the cure, a neighbouring clergyman was called in to supply the place. This privilege of free election completed the popular character of the church, but at the same time rendered the preachers too dependent upon popularity and the humours of their audience.

The kirk, thus reformed, had no occasion to regret the mystical union supposed to exist betwixt church and state by the intervention of the lords spiritual. The clergy had been so much the soul of the insurrection, which gave to Scotland a sort of temporary independence, that they both claimed and possessed the means of making their opinions heard and received by all true followers of the Covenant. It could hardly be otherwise, for it was in their name and behalf, and by their influence, that the aristocracy of Scotland had once more proved too mighty for the crown. The

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'doctor's chair' was not indeed 'stuck into the throne,' but was substituted in its stead; and the estates of Scotland had no influence in the government of that kingdom that was not shared and often obscured by that of the General Assemblies.

The possession of so much power had its usual effects on the weakness of humanity. Wodrow himself, after declaring, that the church, as reformed in 1639, was 'fair as the moon and terrible as an army with banners,' allows that, as it is difficult to carry a full cup steadily, there were errors even in that brilliant period; amongst which he justly reckons the fierce division of the presbyterians, in 1650, into *Resolutioners* and *Remonstrators*; the former being such as made common cause with the Royalists against Cromwell; the latter, those who refused to admit the support of the Malignants or Cavaliers, and shewed an early inclination to fraternize with the English sectaries. But the historian might have added the previous and more important blunder, that when Scotland was in a condition to have acted the important part of an armed mediator betwixt Charles and his parliament, the influence of the absurd and crusading idea of extending the reign of presbytery, induced her rulers to throw their whole weight into the scale of the latter, by which they missed the opportunity of bringing the civil war to a conclusion, and ultimately set fire to their own Diana in her Ephesian temple.

The reign of presbytery was at this period abridged by the course of events. The violence and arrogance of many of these men, who acted in the name of the Deity, and affected to be the immediate channels through which his will as well as his doctrines were intimated to the people, received a fearful castigation after the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, and subsequent subjugation of Scotland. The Independents met their texts with texts, but dissolved their General Assembly by the more expeditious argument of a military force. Lieutenant-colonel Cottrell, backed by a detachment of foot and horse, entered the assembly and demanded to know whether they sat by the authority of the parliament of the Commonwealth of England, of the English commander-in-chief, or of the Scottish judges. When the Moderators replied that they were an ecclesiastical synod—a spiritual court of Jesus Christ, who held their authority from heaven, the republican officer commanded them to begone, or they should be dragged from the room.

'He led us,' says Baillie, (who shared in this calamitous expulsion,) 'through the whole streets a mile out of the town, encompassing us with foot companies of musqueteers, and horsemen without, all the people gazing and mourning as at the saddest spectacle they had ever seen. When he had led us a mile without the town, he then declared what further he had in commission, that we would not dare to meet any

more above three in number; and that against eight o'clock to-morrow we should depart the town, under pain of being guilty of breaking the public peace; and the day following, by sound of trumpet, we were commanded off the town, under the pain of present imprisonment. Thus our General Assembly, the glory and strength of our church upon earth, is by your soldiery crushed and trode under foot, without the least provocation from us, at this time, either in word or deed.'—*Baillie's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 370.

The same author gives several specimens of the mode in which the appointment of clergymen took place during the usurpation.—If named by the presbytery of the bounds, the minister who received the cure had to preach in the fields, without a stipend; those only who were appointed upon the call of the Remonstrants, or by the actual power of the sword, received any temporal advantage from their benefices.

In these circumstances, the Restoration was hailed by most of the presbyterians as a joyful event, which promised to relieve Scotland from the ignominious bondage of the English garrisons, and her national church from the degraded state of subjection to which she had been reduced. The call of the king to the throne was so unanimously uttered, that they possessed neither the time nor the means, perhaps not even the inclination, to arrange any precise stipulations for any particular form of church policy; and men's minds were at the time so weary of the disputes which had given rise to such unbounded misery, that it seemed to be left to the king, the church of Scotland lying in ruins, to chuse whether he would rebuild her bulwarks on the model of moderate episcopacy, which they displayed before 1639, or on the more republican system which was substituted at that period. Those who held neither episcopacy nor presbytery to be systems of divine derivation or positive ordinance, naturally inquired which was likely to promote the tranquillity and suit the temper of the people; and the point was accordingly keenly agitated in the council of Charles. Middleton, a gallant soldier, but a man of a rash overbearing temper and dissolute manners, assuming the high tone of a determined loyalist, exhorted the king to seize the opportunity of putting Scotland at rest for ever, by annulling the Solemn League and Covenant as an unlawful association, and re-establishing the order of bishops. Lauderdale, with equal professions of devotion to the king's interest, and with much ridicule of the formality of presbyterians, adroitly thrown in to gratify the king's humour, advised Charles to proceed more cautiously, and for the present to leave the presbyterian church government undisturbed, and suffer them for a longer space to enjoy their beloved Covenant. There were many, he said, of the first rank in Scotland who were still so wedded to this engagement, that they would

would as soon renounce the four gospels; and some time and argument would, he contended, be necessary to bring them to another way of thinking. The former opinion prevailed, and Middleton received full powers to proceed in the introduction of episcopacy without delay.

The too-celebrated James Sharp, himself a leading presbyterian minister, entrusted with the cause of the presbyterian resolutioners or royalists, contributed not a little to this change, foreseeing his own aggrandizement as primate of Saint Andrews. Our ingenious editor has thrown some palliating colouring upon a character usually painted with the most detestable features. He has proved that, either from shame or compassion, his namesake occasionally interfered to prevent the severities directed against some of the remonstrant clergy, and that in his office of primate he was active in reproving the immorality even of his own most powerful friend. A letter to the High Commissioner Rothes, upon the licence of his conduct, (p. 213) is in a style of pastoral reproof well becoming a father of the church. But the great stain will always remain, that Sharp deserted and probably betrayed a cause which his brethren entrusted to him, and abused to his own purposes a mission which he ought not to have undertaken but with the determination of maintaining its principal object. Kirkton says that when Sharp returned from Scotland, he himself affecting no ambition for the prelacy, pressed the acceptance of the see of Saint Andrews upon Mr. Robert Douglas, one of his former colleagues. The stern presbyterian saw into his secret soul, and when he had given his own positive rejection, demanded of his former friend what he would do himself were the offer made to him. Sharp hesitated:—'I perceive,' said Douglas, 'you are clear—you will engage—you will be primate of Scotland: take it then,' he added, laying his hand on his shoulder, 'and take the curse of God along with it.' (p. 134.) The subject would suit a painter.

It cannot be denied that one main cause of this violent change had been the imprudent carriage and extreme zeal of the presbyterian teachers themselves. The severity with which they inflicted church penances, which in themselves have something allied to popery—the dominion which they assumed over the laity in all cases in which religion could be possibly alleged as a motive, or pretext, that is to say, in almost all cases whatever—and the sullen and fanatical affectation with which they condemned all pleasures, however innocent or indifferent, had made the better classes generally weary of their yoke. A contemporary gives the following ludicrous account of the marriage betwixt Somerville of Drum (ancestor of Lord Somerville) and a daughter of Sir James Bannatyne, of Corehouse, forming but an unamiable picture of a festival

meeting during the interregnum. There were, according to the historian of that noble house,

'One marques, three earles, two lords, sexteine barones, and eight ministers, present at the solemnitie, but not one musitian; they lyked yet better the bleetings of the calves of Dan and Bethell, the ministers, long-winded, and sometimes nonsensical graces, little to purpose, then all musical instruments of the sanctuarie; att so solemne ane occasione, which, if it be lawfull at all to have them, certainly it ought and should be upon a wedding-day, for divertisment to the guests, that innocent recreatione of musick and dancing being much more warrantable, and farre better exercise then drinking and smoakeing of tobacco, wherein these holy bretheren of the presbyterean [persuasion] for the most part employed themselves, without any formall health or remembrance of their friends; a nod with their head, or a sigh, with the turning up of the whyte of the eye, served for the ceremoney.'—*Memoirs of the Somervilles*, vol. ii.

When we recollect when and by WHOM a miracle was wrought for the express purpose of continuing the innocent festivities usually attendant upon such a joyful occasion, we must hesitate to adopt a creed so sour as to condemn the ordinary expressions of innocent mirth and happiness.

As men rush readily from one extreme to another, the debauchery which followed the Restoration formed a strong and disgusting contrast to the affected and puritanic strictness of the preceding period. Kirkton has painted it in odious, yet, we fear, too just, colours.

'Our three commissioners, Middleton, Rothes, and Lauderdale, gave every one of them the parliament they governed a denomination (in the observation of the vulgar) from their own behaviour; and this parliament was called "the drinking parliament." The commissioner had 50*l.* English a-day allowed him, which he spent faithfully amongst his northern pantalons; and so great was the luxury, and so small was the care of his family, that when he filled his wine-cellars, his steward thought nothing to cast out full pipes to make way for others. Himself was sometimes so disordered, that when he had appeared upon the throne in full parliament, the president, upon the whisper of the principal members, would be necessitate to adjourn. Then they made the church their stews; then you might have sound chambers filled with naked men and naked women; and many, who lived under sober report formerly, turned harlots and drunkards; you may believe cursing, swearing, and blasphemy, were as common as prayer and worship was rare. Debauching was loyalty, gravity smelled of rebellion; every man that had eyes perceived what spirit ruled among them; and among all the families in town, none gave greater scandal then Fletcher the advocate, where the waste sums extorted from the innocent presbyterians in danger of criminal pursuit, were turned into crying scandals, unparalleled in the history of Scotland.'—pp. 114, 115.

The first step taken to restore episcopacy in Scotland was by an act of parliament rescinding, without distinction, all the statutes
passed

passed from the year 1633 to 1660, including of course those for the extirpation of episcopacy. Next it was declared that the power of establishing the model of church-government was vested in the crown, whereby, according to Kirkton, they erected the king into a sort of pope. This last statute purports to be 'An Explanation of the King's Prerogative of Supremacy over all Estates, as ratified by Act 129, 8 King James VI.'—It certainly gave the king a degree of power inconsistent with both episcopacy and presbytery, since he might have abolished both, and established any other model by his own immediate authority.—Accordingly the statute was rescinded in the first parliament after the Revolution.

The act rescissory of 1660, and that of supremacy, though the first inferred the destruction of the presbyterian church-government, and the second contained an acknowledgment of the king's supremacy fatal to the very principle on which presbytery rests, passed without the shadow of opposition. The appointment of bishops by Charles, and the confirmation of that office by an act of parliament, were carried through with the same ease and unanimity. Viewing the matter therefore as an act of the legislature, it cannot be denied that episcopacy was restored with the same formality wherewith it had been taken away; and that the lamentations of Kirkton and other authors of his party, are only just so far as they may happen to be correct or otherwise in their notions of the divine right of prelacy. Nor had men of tender consciences among the presbyterians to complain of the same ceremonial observances being anew forced upon them, which were enjoined by the canons of Perth. These obnoxious points were tacitly abandoned, and the mode of worship used in the episcopal establishment was, in all material parts, the same which the presbyterians used, excepting that the former read the doxology, the Lord's prayer, and, in baptism, the apostles' creed. To the matter of these additions to daily worship, the most rigid fanatic could be hardly supposed to object; and nothing was added of those ceremonials, such as surplices, altars, or the cross in baptism, which are disputed by English dissenters. The communion tables were placed according to convenience, without any principle of uniform position; they had no chancels, and they used no bells saving that for the convocation to divine worship. In a word, the episcopal church of Scotland in her ceremonial was so tender of offence to the presbyterians, that she could scarcely be said to differ from their own forms. The clergy wore gowns and cassocks, but did not venture to shock the eyes of their congregation with the abhorred surplice.

There were therefore no doctrinal and scarcely any ceremonial points in controversy betwixt the Scottish presbyterians and episcopalians,—on the contrary, the best and most moderate of either party

held church communion together without reluctance, neither charging error, far less schism or heresy, against the others. Neither could the revenue of the Scottish episcopal church be justly objected to as exorbitant, or unequally divided. The primate had 1000*l.* yearly; the bishops from 300*l.* to 500*l.*; and the inferior clergy a greater equality of benefices than in England, few exceeding 100*l.* or falling beneath 20*l.* of annual income: even the last sum afforded a decent livelihood in that remote age and cheap country.— But if there was no dispute concerning the doctrines, and nothing to object to the endowments, of the new-modelled church, her discipline and outward government were the subject of much complaint to the presbyterians.

Upon their own principles these men were not perhaps entitled to be heard against the establishment of a moderate episcopacy, such as had prevailed in the church of Scotland from 1612 to 1639, and indeed had never been altogether discontinued for any considerable length of time. Episcopacy was now restored by the legislature as formally and effectually as it had been formerly abolished, and presbytery had for the time lost all authority, except what the votaries of that form of church-government claimed for it *ex jure divino*, an argument set up by divines of both churches. But the presbyterians complained, and not without reason, that a larger and more formidable authority was allowed to the bishops under this new model than their predecessors had been admitted to; and they had speedy reason to add that their faculties were less meekly born, and their power, as it was more extensive, was also much more severely and harshly exercised. Lauderdale, as already noticed, had begun with advising the king to tolerate presbytery some time longer as the national form of worship: but when he found that his rival Middleton was gaining ground on him, by encouraging the king's predilection for episcopacy, he resolved to out-manceuvre him, by carrying the authority of the bishops to a pitch higher than the other had proposed, and thereby placing them in a more equal balance against the power of the nobility. On this subject Kirkton has an interesting anecdote:—Glencairn, who had taken Middleton's side in the discussions before his majesty, endeavoured, when in private with Lauderdale, to qualify his opinion by saying, that

'tho' the other day he had declared himself for bishops, he desired not to be mistaken, for he was only for a sort of sober modern bishops, such as they were in the primitive times, but not for the lordly prelates, such as were in Scotland before. Lauderdale answered him with an oath, that since they had chosen bishops, bishops they should have, higher than any that ever were in Scotland, and that he should find.—pp. 133, 134.

They

They retained indeed, in the new order of things, those forms and names which from the very beginning of the Reformation, and under all the former varieties of church government, had given the colour of a classical or presbyterian model to the kirk of Scotland, even when most episcopal. They had monthly presbyteries, provincial synods, and general assemblies. But with reference to these consistorial judicatures, Kirkton points out the infinite difference in extent of power assigned to the bishops on the revival of their order.

* Whoso shall compare this sett of bishops with the old bishops established in the year 1612, shall find that these were but a sort of pigmeys, compared with our new bishops; for, first, the presbyteries were standing judicatories, using the power of the keyes in the time of the former bishops; but in the time of the new bishops there was no shadow of church power in Scotland, except what resided or flowed from the bishop in person; and as presbyteries were discharged before ever our new prelates entered upon their throne, so it was a considerable time, even some years, before ever ministers were permitted to meet together, so much as for the exercise of their ministerial gifts; and when they first mett, they were constitute a meeting for such and such effects, by virtue of the bishop's commission allowing the ministers of the precinct secluding the ruling elders. Moreover, the first bishops were, in effect, allowed no more but a sort of negative vote, and great were the conflicts betwixt some stout presbyteries and the encroaching bishops; but the new bishops had not only a negative, but a positive vote, having the full power of government lodged upon their solitary person, their assistants being only their arbitrary attendants, or shaddows. However, men said the bishops grumbled because they were not reponed to all that the popish bishops enjoyed.'—pp. 141, 142.

Unfortunately this great increase of jurisdiction and power was conferred on men who had former injuries to avenge, and immediate contempt and insult to repel and to subdue. It was not to be expected that the presbyterian clergy should have so soon forgot the supremacy which they had so lately enjoyed; or, proud as most of them had reason to be of their influence over their audiences, that they should endure, without a sense of pain and mortification, the triumph of those over whom they had very recently exercised no lenient measure of authority. Something had been done to intimidate opposers by the trial and execution of Argyle, whose death was well deserved by many acts of falsehood and cruelty; and of Guthrie, whom even Sharp interceded for in vain. These were the only men of note who died to atone for the lives of so many loyalists as had suffered under the pretended judicatures of the interregnum. Argyle richly merited his fate; his character, however gilded over by Kirkton, is shown by his editor, p. 104, to be one of the least dubious of modern times. His cruelty, fraud, and ambition were notorious; his signal hypocrisy had, at length, ceased

to deceive even the lowest of the puritans. But as we conceive it a sacred principle, that punishment cannot be morally inflicted for the mere purposes of vengeance, and that it is a heinous crime to pervert and strain the laws even to destroy those who are really deserving of death, we cannot acquit Charles's Scottish government of transgressing both principles, even in the case of Argyle, and still more in that of Guthrie. Several ministers were exiled to Holland, where they formed a sort of Scottish dissenting church, and, much at their ease themselves, encouraged by books and messages the non-conforming ministers in Scotland to follow such measures as necessarily exposed them to the severities of the government. It is, indeed, singular, but not unamusing, to see that—those farthest removed from the danger appear to have been the most scrupulously zealous in the cause.

Neither did the rulers neglect such means as in their opinion were calculated to bring into public contempt the opinions of the presbyterians, and particularly that solemn league and covenant which had been at once the cause of their success, their idol when in prosperity, and their subject of regret and mourning during their adversity. Kirkton gives us a curious scene which took place at Lithgow upon the anniversary of the King's restoration.

'I cannot omit to mention one example of the madness of the people at that time. Upon the first 29th of May, 1661, the town of Lithgow, Robert Mill being chief author, and Mr. James Ramsey (who afterward ascended the height of the pitifull bishoprick of Dumblane) being minister, after they had filled their streets with bonfires very throng, and made their crosse run wine, added also this ridiculous pageant: They framed ane arch upon four pillars, and upon one side the picture of ane old hagge with the Covenant in her hand, and this inscription above: A GLORIOUS REFORMATION. On the other side of the arch was a whigge with the Remonstrance in his hand, and this inscription, NO ASSOCIATION WITH MALIGNANTS. On the other side was the Committee of Estates, with this inscription, ANE ACT FOR DELIVERING UP THE KING. On the fourth side was the Commission of the Kirk, with this inscription, THE ACT OF THE WEST KIRK. On the top of the arch stood the Devil, with this inscription, STAND TO THE CAUSE. In the midst of the arch was a litany:

From Covenants with uplifted hands,
From Remonstrators with associate bands,
From such Committees as govern'd this nation,
From Church Commissioners and their protestation,
Good Lord deliver us.

'They had also the picture of Rebellion in religious habit, with the book *Lex Rex* in one hand, and the causes of God's wrath in the other, and this in midst of rocks, and reels, and kirk stools, logs of wood, and spurs, and covenants, acts of assembly, protestations, with this inscription, REBELLION IS THE MOTHER OF WITCHCRAFT. Then after the minister

minister had sanctified the debauch with a goodly prayer, and while they were drinking the king's health, they put fire to the whole frame, which quickly turned it to ashes. Lastly, in place of this there appeared a table supported by four Angels with a sonnet to the king's praise, and so with drunkenness enough they concluded the day. This was not required by any law, but they would outrun the law. All these men some twelve years before had renewed the covenant with uplifted hands, but single perjury could not satisfy them, except they boasted in their sin with a triumph."—pp. 126, 127.

Having thus tried the means of terror and of ridicule, the bishops seemed to conceive themselves strong enough to attempt to exercise the high powers entrusted to them. They proclaimed diocesan meetings, and the privy council enjoined the attendance of all ministers on these occasions. This was the touchstone which first brought to a precise test the temper of the Scottish clergy, and few of them, excepting in the north, gave attendance upon the prelates. Middleton (still royal commissioner) was at this time engaged in a solemn tour through Scotland, in the course of which he was feasted and banquetted with the most licentious profusion. A quorum of the council attended him, that in the intervals of riot they might transact public business. Those who would receive him agreeably, provided not only the ordinary room for banquetting, but separate apartments for each of the beastly consequences which ensue upon unlimited excess. While the commissioner and most of his council were in this course of revel, a complaint was made to him by Fairfowl, the bishop of Glasgow, that the ministers had refused to acknowledge his authority and attend his diocesan meetings. Middleton required the prelate to suggest a remedy. With extraordinary rashness, Fairfowl proposed that a proclamation should be issued expelling from their cures and parishes all ministers appointed since the year 1649 who should not receive collation from the bishop of their diocese against a term assigned. Hot with wine, and impatient of contradiction, Middleton, without waiting either to consult the whole privy council, or pausing upon a measure so violent, or regarding the remonstrances of Sir James Lockhart of Lee, who foresaw the confusion which so rash an injunction was certain to occasion, consented to issue this ill-judged proclamation. Even the Primate Sharp complained of the folly of Fairfowl in precipitating a measure of such consequence, and the council took some imperfect steps to mitigate its rigour. But the deed was done, and the schism in the church, which that act of council introduced, was destined never to be ended but by the downfall of episcopacy. The effect was so extensive that it could not but prepare materials for a national convulsion. Of six hundred ministers two hundred resigned their livings rather than submit to collation, and as they were banished to the
north

north side of the river Tay, without the means of providing for their families, their personal distress excited compassion—their resignation, or determination, as they termed it, rather to suffer than to sin, demanded respect, and the relish of their doctrine, now about to be lost to them, called for the regrets of their flocks.

‘It did not,’ says our author, ‘content the congregation to weep all of them, but they howled with a loud voice, weeping with the weeping of Jazer, as when a besieged city is sacked. Then Middleton began to curse and swear (as he spared not) what would these mad fellows do? he knew very well many of them had not a stock could maintain their poor families for six months: and that was very true; but he understood not they resolved to live by faith, as sufferers used to do.’

The ministers thus expelled from their charges found succour and comfort from those who pitied their case, respected their persons, and admired their doctrines. And it was one obvious error amongst many attending this harsh and impolitic measure, that the bishops were taken unawares, and found it impossible to levy a sufficient number of well-educated and qualified persons of their own persuasion to fill two hundred pulpits thus rendered vacant at once. The hasty recruits which were drawn for this purpose from the schools in the north, where alone episcopacy had retained favourers, were so raw and ill-qualified that a wag observed, that since the expulsion of the presbyterian clergy they had not been able to get a lad to keep the cattle there—they had all turned curates. It was not likely that under such teaching the people should forget the ‘spiritual manna which of late fell so thick about their tents;’ and it was in the natural course of things that the expelled clergy should continue to preach in houses, barns, and at length in the open fields; and that their ancient flocks should gather round them on such occasions. The bishops endeavoured to counteract the tide of favour and popularity, which was taking a direction so ominous, by sending several of their best scholars to make a progress through the west, and, if possible, preach the congregations back again into the churches which had been emptied by the insufficiency of the curates. It is remarkable that Gilbert Burnet (the future low-church historian and bishop of Salisbury) was one of those episcopal missionaries, and went, according to Kirkton, furnished with other means of persuasion than those of rhetoric. The primate Sharp saw no redress for this general defection but obtaining from the civil power denunciations against those who attended conventicles, and of fines upon those who absented themselves from the church—measures which they endeavoured to justify by appealing to the penal acts in Queen Elizabeth’s time against papists, but which, whenever or wheresoever used, can never be justified in morality,

rality, and seldom if ever in sound policy, in which state-necessity is a word very rarely and suspiciously received.

Meantime the curates came into the churches as a sort of invaders, and Kirkton has given a whimsical account of their general reception, some points of which he frankly admits to be little to the credit of his own sect, who were the actors on those occasions. In some places the new incumbents were welcomed with tears and requests to get them gone; in others with reasoning and disputes; in others with affronts and indignities. Sometimes the clapper of the bell was stolen; sometimes the church doors were barricadoed; sometimes the unfortunate incumbent was received with volleys of stones. On one occasion a box full of pismires was emptied into the curate's boots. On another, which our presbyterian divine tells at more length than we care to rehearse it after him, a trick, something like that played off on the millar of Trompington, was practised on two of these hated divines, who were thus led innocently and involuntarily into a breach of the seventh commandment. Kirkton adds candidly, 'I have known some profane people that, if they committed an error over night, thought affronting a curate to-morrow a testimony of their repentance.'

We have before us, at this moment, the opposite evidence of one of these obnoxious incumbents, called Andrew Symson, minister of Kirkenner, who professes that when he and his episcopal brethren came to Galloway, in 1663, they found several parishes not only *vacantes* but *vacantes*, desiring and soliciting their ministry. He does not, indeed, assert that they had a formal popular call, yet contends that when they had performed service for several Lord's days, and duly executed their edicts, the representatives of the parish attended upon their ordinations, assisted them in their duties, and thus ratified their ministry. And he declares that he himself was never insulted by his parishioners, but often saved by them from the violence of strangers. These and some other curious passages occur in his preface to a poem called *Tripatriarchiehon*. But if Mr. Symson was so cordially received and fostered by his parishioners, it is certain his case was singular among the western curates.

When so much provocation is admitted by the historian, it was certainly to be expected that the government would employ some means of supporting the authority of the church which they had set up. To rash and violent men the use of the sword, and of superior force, is always the most readily resorted to upon such occasions. These means had been taught them by the presbyterians themselves, who, during the domination of the council of estates, had first introduced the severities of free quarters, fines, care, and other burthens imposed on recusants, until their domination, unknown in Scotland; and, in their mode of imposing their *Boleyn League* and

Curiam

Covenant on all persons above the age of ten years, had set an example which was as unadvisedly as unconscientiously followed by those who had now succeeded to their power. And as this precedent is often lost sight of, we shall here quote, from an impartial eye-witness, the manner in which the covenanters enforced uniformity of sentiment in matters religious and political while they possessed the power of doing so. The scene is Aberdeen, then occupied by a powerful force of covenanters; the date 1639.

'Mr. Robert Douglas, minister of Kirkaldie, preached beforenoon: after sermon he read out the Covenant, and caused the hail town's people convened, who had not yet subscribed, both men and women, to stand up before him in the kirk, and the men subscribed the Covenant. Thereafter the women were urged to swear with their uplifted hands to God, that they did subscribe and swear the Covenant willingly and freely, and from their hearts, and not from any fear or dread that should happen; syne the kirk dissolved. But the Lord knows how thir town's people were brought under perjury by plain fear, and not from a willing mind, by tyranny and oppression of thir covenanters, who compelled them to swear and subscribe, suppose they knew it was against their hearts.'—*Spalding's Troubles in Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 132.

We quote this fact, as we may do others hereafter, by no means as affirming that it justifies the power of compulsion over the human conscience, assumed by the episcopalians, but simply that the reader may bear in mind he is reading not the history of saints and martyrs on the one side, and heathen persecutors on the other, but that of two fierce contending factions in a half civilized country, who alternately tyrannized over each other's persons and consciences—one in the abused names of gospel-freedom and civil liberty; the other under the no less misplaced watchword of social order and loyalty. Our ingenious editor, though he seems to enter into the vindication of the cavaliers somewhat further than we can accompany him, has made this plain in many passages of the book, contrasting the charges of cruelty and oppression, brought by his author against the episcopalians, by instances of their own misconduct while they possessed the power of persecution.

Kirkton gives us a very animated picture of the contest betwixt Middleton and Lauderdale, and, with the satirical humour of which he is not sparing, draws a lively sketch of the two rivals for power.

'Middleton was a soldier and had suffered with the king, and undertaken for him a very dangerous part, to command the tories on the hills, in Cromwell's time; and he had for his patrons the Duke of York and Chancellor Hyde. Lauderdale was a witt and a courtier; he had suffered much for the king, and was his private in his secret pleasures, in which office, to keep himself in favour, he acted a most dishonourable part; for after the king's fleet was burnt at Chatham, and the Dutch retired, he came to the king's privy chamber and danced

in a woman's petticoat to dispel the king's melancholy. But he knew well what the king's delights were; he choosed for his patron neither statesman nor prince; Barbra Villiers, first Mrs. Palmer, then Dutchesse Cleveland, was his choise; and before her bedside he would have kneeld ane hour at one time to implore her friendship with the king, because he knew well what influence his miss hade upon him, and with thir weapons he prevailed.'—p. 138.

In this controversy, as was to be expected, the sword yielded—not to the gown—but to the petticoat; and Lauderdale must be thenceforth considered as absolute minister in Scotland, though his ally Rothes bore the office of commissioner. It might have been supposed that the greater wisdom and moderation of this intelligent statesman would have modified the violent courses which Middleton had begun. But he probably found that severe measures were most acceptable at court, where the least countenance afforded to presbyterianism was held allied to disloyalty; and, besides, though it is easy to forbear entering upon such a headlong career, it is very difficult to controul or temper its violence when once fairly commenced: whence it sometimes happens that a minister, moderate in his own principles, is, for a time at least, obliged to pursue the line of conduct adopted by a violent predecessor in authority.

The people continued to complain on the one hand, and the bishops on the other. The former alleged that most of the curates intruded into lowland parishes were ignorant, and many of them debauched; and it is highly probable that they allowed themselves too much latitude, in compliance with the dissolute manners of the cavaliers, and in contradiction to the reserved deportment of the presbyterians, which they stigmatized as hypocrisy. Kirkton enlarges on these topics; but though we believe him strictly honest, we conceive him to be a little prone to receive the exaggerated reports of others; and in particular we cannot subscribe to the probability of the crime of witchcraft being half so common as he pretends among the episcopal clergy. We will not go so far as Mrs. Elizabeth Harris, who declares she never took one of that cloth for a conjurer in her life; but we doubt that Mr. Gideen Penman ever said grace at the devil's table as his chaplain. (p. 190.) We conceive that the bullets of nine assassins would have slain Archbishop Sharp, though he had 'several strange things,' and in particular 'parings of nails' about his person. (p. 84.) We think also, it may be rash to call Mr. Thomson, the curate of Anstruther, 'a diabolic man,' although the wench who bore a lantern before him, as he returned from a visit, 'affirmed that she saw something like a black beast pass the bridge before him.' (p. 186.) We do further verily believe, that any strange circumstances in the life, and suddenness in the death of the celebrated

General

General Dalzell may be accounted for—the former by a savage temper improved by a Russian education; and the latter by a stroke of apoplexy, without supposing a covenant betwixt Old Tom of Binns and the enemy of mankind: and we own that our worthy author's proneness to credit these and many similar accusations leads us to suspect the accounts which he gives us both of the gross debaucheries and of the dying agonies of divers of the curates, one of whom his informers affirmed to have roared on his death-bed like a woman in the torments of child-birth, merely on account of his having held a cure under the episcopal establishment. These are the scandals by giving credit to which men furious in controversy disgrace themselves and their cause; and, as Kirkton justly says of imputations against himself by the episcopalians, 'such are the arrows of the wicked, even bitter words.'

On the other hand, the bishops complained that in the western shires particularly their authority was totally disregarded; and the government chose to remedy this matter by quartering forces among the obnoxious presbyterians under command of Sir James Turner. This person was of an active and somewhat harsh temper, not improved certainly by his service under the Covenanters, under whose authority he was the spectator if not participant of two horrid massacres at Dunnaverty and Duart. (See p. 44.) He wrote his own memoirs, besides several works on military discipline; the former are extant in manuscript and are at present announced for publication. Kirkton imputes to him extreme severities in the execution of the laws for recovery of the fines. This Turner denies in his memoirs, affirming, that he never levied above half the fine inflicted on any one delinquent. The vexations which he inflicted, however, were sufficient to stir up a fierce but short-lived rebellion.

Kirkton gives a curious narrative of this event. It arose, according to his authorities, which Mr. Sharpe seems to dispute, from the interference of the country people to rescue an old man, whose bare person the soldiers were going to place on a red hot girdle or gridiron. Successful in disarming this party, the insurgents marched suddenly to Dumfries, and made Sir James Turner prisoner. It is a sufficient proof of the hardships which the poor people must have endured that, expecting to be attacked by regular forces, they assembled about three thousand men; and it is no small credit to them that they neither slew Turner, according to the proposal of the more violent, nor committed any material injury, as they marched through the country, only taking free quarters and provisions. Turner describes their horse as armed with sword and pistol; their infantry with musket and pike, and some with scythes, hay-forks, and staves. He saw two of their squadrons go through
their

their exercise with great agility and regularity; and declares their foot were the lustiest he ever saw, and that they kept their ranks in the most wretched roads and bad weather. He mentions also the blasphemous but characteristic language in which one of their preachers, called Robinson, required, rather than besought Omnipotence to be their second; 'and if,' said he, 'thou wilt not be our secondarie we will not fight for thee at all; for it is not our cause but thine own; and if thou wilt not fight for it neither will we.' 'They say,' added he, 'that dukes, earls, and lords are coming with the king's general against us, but they shall be nothing but a threshing to us.' This will remind our readers of the language of the presbyterian clergymen before the battle of Dunbar.

On the skirt of Pentland-hills this handful of insurgents were doomed to stand the assault of the royal regular forces, augmented by many volunteers. Two of their preachers, posted on a hill at a tolerably safe distance, ejaculated, The God of Jacob! the God of Jacob! so often as their party seemed to have any advantage. Two Irish divines, whose zeal was more fervent, gave active assistance with their weapons, and were both slain. The insurgents behaved with great spirit in repelling the two or three first parties sent against them, but were routed and dispersed when pressed by the main body of Dalzell's infantry. Several of the prisoners were executed, though quarter had been given, upon the pretext so often used in civil war, that quarter only saves from the immediate edge of the sword, not from judicial proceedings for treason. The revival of torture upon this occasion added to the general horror entertained against the severities of the Scottish rulers of the period. Dreadful cruelties were perpetrated by the soldiers in consequence of this insurrection; and the privy council, in which was vested the whole power and government of Scotland, came to resemble a court-martial so exactly, that Dalzell called the Duke of Hamilton, Ritt-master (i. e. Captain) Hamilton, the Earls of Rothes and Linlithgow, Ritt-master Leslie and Colonel Livingstone, and so forth, as if military rank and distinctions were alone in observance and request. The insurgents, however, found to their cost, that there were civil as well as military exactions to be complied with. What the locust had spared the palmer-worm devoured, and, to use the language of the poet,

'Statutes glean'd the refuse of the sword.'

The various prosecutions at law which followed the affair of Pentland were severe and vexatious in the extreme; besides which, the accusation was kept up and protracted to a length of time equally unjust and impolitic. Treason is the most dangerous crime to the commonwealth, but it may happen to be, in a moral point of view, the most excusable in individuals, since it is often incurred from imaginary though false views of duty. Such examples as

are necessary to prevent its recurrence should therefore be made while the sense of the danger incurred by the community, and the necessity of preventing such evils, is fully imprinted in the mind of all men. Beyond this period, the prosecution of ancient political offences can only be ascribed to vindictive hatred, and the compassion which attends the sufferers is, in respect to the government, a more dangerous feeling than any encouragement which could be exacted from the apparent apathy of the rulers. On the point of moral justice, we have already said, that in our opinion, punishment of every kind is only so far legitimate as it is useful to the community, and becomes always criminal when it has its source merely in the desire of vengeance, a passion, the gratification of which is proscribed in an especial degree by Christianity, and even by sound policy and philosophy.

We pause at this part of our retrospect of Scottish history, because we shall speedily have an opportunity to resume the subject, and, also, because, at the period of the Pentland insurrection, the presbyterians acted with an unanimity of principle which never afterwards appeared among them. The insurgents, on that occasion, owned the royal authority, and limited their contentings and testimonies by declaring they were only directed against the military law unjustly exercised on their persons, and the tyranny to which their consciences were subjected. A bolder class followed, who asserted the indefeasible bond incurred by the national covenant, and the impossibility of again adopting episcopacy in face of those national engagements by which it had been renounced. The affair of the Indulgence made a separation of many different shades betwixt the non-conformists. There were divisions and sub-divisions, and endless splittings of these sub-divisions, neither common danger nor joint suffering preventing persons whose grounds of difference seem to have been always obscure, and now are almost imperceptible, from reviling each other with the bitterest animosity and in the grossest language, always under pretence of zeal, tenderness of conscience and straightness in the cause; and each petty *coterie* assuming to itself the exclusive title of the 'lovely remnant,' and only remaining faithful followers of the church of Scotland. These divisions, and their causes, real or imaginary, may hereafter be treated at more length than we can at present afford. We therefore leave Kirkton at this period of his history.

In general we conceive this publication to be highly valuable and important. It has been quoted by every Scottish historian of the period as the work of an honest and well-informed man; and the historian Wodrow, whom Mr. Fox introduced to the knowledge of the English, (raising the price of his two ponderous volumes from ten shillings to two or three guineas,) has quoted whole passages from

Kirkton

Kirkton, using in general his very words. And although as a suffering presbyterian minister Kirkton cannot be esteemed an impartial writer, yet his very prejudices often afford us the means of discovering the truth. His style is that of the period and class to which he belonged—diffuse and prolix on affairs of little moment, yet not without point, compression, and force on more important occasions; exhibiting some pretence to learning and logical argument, intermixed with a caustic turn towards personal satire, only allayed by the writer's profession, and animated by the zeal of an ancient covenanter. It remains to inquire how far this venerable champion of presbyterianism has been fortunate in an editor—a question the more important, since, as we have already hinted, Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe and his author differ diametrically in civil and religious politics.

Mr. Sharpe is already known to the public by a volume of legendary poetry, of which the verse exhibited talents not only for the heroic ballad, but for that arch and playful style of poetry which helps to 'add feathers to' the lightsome hours of pleasant society. The notes in that work indicate the same talents which we meet in those on Kirkton's work. They evince extensive antiquarian research through the most wearisome and dull volumes, with the singular talent necessary for distinguishing and extracting from them whatever is interesting in point of manners or curious as an elucidation of principles, and for seasoning the whole with a strong turn for humour seldom exhibited by professed antiquaries. The quantity of curious matter, political, genealogical, and satirical, which he has exhibited in these notes, adds an important value to the edition. To some men these advantages may be counterbalanced by the contrast which the comments afford to the text, for Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, though residing in the land of presbytery, is an episcopalian and a tory, or rather an old cavalier, with much of the respect for high family, contempt of the covenanters, and dislike of democratical principles proper to that designation. Of course he has not escaped the censure of those industrious literary gentlemen of opposite principles, who have suffered a work always relied upon as one of their chief authorities, to lie dormant for a hundred and forty years, and are now mortified that it should be published by a person of opposite opinions in politics and church-government, as if he had usurped an office to which they had an exclusive title. We cannot listen to these querulous outcries, unless they alleged (which would be most groundless) that the work had suffered through the infidelity of the editor. In every point of view, we conceive that Kirkton's *History* has received, from the liveliness of Mr. Sharpe's illustrations upon a subject which is sometimes uncommonly dull, from the art with which he has contrasted the same facts as told by different people, and illustrated heavy details by interesting exam-

ples or comments, a value which, edited by some great admirer and worshipper of his own system, it would never have attained.

This is not all, however. Although we consider the experiment of setting up episcopacy as a fair one at the time when it was made, yet now that the experience of nearly a century and a half has shewn (what might have been justly doubted in 1660) that the presbyterian form of church policy is in every respect reconcileable to good order, liberty of conscience, and a limited monarchy, we are disposed to rejoice that the experiment, however promising, did not succeed.

What *had been* is unknown—what *is* appears.

Conveying ourselves back to that period, we might have dreaded the revival of that solemn league which carried intolerance and religious persecution in its train, and whose obligations were capable of receiving an interpretation inconsistent with the peace of society; and we might have feared the presbyterian principle, which, as then explained, gave the rulers of the church a perpetual pretext for interfering with the civil and even with the military measures of the legislature and secular government. But, in the present day, when we hear no more of the League and Covenant, with its obligations to extirpate heresy, and when the general assemblies of the church only exercise their necessary and useful jurisdiction in the spiritual affairs which properly fall under their cognizance, we cannot desire that a system so simple, unexpensive, acceptable to the public, and honourable to those by whom it is upheld, should be superseded by any other whatever. Were it necessary to say more, the kirk might appeal to the general moral and respectable conduct of her pastors, as well as to many illustrious names among them, to shew that she needs, for restraining corruption or encouraging merit, no other jurisdiction or power of reward or punishment than she herself possesses upon her present system.

While we say this we are far from uniting our own views of the subject with those of Mr. Sharpe. He has in general attempted the vindication of Charles's administration, (indirectly at least,) by recriminating on the Whigamoores. He opens an account of murder with them, and reckons confiscation for confiscation and blood for blood. He contrasts the military and civil executions by the triumphant cavaliers with the dreadful cruelty of the covenanters after the victory at Philiphaugh, where they massacred their prisoners in cold blood, with the atrocities after taking the fort at Dunaverty, in the Highlands, where, instigated by a wretch called John Nave, the chaplain of the Earl of Loudoun, Colkittock, with nearly two hundred men, who had surrendered on terms of quarter, were put to the sword, and with the judicial murders of Montrose, Gordon of Haddow, Hay, Nathaniel Gordon, the Marquis of Huntley, and much more gentle and noble blood spilled for defending the king and the

the episcopal church which they found established in the kingdom. All these counter-charges may be true, and they may diminish our personal commiseration for men like Argyle and others, who, active in those dreadful scenes while they had power, became, when subdued, in their turn the miserable victims of similar cruelties. But justice is immutable, and no degree of guilt committed by the one party authorizes or vindicates similar atrocities on the part of the other. In fact, although there may remain in Scotland many true-blue whigs and staunch cavaliers, to be excessively offended at our neutrality, we must say, that we regard neither party in that ancient kingdom as playing a respectable part during this tumultuous period. Both sides indeed had champions, who fought and suffered with the obstinate valour peculiar to the country; but the peculiarities of either faction, as they existed in England, were inflamed and exaggerated among her less civilized neighbours. The Scottish civil dissensions were stained with crimes and cruelties to which those of England were strangers. The detestable period of the popish plot, when so much blood was so wantonly and unjustly shed, and the after-game of sham-plots set up by the court, did indeed authorize the historian to say that the two predominating parties in England, 'actuated by mutual rage, but cooped up within the narrow limits of the law, levelled with poisoned daggers the most deadly blows against each other's breast, and buried in their factious divisions all regard to truth, honour, and humanity.' Still, while subject justly to these reproaches, the headlong torrent whose ravages we deplore *was* confined within the boundaries of the law; but in Scotland, reasons of state policy, the thirst of vengeance, the avarice of spoil, the keen and sharpened rage of polemical hatred, the selfish and greedy pursuit of private ends, so often the ruling motives in a delegated government, together with a disregard of personal character peculiar to that age, burst over every restraint, and levelled every bulwark that preserves either rights or liberties. If during their brief domination, the tyranny of the covenanting rulers was more open and avowed; if their clergy maintained spies in the houses of the nobles, and, forgetting their own peaceful profession, embroiled and deepened by their exhortations the horrors of war; if, in their prosperity, they sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind—and in their adversity, were humbled without being humble, it must be acknowledged that the presbyterians had circumstances of delusion and temptation, as well as of provocation, which the episcopalians could not allege for the perpetration of similar cruelties and violences after the Restoration. They were almost inevitably engaged in war, and they found themselves suddenly and unexpectedly placed at the head of a martial nation. But the episcopalians used the same rigours in the time of profound peace, and when there was little chance of resistance, saving that which they themselves might

provoke by aggression and severity. Nor could they plead, like the covenanters, that they used forcible means only to compel a minority of the nation to comply with the wishes of the majority. The establishment of prelacy was endured rather than desired by the greater part even of those who submitted to it, and its favourers ought at least to have gained a majority by persuasion, before attempting to convert a nation by force. The motive of the ministers of Charles we are far from disapproving. To attempt to establish episcopacy might be a fair and legitimate object of policy; and sanctioned as the scheme was by an almost unanimous vote of the legislature, and by the submission of the nation, there is reason to believe that in time, and with due management, it might have succeeded. But not even the doctrine of religion, far less its forms or its exterior policy, can be justly or wholesomely forced on a nation by breach of laws and invasion of liberties.

Among many passages in Mr. Sharpe's notes which form interesting and curious illustrations of national manners and individual character, we were particularly interested and amused by the letters of a certain Anne Keith, by courtesy Lady Methven, as wife of Patrick Smythe, baron of Methven. This lady seems to have been a woman of high spirit, and animated by anti-covenanting zeal as determined in favour of episcopacy as that which many of the ladies of the period entertained in favour of presbytery. Her husband, or, as she affectionately terms him, 'her heart's keeper,' being in London, this gallant dame herself called together his vassals for the purpose of dispersing a field-conventicle which proposed to meet upon his ground. She marched against them at the head of sixty armed men, accompanied by the laird's brother with drawn sword and cocked pistol; the lady herself with a light-horseman's piece on her left arm, and a drawn tuck in her right hand. The conventicle, about a thousand strong, sent a hundred men to encounter her party, to whom the Amazon declared that she and her followers would 'ware their lives on them before they should preach in that regality;' and charged them either to fight or fly. Upon the whole matter the covenanters deemed it surest to retreat, and Lady Methven and her band went to the parish church to hear a 'scared minister preach.'

'They have sworn,' she adds, 'not to stand with such ane affronte, but resolves to come the next Lord's day; and I, in the Lord's strength, intends to accost them with all that will come to assist us. I have caused your officer warn a solemn court of vassalls, tennants, and all within our power to meet on Thursday, where I intend, if God will, to be present, and there to order them in God and our king's name to convince well armed to the kirkyard on Sabbath morning by eight ours, wher your brother and I, with all our servant men and others we can mak, shall march to them, and, if the God of Heaven will, they shall either fycht, or goe out of our parish; but alese! there is no parish about us
will

will doe the like, which discouradges our poor handfull; yett if all the eretors in the parish be loyall and stout, we will mak five hundred men and boys that may carrie armes. I have written to your nevo the tresorer of Edin: to send me twa brasse hagbutts of sound, and that with the bearer. If they come against Setterday, I will have them with us. My love, present my humbell dewtie to my Lord Marques and my Lady, lykwayes all your friends, and, my blessed love, comfort yourself in this, if the fanaticks chance to kill me, it shall not be for noucht. I was wounded for our gracious king, and now in the strenth of the Lord God of Heaven, I'll hazard my person with the men I may command, before these rebels rest where ye have power; sore I miss yow, but now mor as ever.—p. 357.

Her second crusade against the covenanters was as bloodless as the first. She was not herself present but sent the baillie of the regality with her husband's horses to assist the Marquis of Athol's Highlanders. There was a long chase, and the horses had 'a sore tassell among the Ochill-hills; the Highlanders also got sore travail, but were rewarded, for they went laden home with less or more.' The lady urges the dubious expressions of the laws against conventicles which, according to her apprehension, directed the appearance but not the reality of force to be exercised against them.

'It is a grievous matter,' she says, 'that we dare not draw their blood, yet must disperse them—how should that be if they come well armed to fight? The acts against them are for and against—riddles indeed not easy to be understood. My love, if every parish were armed, and the stout loyal heads joining, with orders to concur, and liberty to suppress them as enemies to our king and the nation, these vaguing gipsies would settle.'—p. 358.

Though this lady is an ultra-royalist and an enthusiast in her way, we own we give as much credit to Dame Anne Keith for her courage and activity, as we do to Mrs. Hutchinson for her affectionate zeal to her husband and *his* cause. There are several other letters from her written in the same earnest and determined style. A letter also from the primate Sharp shows how highly he esteemed her courage and loyalty, which he contrasts with the desperation shown by so many of her sex to tempt their husbands in 'that evil time when schism, sedition, and rebellion are gloried in, though Christianity does condemn them as the greatest crimes.'

This lady, notwithstanding her spirit and courage, died an early martyr to wounded maternal affection. Her only son, while shooting wild-fowl, was killed by his tutor through an unhappy accident. His mother broke her heart in consequence of this loss: a circumstance which we are rather surprized not to see enumerated in that terrible chapter of the Cameronian biography, entitled 'God's judgement on persecutors.' It being (notwithstanding the solemn warning to the contrary afforded in the example of the tower of Siloam) the convenient practice of that sect to term all calamities

which happened to befall them or theirs, trials, or at most paternal chastisements; and to ascribe to the direct vengeance of Providence all casualties which happened to their opponents.

We must however leave this ample topic, though not before we have said enough to disoblige both parties. As in these happy days we have neither to fear the repentance-stool of the Kirk, or the *boots* of the Episcopalian privy-council, we shall endure with much equanimity the harmless thunders with which zealots of either side may reward our critical labours. The balance of guilt, no doubt, inclines heavily on the side of the governors, whose cruel measures drove their unfortunate opponents not only to despair but to madness, and whom we therefore hold responsible for much of the phrenzy which they excited, as a brutal driver is justly considered as answerable for the damage done by an over driven ox. When, however, the question is as to the rationality or decency, much more the sanctity and heroism of the *ultra-presbyterians*, we confess we could as soon bring ourselves to bow down and worship Apis, if we met him in Smithfield, with half a score of Whitechapel butchers at his heels, foaming, floundering, tossing, and goring whomsoever he encountered, as to reverence the memory of the Cameronian leaders, or consider them as the objects of any feeling warmer than commiseration, and a sense of the humiliating pass to which persecution can reduce men's understandings.

We have not room to enter fully on the second part of Mr. Sharpe's interesting volume. It contains a particular account of the murder of Archbishop Sharp, drawn up by James Russell, one of the assassins. Of this atrocious transaction he writes with much composure, and his account seems to have supplied the materials of Wodrow's narrative. It makes plain one circumstance, that although the opportunity of slaying the bishop strangely and suddenly presented itself, it was a thought which had frequently entered into the mind of more than the desperate man by whom it was finally executed. For not only the assassin Mitchel, for shooting at him, suffered under circumstances which rendered even *his* condemnation illegal, (such was the dexterity of the government in putting themselves in the wrong,) but moreover a rabble in the streets of Edinburgh, headed by a pious sister, the wife of a deceased divine, made an attempt to strangle this obnoxious prelate. 'He then escaped,' says Kirkton, 'only some of them reproached him, calling him Judas and traitor, and one of them laid her hand upon his neck, and told him that neck must pay for it ere all was done, and in this guessed right.' (p. 545.) And Russell frankly informs us, not only that it was by many of the Lord's people and ministers judged a duty long since not to suffer such a person to live, 'but that he himself had been at meetings with several godly people in other places of the kingdom, who not only judged it their duty to take that wretch's life, but

but had essayed it twice before; and he mentions that he had experienced outlettings of the spirit, which had induced him to renew his engagements against papists, prelates, and indulgences, and to believe that he was to be an actor in cutting off some powerful enemy.

The manner of this singular tragedy is minutely told. David Hackstoun of Rathillet, and John Balfour of Kinloch, called Burley, with Russell the narrator, and nine other persons of inferior rank, all well-armed, rendezvoused, at Gilston Muir, in the county of Fife, in order to search for and slay a magistrate called Carmichael, who had been active in levying the fines on the non-conformists. They had been encouraged to 'clearness in this matter' by one Alexander Smith, a weaver at the Struther-dyke, a very godly man, who desired them all 'to go forward, seeing that God's glory was the only motive that was moving them to offer themselves to act for his broken down work.' John Balfour, (Burley,) afterwards their leader in the action, had his own inspirations besides the strong encouragement which he derived from the respectable authority of the weaver,

'for he, being at Paris his uncle's house, intending towards the Highlands because of the violent rage in Fife, was pressed in spirit to return; and he inquiring the Lord's mind anent it, got that word born in upon him, Go and prosper. So he coming from prayer, wondering what it could mean, went again and got it confirmed by that scripture, Go, have not I sent you? whereupon he durst no more question, but presently returned.'—p. 413.

Nor was James Russell, the narrator, without his precise revelations for guidance in this matter. It had been born in upon his mind, during several great *out-lettings* of the spirit, about a fortnight before, that the Lord would employ him in some special service—that some great man, an enemy to the kirk, was to be cut off. He could not rid his mind of the thoughts of Nero, and asked where he could find the Scripture respecting that tyrant. It does not appear that his companions could point out the text which he looked for concerning Nero; but the impression was so strong as to induce him to enter into a new covenant with the Lord, and to renew all his former vows and engagements against papists, and prelates, and indulgences.

The minds of this devout party being in such an inflamed state they prosecuted their search of Carmichael. This man had left off the sport of hunting in which they hoped to have surprized him, having obtained some hint of their kind dispositions towards him. But as the disappointed assassins were about to disperse, a boy, dispatched by the good-wife of Baldinny, brought them unexpected intelligence.

'Gentlemen, there is the bishop's coach, our good-wife desired me to tell you; which they seeing betwixt Ceres and Blebo-hole, said, Truly, this is of God, and it seemeth that God hath delivered him into

our hands; let us not draw back, but pursue; for all looked on it, considering the former circumstances, as a clear call from God to fall upon him.'—p. 414.

The command of this party of enthusiasts was offered to Hacks-toun of Rathillet, as the man of highest rank. But as he declined the office, that the glory of the action might not be sullied by its being ascribed to a private grudge which existed betwixt him and the prelate, it was tendered to and accepted by the famous John Balfour of Burley, who gave the word of command, saying, 'Gentlemen, follow me.' Whereupon all the nine (two of them had accidentally separated from the party) rode what they could to Magus-muir, the hill at the nearest, and Andrew Henderson riding afore, being best mounted, and saw them when he was on the top of the hill, and all the rest came up and rode very hard, for the coach was driving hard; and being come near Magus, George Fleman and James Russell riding into the town, and James asked at the goodman if that was the bishop's coach? He fearing, did not tell, but one of his servants, a woman, came running to him and said it was the bishop's coach, and she seemed to be overjoyed; and James riding towards the coach, to be sure, seeing the bishop looking out at the door, cast away his cloak and cried, Judas be taken! The bishop cried to the coachman to drive; he firing at him, crying to the rest to come up, and the rest throwing away their cloaks except Rathillet, fired into the coach driving very fast about half a mile, in which time they fired several shots in at all parts of the coach, and Alexander Henderson seeing once Wallace having a cock'd carrabine going to fire, gript him in the neck, and threw him down and pulled it out of his hand. Andrew Henderson outran the coach, and stroke the horse in the face with his sword; and James Russell coming to the postiling, commanded him to stand, which he refusing, he stroke him on the face and cut down the side of his shine, and striking at the horse next brake his sword, and gripping the ringes of the foremost horse in the farthest side: George Fleman fir'd a pistol in at the north side of the coach beneath his left arm, and saw his daughter dight of the furage; and riding forward, gripping the horses' bridles in the nearest side and held them still, George Balfour fired likewise, and James Russell got George Fleman's sword and lighted off his horse, and ran to the coach door, and desired the bishop to come forth, Judas. He answered, he never wronged man: James declared before the Lord that it was no particular interest, nor yet for any wrong that he had done to him, but because he had betrayed the church as Judas, and had wrung his hands these eighteen or nineteen years in the blood of the saints, but especially at Pentland; and Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Mitchell and James Learmonth; and they were sent by God to execute his vengeance on him this day, and desired him to repent and come forth: and John Balfour on horseback said, Sir, God is our witness that it is not for any wrong thou hast done to me, nor yet for any fear of what thou could do to me, but because thou hast been a murderer of many a poor soul in the kirk of Scotland, and a betrayer of the church, and an open enemy and persecutor of Jesus Christ and his members, whose blood thou hast shed like water on the earth, and therefore thou shalt die! and fired a pistol;

pistol; and James Russell desired him again to come forth and make him for death, judgement, and eternity; and the bishop said, Save my life, and I will save all yours. James answered, that he knew that it was not in his power either to save or to kill us, for there was no saving of his life, for the blood that he had shed was crying to heaven for vengeance on him, and thrust his shabel at him. John Balfour desired him again to come forth, and he answered, I will come to you, for I know you are a gentleman and will save my life; but I am gone already and what needs more? And another told him of keeping up of a pardon granted by the king for nine persons at Pentland, and then at the back side of the coach thrust a sword at him, threatening him to go forth; whereupon he went forth, and falling upon his knees, said, For God's sake, save my life; his daughter falling on her knees, begging his life also. But they told him that he should die, and desired him to repent and make for death. Alexander Henderson said, Seeing there has been lives taken for you already, and if ours be taken it shall not be for nought; he rising of his knees went forward, and John Balfour stroke him on the face, and Andrew Henderson stroke him on the hand and cut it, and John Balfour rode him down; whereupon he, laying upon his face as if he had been dead, and James Russell hearing his daughter say to Wallace that there was life in him yet, in the time James was disarming the rest of the bishop's men, went presently to him and cast of his bat, for it would not cut at first, and backed his head in pieces.—pp. 416—418.

Mr. Sharpe's industry has traced some curious particulars of James Russell, who so coolly narrates his own share in this horrible transaction. He was afterwards a captain among the insurgents at Bothwell Bridge. He occasioned a good deal of schism among the suffering remnant, being a person not only 'of a hot and fiery spirit,' which is evident from his narrative, but also, which could less easily have been anticipated, one of a very nice and scrupulous conscience, extending the duty of disowning the prelatie government beyond the bounds adopted even by the most scrupulous presbyterians. He quarrelled with the heathen names given to the days of the week and months of the year. Whereas it was generally regarded as lawful to pay all public burthens excepting cess, he abhorred, as a base compliance, even the paying customs at ports and bridges, and upon this ultra-scrupulosity separated from the communion of the brethren. Russell was followed in his schism by three men, a boy, and seven or eight women, who were to the Cameronians what the Circumcellions in Africa were to the Donatists, or rather what the Cameronians themselves were to moderate presbyterians. The Cameronian societies when 'refreshed' by the return of Mr. James Renwick from Holland, and exhorted to lift up (in the language of the times) and display the fallen banner of the church, became anxious to recal these scattered sheep from their wanderings in the wilderness. They dispatched missionaries to the dissidents,

' to whom they feelingly described the great gifts of Mr. James Renwick, and, in the name of the general meeting, invited them to partake of *that rich and unspeakable blessing, the Lord hath bestowed.* But their eloquence was of no avail; for *the three men, the boy, and the women* declared that they would neither listen to Renwick, nor join with them, insisting on the abomination of paying customs at ports and markets, though they were willing to pay them at boats and bridges; "and as for days of the week, and months of the year, they owned the same was not a ground of separation, yet adhered to that paper given in by James Russell to the general meeting ament the same."—p. 401.

What became of Russell afterwards does not appear, but we are inclined to think that he was the person who, having commenced the killing trade on the person of Sharp, afterwards carried it on as a physician in London, and lived there for several years after the revolution.

Respecting the principal action of Russell's life various opinions have been entertained. A gentleman of fortune and military rank, the descendant of the celebrated John Balfour of Burley, has hurled down the gauntlet (in the *Scottish Magazine*) to all cavaliers of the day, Jedediah Cleishbotham included, declaring himself too proud of 'his great progenitor to refuse either his name to his life, or his hand to his defence.' As the wager of battle is not received among the canons of criticism, we can only reply to this bold defiance by the expostulation of the poet.—

What will you do, renowned Falconbridge?

Succour a villain and a murderer?

On the whole, if Archbishop Sharp was a persecutor of the covenanters while he lived, a scandal to them in the manner of his death, and a stumbling-block and shibboleth to them after he was no more, the question of the justice of his death being illegally pressed upon every prisoner of their faction, it can hardly be said even now that the sinister influence of his name has ceased to affect those who cannot divide their just attachment to the Kirk of Scotland from a doting and depraved admiration of men who, far from having put on religion, seem, from their own narrative, to have stripped themselves of every ordinary feeling of humanity. What should we now say of the memory of Ridley and Latimer, had they encouraged their followers to waylay and murder Pole or Bonnar? We know thousands who have adored the name of Hampden, and some who could even admire that of Cromwell; but we never heard of any who made a saint of Hugh Peters, or Ludovick Claxton. As to the pretended share which these enthusiasts are supposed to have taken in the revolution, there is extant on the subject their own formal resolutions taken at a general meeting on the 24th October, 1688, in which, after deliberating how far they could concur in conscience with the Prince of Orange, whose landing was then expected, they determined thus; 'It was concluded unanimously, that

that we could not have an association with the Dutch in one body, nor come formally under their conduct being such a promiscuous conjunction of Lutherans, malignants, and sectaries, to join with whom were repugnant to the testimony of the Church of Scotland. This rational decision at such an important crisis shews these enlightened persons' zeal for civil and religious liberty to have been similar to the refined parental affection of the French lady of rank, who suffered her infant to starve rather than feed it out of any dish but a porcelain one.

This singular and entertaining volume is embellished by etchings of the well-known Duke of Lauderdale and his duchess, who has much the air of what she was, a woman of gallantry, rather too old for the profession; and of Archbishop Sharp, whose countenance neither augurs ambition nor pride, but seems on the contrary grave and evangelical: two curious vignettes are also given, one representing an allegorical defence of the candlesticks of the church by two sturdy Whigs: the other a bas-relief on the sumptuous tomb of Sharpe, exhibiting the scene of his murder. There is another curious etching from a picture of the battle of Bothwell Bridge, preserved at Dalkeith House; the original, however, has not the merit of exhibiting an accurate landscape; for the houses on the right-hand bank of the Clyde, some of which, coeval with the battle, are still standing, are whimsically transferred to the left bank. The reader owes these illustrations to the editor, who is distinguished by his genius and execution as an amateur of the art.

We understand Mr. Sharpe is at present busied in the task of editing a work less historically useful perhaps, but certainly more entertaining to the general reader than Kirkton's history; we mean the *Memoirs of Mr. Law*, who has preserved many curious domestic incidents illustrative of national manners during this eventful period. When it appears we may probably resume the discussion which we have now broken off abruptly.

* * *As Colonel Wilks has chosen to anticipate the appearance of our Number, and publish his 'Explanation,' there seems to be no necessity for our printing it again. Having given up his authority, Colonel Wilks stands acquitted of all blame—save that of indiscretion.*

The matter now rests between Major General Sir Thomas Dallas and Mr. Huddleston—the one maintaining the truth of the charge, the other denying it. Nothing has yet appeared to alter one iota of our opinion, which is that, as far as the late Sir George Staunton is concerned, the story is altogether destitute of truth—and we think it incumbent on Mr. Huddleston to prove it to be so.

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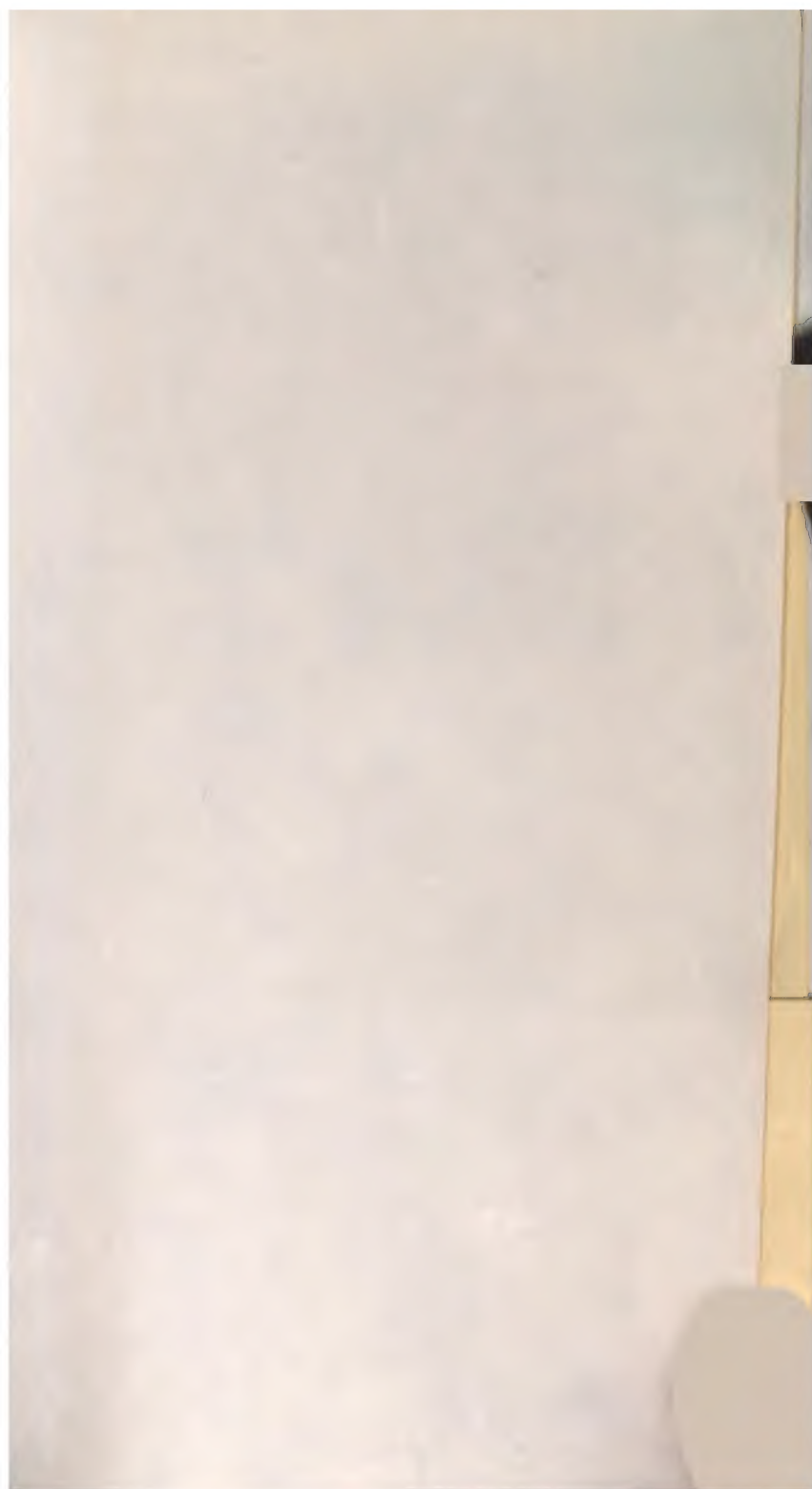
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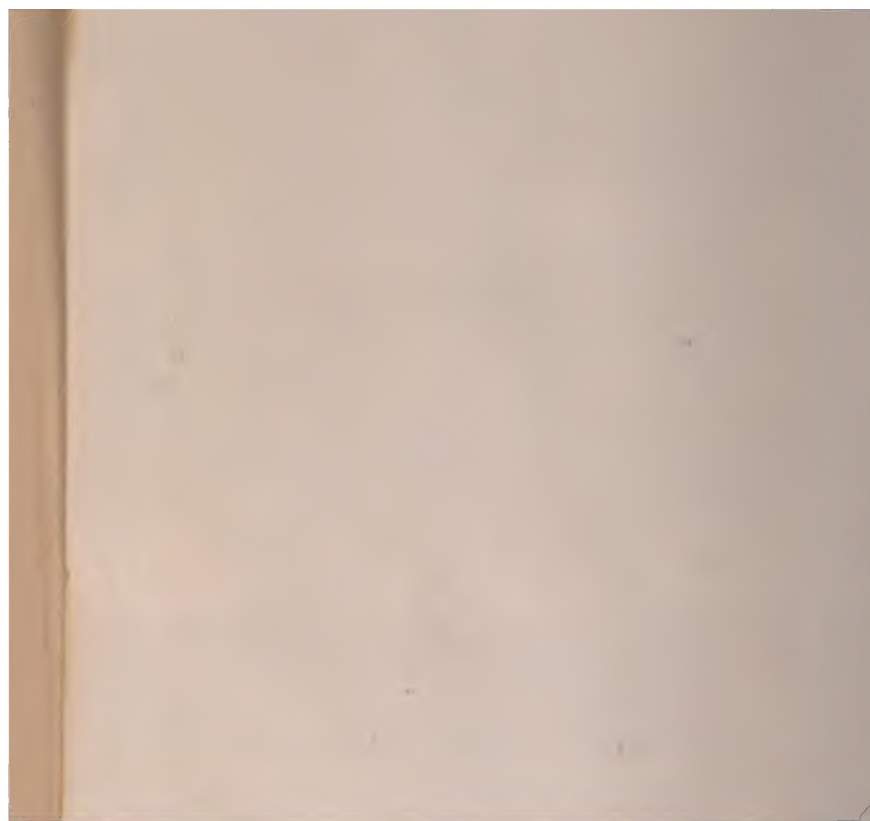
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